





GEMS OF LATIN POETRY.

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G E M S
OF
L A T I N P O E T R Y,

WITH

Translations by various Authors ;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

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'NOTES ON FORTESCUE DE LAUDIBUS LEGUM ANGLIÆ,' &c. &c.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Work is designed for Undergraduates. Within a very short period, I have published writings, and used strenuous personal exertions for severer purposes, connected with organic changes in the administration of national justice*, and with the *instauration* of Academical Institutions in conformity with the present exigencies of Society†. These works may atone for a brief literary *délassement* at the abode of my Alma Mater, my return to whom, after the turmoil of public life, feels to me like the inhaling of a second spring.

To my young readers, (many of whom are the sons of my friends, and are pursuing at Cambridge the honourable footsteps of their distinguished Fathers), it will be a relief to hear that I do not propose to vex their attentions by a selection of Gems from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, or Persius‡. The beauties of

* On the Expediency of admitting the Testimony of Parties to Suits. A Sheet of Advice to County Court Judges.

† Introductory Lecture on the Laws of England, delivered at the University of Cambridge. Letter to Dr Whewell on Education at the Universities.

‡ These were the only Latin poets read at Eton when the Author was an alumnus there; Juvenal and Persius were not read in school, but occasionally with tutors. Gray writes to West, that he first opened Silius Italicus in the Alps. During the Author's undergraduateship, many Etonians were indebted for their first acquaintance with Lucretius to their College Deans, who shewed a preference to this author in their *impositions*, because he was a stranger.

these authors are all familiar to most Undergraduates of promise. But I conceive that there are many Gems of "purest ray serene" to be discovered in the works of Authors not commonly read, or even looked into at Schools or in the University. I feel sanguine that I may present a collection of these to the notice of Undergraduates, which may tend to implant in their minds a predilection for what is noble, and a detestation of what is base in conduct, a good-will towards mankind, an admiration and reverence for the works of the Deity; or which, at least, by the creations of fancy, or even the frolics of the Muses, may wean the mind from selfish ruminations, the idolatries of fashion, or those "eating cares," that are the lot of humanity.

There are several causes why the excursions of Undergraduates among the Latin Poets have usually been confined to a few authors. It unfortunately happens that the writings of nearly every one of the most admired Poets of the Augustan æra contain passages which the eye of youth should never see! But if we deviate from this flourishing period, and take, for an example, Catullus, as that of an Author before Augustus, or Martial, as that of a Post-Augustan Poet, we shall find, indeed, occasionally, in their works, the most felicitous thoughts, conveyed in the most fascinating expressions: but the objectionable filth which, at intervals, offends the moral sense in Horace or Ovid, is in Catullus and Martial the ordinary current of ideas, the phraseology most familiar to their generally polluted, though sometimes honied tongues. Ovid, Catullus, Martial, and, we may add with regret, the refined Pliny, take pains to

expressly avow a most reprehensible doctrine, that, although a Poet ought to be as moral as other people in his life, he can never deserve blame for immoral verses*. In other words, that if a Poet had been as immodest as Rochester, and as beastly as Swift, (both angels of light as compared with the Classics), he might lay a flattering unction to his soul, that he had written

No line which dying he would wish to blot.

Such considerations may, in some measure, explain an anomaly which defaces the system of modern education. In the higher circles of society, the moral sentiments, the associations of ideas, and the taste of a *Man*, are commonly formed on a close study of the Greek and Roman Writers, to which his attention is almost exclusively devoted till the age of nineteen, and sometimes for three or more years beyond; whereas the number of Females who can read a Latin book is infinitesimally small†; if, indeed, the Latin tongue be not an

* In Oldys's Epigrams, A.D. 1727, that editor writes: "We think the coarseness and indelicacy of this epigram abundantly atoned for by its poignancy of thought and pleasantness of conceit, which justly entitle it to a place in our collection."

† The Author, in his Letter to Dr Whewell, writes: "You have placed the immediate practical utility of classical knowledge in a more striking point of view than I recollect ever to have contemplated it before; and I wish to be understood as not controverting the general scope of your observations, whilst I adduce a few grains of allowance, with which, I apprehend, they ought to be seasoned. It is really very gratifying to reflect on the happy family footing on which, it seems, the classically educated mutually stand. They have 'a bond of mental union,' 'a common store of thoughts, images, and turns of expression,' 'common intellectual possessions,' 'a community of sentiments arising out of the internal constitution of human nature.' They are members of a 'common human family,' indulging in 'thoughts and expressions of thoughts belonging to humanity in general,' 'on which the human mind

accomplishment which is sometimes suppressed by the Fair Sex, as though it argued a propensity for interdicted knowledge inherited from their Mother Eve.

Again, of that large portion of human thought which in modern as well as ancient times has been expressed in Latin Poetry, how much relates to exploded theories and opinions, or to occurrences no longer subjects of interest, or of which the traditions are faint and obscure! What a mass, for example, of unintelligible and valueless rubbish is to be found in the works of Lucretius; and yet, from amid the gloom of his bulky philosophical poem, he occasionally darts forth rays of genius, than which there is nothing brighter or more exalted to be met with in the whole range of Classical Literature. So the most eminent Poets of Modern Italy, who, during a long period, composed in Latin verse, with a success approaching to rivalry with the Augustan Writers, have expressed many thoughts worthy of meditation in every age; nevertheless, there will, perhaps, be found scarcely

delights to dwell, and which are sympathized with throughout the world.' And this *liaison* is made the more interesting and tender, by reason of the classical languages being a 'vehicle of emotion,' not less than of thought. There is one drawback to these agreeable visions, and that is a very serious one:—The *Female Sex* are not, in the present day, (to speak generally,) brought up among the classics. Time was, when the world was in possession of a Lady Jane Grey, and, in later days, of a Madame Dacier. But I fear that ladies of this stamp afford a melancholy parallel to that bird of which the species is known to have existed upon earth within human memory, but of which there is now no longer any living specimen. . . . I fear that we must be satisfied, by the aid of classics, to have a bond of mental union with only half of human nature, even among the educated classes; to have common intellectual possessions only with half (and to our sorrow, the less eligible half) of *humanity*; and that we must seek some other 'vehicle of emotions,' and employ some other *go-betweens* than the classic authors, in our intercourse with the ladies of the human family."

one page out of a hundred in their works which is calculated to afford edification or pleasure to a modern reader. Perhaps there is not a single Undergraduate at Cambridge, who knows more even about Vida (one of the most extolled Italian writers of Latin Poetry) than the lines,

Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays, and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

It must be confessed also that the search after ideas at our Universities is confined within a narrow circle. There is little encouragement, or indeed (practically speaking) permission for the prosecution of more than two branches of study; and those, perhaps, not properly occupying the first place in the minds of students destined for general life, who have exceeded the age of twenty*. But even in one of these branches, that

* When classical studies first obtained their present predominance in our Universities, there was little of valuable information to be acquired from other sources; students were sent to college five years earlier than at present; and there was not the like rush of well-educated, though not classically-educated, persons into every avenue leading to emolument or honour. Milton, even at a period before many important sources of modern information had been opened, thanks his father for having persuaded him to extend his poetical studies beyond the narrow limits of a Classical Tripos:

Tuo, Pater optime, sumptu,
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, et, quæ Jovis ora decebant,
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis:
Addere suasisti quos jactat *Gallia* flores;
Et quam degeneri novus *Italus* ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce triumphos;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.

And if Milton had lived to the present day, he would not have passed over the muses of Germany without the "meed" of a "melodious" encomium.

of Classics, the student's attention is less directed to the acquirement of rules for conduct, or of arts to win mankind, than to struggles with difficult constructions, and the chirping of metres and accents, or to imitating with servile and awkward pinion the flights of ancient eagles or swans. It may, perhaps, be a question whether it be so necessary as formerly to rear a succession of Scaligers, Bentleys, and Porsons; now that, after a running fight for centuries, most of the monsters of corrupt or interpolated texts, or of passages that mock all meaning and sense, may be supposed to have been vanquished by the *labours* of those literary Herculesees or Giant-killers. But there can be no doubt, as regards Students designed for other than a scholastic life, that something of the philological astuteness which is now exacted or encouraged, may reasonably be dispensed with, if they be thereby enabled to make a more excursive range in quest of ideas, to know more of what the Ancients wrote about, and to know something, besides Mathematics, of what has transpired in the world for the last thousand years and upwards.

It is hoped that although some accomplished Undergraduates may find nothing new in these pages, yet that there may be a number of others, who may reap benefit from my placing before them what I have dug up, as it were, from a literary Pompeii or Herculaneum, consisting of selections from books, which, from one or other of the causes above assigned, are not commonly placed in the hands of youth. They are curiosities, with regard to which I have endeavoured to perform the part of a literary pioneer, clearing away the rubbish

with which they were covered, and divesting them of a load of matters replete with depraved taste, false wit, bad reasoning, obscenities, outrages on human nature, and impieties; from none of which vices were the Latian Muses, in their best days, averse, and amidst which, in their decline, they were wont to revel.

With regard to the *Poetical Translations* in this Work, they have been collected from a multitude of sources, ancient and modern. The names of the translators are not commonly given, partly because they are not known, or the references to them have been lost, and partly because it has been thought that the Reader would not care to be informed on the subject. The Author's share in this part of the work has been very trifling indeed, and chiefly confined to modifications for the avoidance of gross literary blunders, or startling eccentricities of diction and rhyme*. For the *prose* translations, except some from Pliny by Melmoth, the Author is responsible. French translations or imitations have been adopted sometimes for their own merit, and sometimes from the demerit of the Author, who yielded to the temptation of saving himself trouble.

As regards the translations in general, they are not

* Several of those poetical translations, which are of the more humble pretensions, are by Elphinstone, who translated all Martial. The list of subscribers to his book is one of the most imposing ever published. The work was apparently a long time in hand, for there is a numerous list of subscribers, by way of postscript, who, Elphinstone writes, are "already called to superior enjoyment;" thus modestly admitting that their enjoyment in heaven might be superior to that of reading his poetry. He addresses his departed patrons thus:

Hail, hallowed friends! whose names shall never die,
May ours, with yours, be register'd on high!

a dainty dish to set before those Classical Scholars whose object is to solve difficulties of construction, and to study not the sentiments of Latin authors, but the Latin Language*. All that has been attempted has been to exhibit in an English dress the general scope of a Poet's ideas; without aiming at that closeness of resemblance which would be requisite in an Academical Examination. Many persons, however, who are capable of relishing the beauties of the Classical Authors, are not such proficient in the Latin tongue, (especially as used by Poets who do not belong to the Augustan period), but that a slight assistance towards the comprehension of a Latin piece of composition, would make all the difference between their taking it up to read, or not. Now although the lights here afforded to such readers may now and then be deemed *ignes fatui*, it will often happen that an individual may possess such a competent knowledge of Latinity as to perceive where a Translator is a blind guide, and at the same time to feel indebted for his assistance where his own sense may assure him that the way has been correctly pointed out. If there be any Readers of this book who are not acquainted with the Latin language at all, they will be spared that exasperation which may be expected to arise in the minds of classical scholars at the sight of literary blunders committed by one whose life has

* The Author's College Tutor was often not content with consuming half the lecture hour in laying prostrate all the difficulties to be found in the Commentators about some unimportant matter, (as, for example, the artful dodge of some scampish Heathen Divinity), but would cast his eyes round the table, and say, with a chuckle, "Gentlemen, I have found *another difficulty!*"

been spent among men, and not with books; whilst, notwithstanding such faults, they may be edified with many opinions, sentiments, and descriptions, which are new to them, and which, though in particular instances perhaps inaccurate as translations, may be in general calculated to elevate the mind, and inspire it with philanthropic dispositions.

With regard to the *Notes* and *Illustrations* of this Work, it is hoped that they may impart an additional interest to the Gems. Sometimes they may shew how much several of the most esteemed English Authors have been indebted to Classical sources for numerous brilliant passages in their works; sometimes, by the process of association of ideas, they may render the treasuring of the original Gems in the memory a more easy and agreeable task; and, generally, it is trusted that they may tend to supply a desideratum in University Education, by directing attention to English Literature, modern events, and objects of daily interest, in a point of view not conflicting with a regard to the beauties of the Classics, but conspiring with them to imprint more deeply on the heart the sentiments of Nature, and the dictates of Virtue.

If this Work should, perchance, attract more notice than is anticipated on the part of Undergraduates, I may be induced to send to the Press another set of Gems which I have already in my literary cabinet, regarding more particularly those shrewd remarks of the Latin Poets concerning ancient institutions, the conduct of life, the nicer shades and varieties of character, and the intercourse of society. It appeared to me that these

subjects, although of greater interest than any thing here offered to persons experienced in the ways of the world, would not be so attractive to Undergraduates as those which I have selected on the present occasion.

My intimate friends know how I have usually confined the lighter lucubrations of my leisure hours to a few printed copies for private circulation: that I have deviated from my former course on the present occasion, is because it appeared to me that an opportunity was offered of scattering some good seeds on a very prolific soil, and not from an ignorance that Cambridge was as remarkable as ancient Rome for Rhinoceros' noses.

Majores nusquam ronchi, juvenesque, senesque,
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerontis habent.

My Undergraduate friends will, however, kindly bear in mind the adage, "Never to look a gift horse in the mouth." A work like the present can never be expected to pay a quarter of its expences; especially as there is no likelihood of my having an opportunity of setting questions out of it at any Academical examination. I shall, however, consider myself richly compensated, if these Gems shall instil into the minds of youth any new incentives to virtue, or even impart to them any moments of literary gratification.

DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March, 1851.

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GEMS OF LATIN POETRY.

It is proposed to divide this Collection of Gems of Latin Poetry into five Chapters: 1. Concerning remarkable Actions and Occurrences—2. Biography—3. Places and Natural Phenomena—4. The Arts—5. Inscriptions.

CHAPTER I.

REMARKABLE ACTIONS AND OCCURRENCES.

I.

POPE JULIUS CASTING INTO THE TIBER THE KEYS OF ST PETER.

CUM contra Gallos bellum Papa Julius esset
Gesturus, sicut fama vetusta docet;
Ingentes martis turmas contraxit, et urbem
Egressus, sævas edidit ore minas.
Iratunque sacras claves in flumina jecit
Tybridis, hic urbi pons ubi jungit aquas.
Inde manu strictum vaginâ diripit ensem,
Exclamansque truci talia voce refert.
“Hic gladius Pauli nos nunc defendet ab hoste,
Quandoquidem clavis nil juvat ista Petri.”

Julius, as fame reports, resolved to wage
Fell war with Gaul, leads out a mighty army.
Girt with his sword, he into Tiber throws
The keys; and, furious, loudly thus he cries:
“Since, Peter, thy famed keys in war avail not,
I'll now unsheath, O Paul, thy mighty sword.”

The Italian painters usually drew St Peter with keys, and St Paul with a sword in his hand. Evelyn, in his Collection of Epigrams on Paintings, has the following Epigram on a picture of Julius II. by Raphael:

A countenance so strong and so severe,
 Though but a shadow, raises awe and fear.
 The picture breathes; for this I can assure ye,
 Here you may see of art the utmost fury.
 His temples are begirt with triple crown,
 To shew that kings before him do fall down.
 Julius's *power* Raphael doth express,
 But who can paint Julius's *holiness*?

Michael Angelo's mausoleum of Julius II. is memorable in the history of statuary. What is more closely connected with the lines in the text, is his colossal statue in bronze of the Pope at Bologna. On the artist proposing to place a book in Julius's right hand, the Pope replied, "Place in it a sword; I am not a man of letters." To the irreparable loss of the fine arts, this statue was broken to pieces in an insurrection of the inhabitants of Bologna. It was converted into a cannon, called, after it, the *Julio*; but the head was preserved in the Ducal Museum of Ferrara. It was upon this statue that the lines of Valeriani were written:

Quò, quò, tam trepidus fugis, Viator,
 At si te Furiae Gorgonesve,
 Aut acer Basiliscus insequatur?
 Non hic Julius, at figura Julii est.

Where, where, traveller, are you flying in such a fright, as if you were pursued by Furies, Gorgons or Basilisks? This is not Julius, it is only Julius's statue.

Robertson, in his *History of Charles V.*, mentions the military pontificate of Julius as having tended materially to facilitate the introduction of the Reformation. The name of Julius was assumed in reference to Julius Cæsar. At the siege of Mirandola, the Pope mounted a scaling ladder, and entered the city, sword in hand, through a breach in the walls. He was the founder of the Papal States; and his ruling passion was strong in death; for his last words were, "Out of Italy, French! Out, Alfonso of Este!" (See further concerning Julius II., Bayle's *Dict.* from the translation of which the above English version is taken).

II.

DEATH OF XAVIER.

Paupere sub tecto, maris udi stratus ad oram,
Viribus exhaustis, nuda tellure jacebat,
Suspirans vel adhuc Christo submittere Gentes,
Frustra ! deficiunt consumpto corpore vires,
Supplent vota, animus fervens prætervolat undas.
Cum gemitu flectens oculos, quam vellet adire
Indociles populos, et nescia pectora flecti.
Increpitat morbum, segnes et plorat in artus,
Frustratus votis animam sub littore ponit.

Under a poor roof, upon the margin of the sea, exhausted in strength, and stretched on the bare ground, lay Xavier, still sighing for the conversion of the Gentiles to Christ. In vain ! For the requisite vigor is wanting to his emaciated body. Vows indeed are left him ; and borne upon these his mind passes across the ocean. Turning his eyes to its waves, he expresses with a groan how eagerly he would visit savage nations, and encounter dispositions which had never been known to yield. He chides his own disease, he weeps over his failing limbs ; at last, unable to fulfil the aspirations of his soul, he lays down his life on the margin of the waters.

Xavier, on his way to convert the Chinese to Christianity, had arrived as far as Sancian, a small island opposite to Macao. The emperor of China permitted the Portuguese to land upon this island for the purpose of trade. They were not allowed to build permanent houses, but only temporary huts covered with mats and boughs of trees. While Xavier was waiting for a vessel to convey him to the Chinese continent (an enterprise which the Portuguese discouraged, for fear of the Chinese) he was taken violently ill with a fever and aching of his side. He was placed in a hospital ship, unskilfully bled, and, from being unable to bear the heaving of the vessel, afterwards laid upon the shore. A humane Portuguese merchant took him into one of the huts, where he lay upon the bare ground, and in a few days expired. In his last moments he groaned forth his regrets that he was thwarted in his attempt "to dispossess the Devil of the largest empire in the world."

Dryden translated the *Life of Xavier*, as one of the firstfruits of his

conversion to the Roman Catholic religion. He dedicated his work to James II.'s Queen, Maria D'Este: and, in that dedication he mentions the fact, that her majesty had invoked the special aid of St Xavier to secure for her a "Son of Prayers," or Roman Catholic successor to the throne of England.

III.

ARNAULD'S HEART CONVEYED TO PORT ROYAL, AND THERE ENSHRINED.

Ad sanctas rediit sedes ejectus, et exul
 Hoste triumphato : tot tempestatibus actus
 Hoc *portu* in placido, hac sacra tellure quiescit
 Arnaldus, Veri defensor, et arbiter æqui.
 Illius ossa memor sibi vindicet extera tellus :
 Huc cœlestis amor rapidis cor transtulit alis,
 Cor nunquam avulsum, nec amatis sedibus absens.

Enfin, après un long orage,
 Arnauld revient en ces saints lieux.
 Il est au *port*, malgré les envieux,
 Qui croyoit qu'il feroit naufrage.
 Ce martyr de la vérité
 Fut banni, fut persécuté,
 Et mourut en terre étrangère,
 Heureuse de son corps d'être dépositaire.
 Mais son cœur toujours ferme, et toujours innocent,
 Fut porté par l'amour à qui tout est possible,
 Dans cette retraite paisible
 D'où jamais il ne fut absent.

Arnauld, one of the most celebrated characters in the religious history of France, was the chief glory of the establishment of Port Royal. The nuns of Port Royal obtained his heart from Brussels, where he died, and interred it in their cemetery. They prevailed on Sarteuil to write the Latin inscription in the text. An interesting account of Arnauld, in connexion with Port Royal, will be found in Professor Sir J. Stephen's *Essays on Ecclesiastical History*.

IV.

MOLIERE'S DEATH.

Roscius hic situs est tristi Molierus in urnâ
 Cui genus humanum ludere ludus erat.
 Dum ludit mortem, Mors indignata jocantem
 Corripit, et mimum fingere sæva negat.

The remains of Moliere, the French Roscius, are deposited in this urn. It was his sport to make sport of mankind. When one day, upon the stage, he was counterfeiting death, Death, incensed at such an indignity, snatched him away, and forbade a Mime to practise his fictions in such serious matters.

There are various French epitaphs on Moliere, of a more complimentary nature than that in the text. In the hall of the French Academy, of which Moliere was *not* a member, his bust is placed with the following inscription :

Rien ne manque à sa gloire,
 Il manquoit à la nôtre.

The lines in the text have reference to the circumstance, that Moliere expired whilst acting the part of a sick person, in his own play of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, who on certain occasions pretends to be dead. It was the fourth representation of the play, when, feeling indisposed in the forenoon, Moliere was earnestly pressed by his wife not to act that day : but he answered, "And what then is to become of my poor performers? I should reproach myself if I neglected them a single day."

Various instances have occurred of deaths of actors upon the stage, when acting parts in which their feelings have been greatly excited, and after repeating passages having express allusion to death. The actor Palmer died on the stage, immediately after repeating, in the play of *The Stranger*, "O God! O God! there is another and a better word!" On a tombstone at Bury St Edmunds is inscribed a passage in the play of *Measure for Measure*. The person to whose memory the tombstone was erected was a principal actor of the Norwich company, A.D. 1756. He expired on the stage immediately after repeating the lines on his tombstone :

Reason thus with life :
 If I do lose Thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep ; a breath thou art !

V.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OTHO.

Cum dubitaret adhuc belli civilis Enyo,
Forsitan et posset vincere mollis Otho :
Damnavit multo staturum sanguine Martem,
Et fodit certa pectora nuda manu.
Sit Cato, dum vivit, sane vel Cæsare major :
Dum moritur, numquid major Othone fuit ?

While yet Bellona doubts the warlike doom,
And softer Otho might have overcome ;
He stops the costly charge of blood in war,
And by his sword falls his own murderer.
With Cato Cæsar living ne'er had vied,
But who than Otho e'er more greatly died.

Suetonius's account of the death of Otho is particularly interesting as being derived from his own father, who was present at the battle of Bedriacum.

“My father Suetonius Lenis was in this battle, being at that time an Angusticlavian Tribune in the thirteenth legion. He used frequently to say, that Otho, before his advancement to the empire, had such an abhorrence of civil war, that, upon hearing an account given once at table of the death of Cassius and Brutus, he fell into a trembling, and that he never would have meddled with Galba, but that he was confident he might succeed in his design without a war. He was ultimately encouraged to despise life by the example of a common soldier, who bringing news of the defeat of the army, and finding that he met with no credit, but was railed at for a liar and a coward, as if he had run away from the field of battle, fell upon his sword at the emperor's feet ; upon the sight of which, my father said, Otho cried out, ‘that he would expose to no farther danger such brave men, who had deserved so well at his hands.’ Advising therefore his brother, his brother's son, and the rest of his friends, to provide for their security in the best manner they could, after he had embraced and kissed them, he sent them away ; and then withdrawing into a private room by himself, he wrote a long letter of consolation to his sister. He likewise sent another to Messalina, Nero's widow, whom he had intended to marry, recommending to her his relics and memory. He then burnt all the letters which he had by him, to prevent the danger and mischief that might otherwise befall the writers from the conqueror. What money he had left he distributed amongst his domestics.

“And now being prepared and just upon the point of dispatching himself, he was induced to suspend his design from a great uproar which had broke out in the camp. Finding that such of the soldiers as were making off had been seized and detained as deserters, ‘Let us add,’ says he, ‘this night to our life.’ These were his very words. He then gave orders that no violence should be offered to anybody; and keeping his chamber-door open until late at night, he allowed all that pleased the liberty to come and see him. At last, after quenching his thirst with a draught of cold water, he took up two poniards, and having examined the points of both, put one of them under his pillow, and shutting his chamber-door, slept very soundly, until, awaking about break of day, he stabbed himself under the left pap. Some persons breaking into the room upon the first groan he gave, one while covering, and another while exposing his wound to the view of the by-standers, he soon died. His funeral was dispatched immediately, according to his own order, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and ninety-fifth day of his reign.

“The person and appearance of Otho no way corresponded to the great resolution which he displayed upon this occasion: for he is said to have been of low stature, splay-footed, and bandy-legged. He was, however, effeminately nice in the care of his person: the hair of his body he took away by the roots; and because he was somewhat bald, wore a kind of peruke, so exactly fitted to his head, that nobody could have known it for such. He used to shave every day, and rub his face with bread soaked in asses’ milk; the use of which he began when the down first appeared upon his chin, to prevent his having any beard. It is said likewise that he celebrated publicly the holy rites of Isis, clad in a linen garment, such as is used by the worshippers of that goddess. All those particulars, I imagine, gave occasion to the world to wonder the more at his death, the manner of which was so little suitable to his life. Many of the soldiers then present, kissing and bedewing with their tears his hands and feet as he lay dead, and celebrating him as ‘a most gallant man, and an incomparable emperor,’ immediately put an end to their own lives upon the spot, not far from his funeral pile. Many of those likewise who were at a distance, upon hearing the news of his death, in the anguish of their hearts, fell a fighting among themselves, until they dispatched one another. To conclude: the generality of mankind, though they hated him whilst living, yet highly extolled him after his death; insomuch that it was the common talk and opinion, ‘that Galba had been taken off by him, not so much from a desire to reign himself, as to restore Rome to its ancient liberty.’”

The circumstances of Otho’s death are also detailed by Tacitus with particularity and great power in the second book of his History. He relates Otho’s speech to the soldiers, and a very remarkable argument against suicide, addressed to the emperor by the commander of the prætorian guards. Tacitus observes, that the last action of Otho’s life was great and magnanimous, and would do honour to his memory.

In Niebuhr's *Lectures*, the following remarks are made on the subject of the emperor Otho's death.

"The last act of Otho is praised by Suetonius, and other historians after him, as noble and virtuous; but I look upon it in a different light, and can see in it nothing but the action of a man who has sunk to the lowest stage of effeminacy, and who is unable to struggle against difficulties, or to bear the uncertainty between fear and hope. Such characters are met with in the lower as well as the higher spheres of life. I look upon Otho's putting an end to his existence with the *same contempt with which Juvenal* looks upon it; and it is *quite certain* that Tacitus too, in reality, did not estimate Otho any higher than I do; for we must well consider that a great historian, in describing a tragic event in a man's life, rises to a *state of mental emotion*, which is very different from his moral judgment."

Niebuhr's distinction between Tacitus's "mental emotion" and his "moral judgment," is perhaps better suited to the atmosphere of a German lecture-room than to English readers. And, moreover, Tacitus, in the first book of his *History*, where he is not describing Otho's death, and, therefore, not labouring under a suspense of his moral judgment, writes that, "The mind of Otho was not, like his body, soft and effeminate." Juvenal in his second *Satire*, gives a most animated description of the effeminacy of Otho's looking-glass and other equipments for a campaign, but he does not appear in any part of his works to allude to the circumstances of Otho's death.

Plutarch recites as a part of Otho's speech immediately before his death, "Believe me that I can die with greater glory than reign: for I know of no benefit that Rome can reap from my victory, equal to that which I shall confer upon her by sacrificing myself for peace and unanimity, and to preserve Italy from beholding such another day as this." Plutarch observes, that "those who found fault with Otho's life are not more respectable for their number or their reputation, than those who applaud his death."

VI.

FESTUS'S SUICIDE.

Indignas premeret pestis cum tabida fauces,

Inque ipsos vultus serperet atra lues:

Siccis ipse genis flentes hortatus amicos

Decrevit Stygios Festus adire lacus.

Nec tamen obscuro pia polluit ora veneno,

Aut torsit lenta tristia fata fame:

Sanctam Romana vitam sed morte peregit,
 Dimisitque animam nobiliore via.
 Hanc mortem fatis magni præferri Catonis
 Fama potest : hujus Cæsar amicus erat.

When the dire quincey chok'd his noble breath,
 And o'er his face the black'ning venom stole,
 Festus disdain'd to wait a ling'ring death,
 Cheer'd his sad friends, and freed his dauntless soul.
 Nor meagre famine's slowly-wasting force,
 Nor hemlock's gradual chilness he endur'd ;
 But clos'd his life a truly Roman course,
 And with one blow his liberty secur'd.

Dr Hodgson says that he omits the two concluding lines, from their degrading adulation of Domitian, as being unworthy the rest of Martial's Epigram. These two lines import that Festus's death was more to be admired than Cato's, for that life to him was less insupportable, inasmuch as the reigning Cæsar was his friend, whereas Cato had the Cæsar of his day for an enemy.

Martial has several epigrams condemnatory of suicide ; observing that in adversity it was easy to despise death and to acquire fame by suicide, but that true courage was best exhibited in sustaining misery, and the brightest fame was acquired by doing good whilst alive. (Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest : and again, Hanc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.) In this Epigram, and in that upon the death of Otho, Martial testifies to the reverence in which the death of Cato (which Horace calls the *noble death* of Cato) was held in his day. Plutarch mentions seeing Cato's statue at Utica, it had a sword in its hand, to commemorate the manner of his death. Budgell, who made many contributions of considerable merit to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, committed suicide, by taking a boat at Somerset stairs, and, having ordered the waterman to shoot London Bridge, throwing himself, whilst the boat was passing the arch, into the Thames. He left the following sentence written on a slip of paper :

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
 Cannot be wrong.

Tacitus, in the Sixth Book of his *Annals* (sect. xxix), observes that in the times he is recording, self-destruction was made the interest of mankind ; for that those who died by their own hands, instead of waiting the sentence of the law, secured the performance of funeral rites, and their wills were held valid. Tacitus is there speaking of Labeo and his wife, who opened their veins and bled to death. In the xvth Book of his

Annals (s. 34, 35), he gives an interesting account of the suicide of the patriot Thræsea. And in the same book (s. 15), he relates the suicide of Osterius. In the xith book of his *Annals* he relates the ineffectual attempts of Messalina to commit suicide in the gardens of Lucullus, which she had obtained by procuring the death of the former owner; the exhortations of her mother are a curious part of the transaction. Suetonius's account of the suicide of the emperor Nero (s. 48, 49) is particularly interesting. The remarkable circumstances of the suicides of Brutus and Anthony are related by Plutarch. Pliny (Lib. i. Ep. xii.) details some singular incidents attending the suicide of his friend Corellius Rufus; and in another letter in the same book (Ep. xxii.), he mentions being called with other friends to the bedside of Titus Aristo, who desired the company to inquire of the physicians, whether his complaint was curable or not; in order that, if they pronounced it incurable, he might voluntarily put an end to his life: but if they entertained hopes of a recovery, however tedious and painful, he would wait the result with patience, for the sake of his wife, daughter, and friends. Perhaps, after all the examples that have been noticed, there is no instance of a more deliberate suicide, and that by a woman, than is recorded in Valerius Maximus.

He relates, that "going into Asia with Sextus Pompeius, and passing by the city of Julis, he was present at the death of a lady, aged about ninety. She had declared to her superiors the reason which induced her to quit the world; after this, she prepared to swallow down poison; and imagining that the presence of Pompey would do great honour to the ceremony, she most humbly besought him to come thither on that occasion. He granted her request, but exhorted her very eloquently, and with the utmost earnestness, to live. However, this was to no purpose; she thanked him for his kind wishes, and besought the gods to reward him, not so much those she was going to, as those she was quitting. 'I have hitherto,' said she, 'experienced only the smiles of fortune, and that by an ill-grounded fondness for life I may not run the hazard of seeing the goddess change her countenance towards me, I voluntarily quit the light, while yet I take pleasure in beholding it, leaving behind me two daughters, and seven grandsons, to respect my memory.' She then turned about to her family, and exhorted them to live in peace and unity, and having recommended the care of her household, and the worship of her domestic deities, to her elder daughter, she, with a steady hand, took the glass that was filled with poison. As she held it, she addressed a prayer to Mercury, and having besought him to facilitate her passage to the better part of the receptacle of departed spirits, she with wonderful alacrity drank off the deadly draught. When this was done, with the same composure and steadiness of mind she signified in what manner the poison wrought; how the lower parts of her body became cold and senseless by degrees. As soon as the noble parts began to feel the infection, she called her daughters to do the last office, by closing her eyes. 'As for us,' says Valerius, 'who were almost stupified at the sight of so strange a

spectacle, she dismissed us with weeping eyes. For Romans think compassion in no way incompatible with fortitude.' ”

Besides Roman suicides, the remarkable sayings and actions of Romans when on the point of death not by their own hands, would form an interesting collection. The opinions of the ancients upon suicide, especially the lines in the sixth *Æneid*, afford also excellent food for reflection. Perhaps they contain nothing more poetically terse than the lines of Spencer, in his *Cave of Despair* :

And he that 'points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

VII.

DEATH OF POLITIAN.

Duceret extincto cum mors Laurente triumphum,
Lætaque pullatis inveheretur equis.
Respicit insano ferientem pollice chordas,
Viscera singultu concutiente virum.
Mirata est, tenuitque jugum : furit ipse, pioque
Laurentem cunctos flagitat ore Deos.
Miscebat precibus lachrymas, lachrimisque dolorem,
Verba ministrabat liberiora dolor.
Risit et antiquæ non immemor ille querelæ,
Orphei Tartaræ cum patuere viæ.
Hic etiam infernas tentat rescindere leges
Fertque suas, dixit, in mea jura manus.
Protinus et flentem percussit dura Poetam,
Rupit et in medio pectora docta sono.
Heu ! sic tu raptus, sic te mala fata tulerunt
Arbiter Ausoniæ, Politianæ, lyræ.

As the grim Conqueror rode in gloomy pride,
And great Lorenzo graced the captive train,
A bard in bitterness of anguish sigh'd,
Whilst wild distraction taught the faltering strain.
The tyrant hears : the sable rein he draws,
To mark the man that wept his noble prey,
And, madly raging 'gainst his ruthless laws,
To heaven appeal'd against the dread decree.

He smiled, whilst memory renew'd the lays
 Which Orpheus sung amid Tartarean gloom—
 “And wilt thou too the proud rebellion raise,
 And struggle 'gainst irrevocable doom?”
 He spoke, and sternly smote the weeping friend,
 And closed the lips which glow'd with sacred fire.
 Such, great Politian, was thy timeless end,
 Thus fell the Master of the Ausonian lyre.

The Latin verses are by Bembo. Politian enjoyed the patronage and friendship of Lorenzo de Medici, was tutor to Leo X. and his other children, and attended Lorenzo on his death-bed. Various accounts of Politian's death are related by friends or enemies. The most favourable is that it was occasioned by grief for Lorenzo de Medici, and the calamities he anticipated from the reverses of Lorenzo's family. He appears from all accounts to have died in a paroxysm of fever, whilst playing some impassioned strain on his lute.

Mr Hallam, in his *History of Modern Literature*, assigns the position occupied by Politian among the early Italian authors. In his epitaph at St Mark's church in Florence, his fame is rested on his knowledge of three languages :

Politianus in hoc tumulto jacet Angelus unum
 Qui caput, et linguas, res nova, tres habuit.
 Here lies Politian, who, strange thing indeed !
 Had when alive three tongues, and but one head.

VIII.

THE BRANDING OF PRYNNE.

S. L. STIGMATA LAUDIS.

Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis
 Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo.

S. L. THE STIGMAS OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

I return to my prison in exultation, an acceptable victim, as I hope, to heaven, whilst I carry on my cheeks the branded letters which denote the persecution of Laud.

Prynne composed the above distich upon his return to the Tower, after the barbarous execution of the second inhuman sentence of the Star-Chamber, that he should have both his ears cut off, *or so much of*

them as remained after undergoing his previous sentence, and be branded on the cheeks with the letters S. L., denoting Seditious Libeller, to which letters Prynne assigns his own interpretation, "The Stigmas of Laud." In executing the sentence a large piece of his cheek was cut off. Prynne was moreover to be fined £5000, and to be imprisoned for life in a castle at Jersey. Prynne, according to his first sentence, stood in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, and had an ear cut off at each place. This was for writing his *Histrio-Mastix*, which was burnt before his face; and the book consisting of 1000 pages, he was almost suffocated by the smoke. A painter was punished for circulating pictures of Prynne, which were ordered by the Star-Chamber to be defaced and the frames burnt. In the Long Parliament the proceedings against Prynne were reversed, and he was conducted to London in triumph. After such barbarities perpetrated on Prynne, chiefly at the instigation of Archbishop Laud, and with the sanction of Charles I., human nature in England must not be censured too severely, if, in moments of retaliatory violence, it beheld without compassion the severance of a mitred or of a crowned head.

IX.

MESSAGE FROM PHILIP II. TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Te veto ne pergas bello defendere Belgas
 Quæ Dracus eripuit, nunc restituantur, oportet;
 Quas Pater evertit, jubeo te condere cellas,
 Religio Papæ fac restituatur ad unguem.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REPLY.

Ad Græcas, bone Rex, fient mandata calendæ.

No longer, Queen, the Belgic rout befriend:
 What Drake has plunder'd, back to India send.
 Thy impious Father's sacrilege repair,
 And bow thy sceptre to St Peter's chair.

REPLY.

Believe me, Prince, I'll do thy high behest,
 When in one week two Sundays stand confest.

This poetical correspondence is related in Miss Strickland's *Life of Queen Elizabeth*, and in Seward's *Anecdotes*, whence the translations are

taken. Walpole's *Noble Authors* is cited. Walpole cites Ballard's *Memoirs of British Ladies*. Ballard refers to Fuller's *Holy State*, where the verses are found with this translation :

Worthy king ! know this, your will
At latter Lammas we'll fulfil.

X.

PRESENTATION OF HENRY VIII.'s BOOK TO POPE LEO.

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitia.

Tenth Leo ! Henry sends this book to thee,
Proof of his faith, and of his amity.

Henry VIII.'s book was presented to the pope in full consistory by the English ambassador, with a pompous speech : it was entitled *A Vindication of the Seven Sacraments*. In this work Henry entered the lists of polemical controversy with Luther ; a controversy which the King and the Christian reformer conducted as disputes are usually conducted at Billingsgate. The royal theologian was rewarded by the Pope with the title of "Defender of the Faith;" and an *Indulgence* was granted to every one who should peruse the book.

XI.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Jacobus ignem
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax,
"Et nec inultus," ait, "temnes mea sacra, Britanne :
"Supplicium, spreta religione, dabis.
"Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
"Non nisi per flammæ triste patebit iter."

O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

King James had derided the flames of purgatory. But the Romish Beast, wearing a triple crown, shook its ten horns with indignation at such alleged impiety. Then uttered, "Briton, you shall not despise my sacred ordinances, and the crime pass unavenged. If you are ever permitted to reach the gates of heaven, your path shall anyway be laid through flames." O how nearly were those predictions verified! for how narrowly did our king escape being hurled aloft by an infernal combustion, and passing into the ethereal regions as a shade in conflagration.

Some very important lights on the Gunpowder Plot will be found in Mr Jardine's *Criminal Trials*. The printed State Trials (as explained in the author's *Great Oyer of Poisoning*) are for the most part official will-o'-the-whisps. Mr Jardine has inspected many of the original documents concerning the Plot in the State Paper Office, which for the most part belonged to the collection of Sir E. Coke's papers that were seized by order of the Privy Council. The inventory of those papers specifies "a black buckram bag containing papers about the Powder Plot." Among other curiosities in the State Paper Office, are Guido Fawkes's examinations taken under torture, with his signatures bearing the strongest internal evidence of the application of the rack. In the last of the signatures the pen appears to have dropt out of Fawkes's hand before he could complete his name. Fawkes's lantern is shewn at the Bodleian Library. Mr Jardine assigns reasons for inferring that notwithstanding the popular belief which Milton has adopted in the above Latin epigram, the Gunpowder plot was neither encouraged nor approved at Rome. Milton wrote several other juvenile epigrams on the Gunpowder Plot; but they are all, including the one in the text, more interesting as indicative of current opinions, and as coming from his pen, than for any intrinsic merit.

XII.

FRANKLIN'S SNATCHES.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyranno.

Tu vois le sage courageux
Dont l'heureux et mâle génie
Arrache le tonnerre aux Dieux
Et le sceptre à la tyrannie.

The Latin is by Turgot, and the French by D'Alembert.

"Franklin made his *Kite* of a large silk handkerchief and two cross sticks of a proper length on which to extend it. He took the opportunity of the first approaching thunder-storm, to walk into a field, in which there was a shed convenient for his purpose. But, desirous of avoiding the ridicule which too commonly attends unsuccessful attempts in science, he communicated his intended experiment to nobody but his son, who assisted him in raising the kite.

"The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very promising cloud had passed over it without any effect, when at length, just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect, and avoid one another just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this encouraging appearance, he presented his knuckle to the key, when he instantly perceived a very evident electric spark. Other sparks succeeded at short intervals; and when the string became wet with rain, electric fire was collected in abundance."

Mirabeau pronounced a funeral oration upon Franklin from the tribune of the National Assembly, where he moved and carried a resolution that the Assembly should wear mourning for three days in honour of Franklin. In America there was a general mourning for two months. Mirabeau, in the course of his speech says, "Ne seroit-il pas digne de vous, Messieurs, de vous unir à cette acte religieux, de participer, en quelque sorte, à cet hommage rendu, à la face de l'univers, à l'homme qui a le plus contribué à assurer les droits des hommes? L'antiquité eût élevé des autels à ce vaste et puissant génie, qui, au profit des mortels, embrassant dans sa pensée le ciel et la terre, sut dompter la foudre et les tyrans."

XIII.

ARRIA'S NON DOLET! (IT IS NOT PAINFUL!)

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis:
 Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit;
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

When Arria to her Pætus gave the steel,
 Which from her bleeding side did newly part;
 From my own stroke, said she, no pain I feel,
 But, ah! thy wound will stab me to the heart.

The translation is by Sir C. Sedley. A multitude of ingenious and spirited versions in print might be added of this celebrated epigram. It would appear from Tacitus, Dio Cassius and other ancient writers, that Arria said only "Pæte, non dolet!"—"Pætus, it does not pain me!"—and that the sentiment in the last line is the invention of Martial. Pætus was terrified and hesitating, when his wife re-animated him by her magnanimous example. The story is related in the *Tatler*, No. LXXII. There is an extant antique statue upon the subject. Pætus is stabbing himself with one hand, and holds up the dying Arria with the other.

Pliny in his *Letters* (Lib. III. Ep. xvi.), relates several particulars concerning Arria (amongst others, dashing her head against the wall), which he contends are more heroic than the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful!" And the letter ends with a reflection, that the most famous actions are not always the most noble. Arria's daughter was married to Thrasæa, also immortalized by suicide. And her granddaughter, Fannia, appears from another letter of Pliny (Lib. VII. Ep. xix.) to have rivalled her lady-ancestry in heroism.

The conjugal magnanimity of Pollutia related by Tacitus (Lib. XVI. s. 10, 11) is not less admirable than that of Arria. Pliny mentions another remarkable instance of a wife committing suicide along with her husband, whom she had instigated to suffer himself to be fastened to her by cords, and thus to be precipitated together into a lake. Pliny (Lib. VI. Ep. xxiv.) writes, "I was lately sailing upon our lake with an old man of my acquaintance, who desired me to observe a villa situated upon its banks, which had a chamber hanging over the water. 'From that room,' said he, 'a woman of our city threw herself with her husband.' The cause was a disease of the husband which the wife deemed incurable. Tacitus relates some interesting circumstances concerning Seneca and his wife Paulina, after that philosopher was condemned to death by Nero (Lib. XV. s. 62—64). Tacitus in the fourth book of his history pro-

mises to relate how Sabinus lay concealed in caverns for nine years supported by the fidelity and attachment of his wife Eponina. Plutarch relates that Eponina was ultimately discovered in a cave with her husband, and put to death along with him by Vespasian, to the immortal infamy of the emperor.

XIV.

DEATH OF PORCIA, WIFE OF BRUTUS.

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti,
 Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor :
 Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari ?
 Credideram, satis hoc vos docuisse patrem.
 Dixit, et ardentes avido bibit ore favillas.
 I nunc, et ferrum, turba molesta, nega.

When Brutus' fall wing'd fame to Porcia brought,
 Those arms her friends concealed, her passion sought.
 She soon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
 Approves their zeal, but at their folly smiles.
 What though death's weapons all be laid aside,
 Yet dream ye still that death can be denied ?
 Methought ye better knew, who knew my sire,
 She said, and swallow'd down the living fire.

The following lines referring to Porcia's swallowing the coals were composed in honour of Vittoria Colonna, widow of Ferdinando D'Avilos, Marquis of Pescara, who commanded the Imperialists at the battle of Pavia, in which Francis was taken prisoner. After her husband's death, she lived in retirement, and devoted her poetical talents, which were of great celebrity, to eulogizing the character of her deceased husband, and recording their mutual affection. Michael Angelo, who painted for her many of his choicest pictures, paid a visit to her in the last moments of her life. Upon returning home, he expressed his extreme regret, that he had not on that occasion kissed her face or her forehead, as well as her hand.

Non vivam sinè te, mi Brute, exterrita dixit
 Porcia; et ardentes sorbuit ore faces.
 Davale, te extincto, dixit Victoria, vivam,
 Perpetuo mæstos sic dolitura dies.
 Utraque Romana est, sed in hoc Victoria major
 Nulla dolere potest mortua, viva dolet.

FLAMINIO.

Vittoria Colonna, who, upon the death of her distinguished husband, resolved to live, and dedicate her life to his honour, surpassed Porcia, (though they acted both Romanlike); inasmuch as it is the living, and not the dead, who grieve.

Valerius Maximus apostrophizes Porcia in a high strain of eulogy, representing her death to have been more magnanimous than that of her husband Brutus, principally on account of its novelty. Some writers suppose that, in reality, she had recourse to a common mode of suicide among the Romans, and recently among the French, viz. that of being smothered by the vapour of charcoal. Whereas Plutarch writes that, in his day, there was extant a letter of Brutus to a friend, bewailing the death of his wife Porcia, and giving the details of the lingering disorder of which she died.

In the *Galerie des Femmes Fortes* there is a picture of Porcia taking the coals which a Cupid is setting fire to with his torch. Beneath are some French verses, dated 1647, by Pierre Le Moynes, a Jesuit. In allusion to the device in the picture, he writes:—

Mais l'Amour de ses traits vint m'ouvrir le tombeau,
Et je pris pour mourir, manquant d'armes plus fortes,
Des charbons qu'il me fit avec son flambeau.

The deaths of Arria and of Paulina are, like that of Porcia, represented both in pictures and poetry in the *Galerie des Femmes Fortes*.

XV.

DEFENCE OF SYRACUSE BY ARCHIMEDES, AND HIS DEATH.

Calliditas Graia, atque astus pollentior armis
Marcellum tantasque minas terraque marique
Arcebat, stabatque ingens ad mœnia bellum.
Vir fuit, Isthmiacis decus immortale colonis,
Ingenio facile ante alios telluris alumnos,
Nudus opum; sed cui cœlum terræque paterent.
Ille novus pluvias Titan ut proderet ortu
Fuscatis tristis radiis; ille, hæreat, anne
Pendeat instabilis tellus; cur fœdere certo
Hunc affusa globum Tethys circumliget undis,
Noverat, atque una pelagi lunæque labores,
Et pater Oceanus qua lege refunderet æstus.
Non illum mundi numerasse capacis arenas

Vana fides: puppes etiam constructaque saxa
Fœminea traxisse ferunt contra ardua dextrâ.

* * * * *

Tu quoque ductoris lacrymas, memorande, tulisti,
Defensor patriæ; meditantem in pulvere formas,
Nec turbatum animi tanta feriente ruina,
Ignarus miles vulgi te sorte peremit.

Thus Grecian policy and art excell'd
Their arms; and both by sea and land repell'd
Marcellus. For One Man withstood his might,
Bulwark of Sicily in Rome's despite:
One Man, his country's everlasting fame,
Whose wit with ease all other overcame,
That then the world produced. Not rich; but one
To whom the Heavens and all the Earth was known.
He, by the Sun's obscured rays, at birth
Of day, could tell what storms would fall: if Earth
Were fix'd, or did instable hang: why bound
By certain leagues this Globe's encompass'd round
With Thetis' waves: the labours of the Sea
And Moon; what laws the Ocean's tides obey.
Nor is it vain to think that he the sand
Of the vast world could count; who by the hand
Of a weak woman could, with so much skill,
Draw ships, and heaps of stones against a hill.

* * * * *

Tears for thee, likewise, from the general,
Thou fam'd defender of thy Country! fell,
When drawing lines and figures in the sand.
Whilst in so great a ruin thou dost stand
Untouched, and ideas dost pursue,
By chance an ign'rant common soldier slew.

Plutarch, in his life of Marcellus, mentions three accounts of the death of Archimedes, but they all coincide in the circumstance of his having been killed by a soldier, whilst deeply engaged in his scientific lucubrations. Polybius, nearly a contemporary of Archimedes, mentions his contrivances for injuring the Roman ships by means of iron hands grasping their prows and lifting them out of the water, which occasioned Marcellus to say to his soldiers, "He employs our ships but as buckets to

draw water." (Polyb. Lib. viii.) The current tradition of Archimedes destroying the Roman ships with burning glasses is not mentioned either by Polybius, Livy, or Plutarch. Archimedes' screw, his *Eureka*, and his lever, which only wanted a fulcrum for moving the world, have contributed to give him a celebrity only inferior to our Newton.

About 136 years after the death of Archimedes, Cicero was Quæstor of Sicily. He tells us, in his Disputations composed at his Tusculan villa, that he went, accompanied by the principal citizens of Agrigentum, to search for Archimedes' tomb among the multitude of monuments near the gate of that city. He discovered the object of his search by observing a sphere included in a cylinder, which was just discernible above the brambles and high grass that concealed the rest of the tomb. The adjacent ground was forthwith cleared; and, upon closer inspection of the monument, some half verses were perceived of which the remainder had mouldered away. The relics of the verses, however, exactly corresponded with parts of a complete epitaph which Cicero had before possessed, that had express reference to the sphere and cylinder found on the tomb. These figures, it was stated in the epitaph, had been desired by Archimedes to be placed on his tomb in marble, to commemorate the discovery of his problem for estimating their respective solid contents. Cicero mentions his gratification that the tomb of Archimedes, of which all memory had been obliterated amongst his countrymen, should after the lapse of years have been brought to light by a "Man of Arpinum." See further respecting Archimedes in Professor Donkin's Art. in Dr Smith's *Biog. Dict.*

XVI.

HANNIBAL SWEARING ENMITY TO THE ROMANS.

Urbe fuit media sacrum genitricis Elissæ
 Manibus, et patria Tyriis formidine cultum,
 Quod taxi circum et piceæ squalentibus umbris
 Abdiderant, cœlique arcebant lumine, templum.
 Hoc sese, ut perhibent, curis mortalibus olim
 Exuerat regina loco. Stant marmore mæsto
 Effigies, Belusque parens, omnisque nepotum
 A Belo series: stat gloria gentis Agenor,
 Et qui longa dedit terris cognomina Phœnix.
 Ipsa sedet tandem æternum conjuncta Sichæo:
 Ante pedes ensis Phrygius jacet: ordine centum
 Stant aræ cœlique deis, Ereboque potenti.

Hic, crine effuso, atque Ennææ numina divæ,
 Atque Acheronta vocat Stygia cum veste sacerdos.
 Immugit tellus, rumpitque horrenda per umbras
 Sibila : inaccensi flagrant altaribus ignes.
 Tum magico volitant cantu per inania manes
 Exciti, vultusque in marmore sudat Elissæ.
 Hannibal hæc patrio jussu ad penetralia fertur ;
 Ingressique habitus atque ora explorat Hamilcar.
 Non ille evantis Massylæ palluit iras,
 Non diros templi ritus, adpersaque tabo
 Limina, et audito surgentes carmine flammas.
 Olli permulcens genitor caput, oscula libat,
 Attollitque animos hortando, et talibus implet :
 Gens recidiva Phrygum Cadmeæ stirpis alumnos
 Fœderibus non æqua premit : si fata negarint
 Dedecus id patriæ nostra depellere dextrâ,
 Hæc tua sit laus, nate, velis : age, concipe bella
 Latura exitium Laurentibus : horreat ortus
 Jam pubes Tyrrhena tuos, partusque recusent
 Te surgente, puer, Latiae producere matres.
 His acuit stimulis ; subicitque haud mollia dicta :
 Romanos terrâ atque undis, ubi competet ætas,
 Ferro ignique sequar, Rhæteaue fata revolvam.
 Non superi mihi, non Martem cohibentia pacta,
 Non celsæ obstiterint Alpes, Tarpeiaque saxa.
 Hanc mentem juro nostri per numina Martis,
 Per manes, regina, tuos. Tum nigra triformi
 Hostia mactatur divæ, raptimque recludit
 Spirantes artus poscens responsa sacerdos.

Amidst the city, circled by a grove
 Of shady yew, that did all light remove,
 A temple stood, built to Eliza's ghost,
 And dreadful held to all the Tyrian coast.
 Here (as 'tis said) the queen with her own hand
 Herself from grief absolved : sad statues stand
 Of father Belus, and, in order, all
 His offspring, with Agenor, whom they call
 The glory of their line ; Phœnix, whose fame
 Gave to that land an everlasting name.

At length Eliza joined to her lord
For ever ; at her feet the Phrygian sword :
Next unto these twice fifty altars stand,
Built to the gods that heaven and hell command :
Clad in a Stygian vest, with scattered locks
The priestess here Ennæa's power invokes,
And Acheron : when from the trembling ground
Sad murmurs breaking, through the temple sound,
And flames from the unkindl'd altars rise.
Then, rais'd by magic songs, with horrid cries,
The wand'ring ghosts fly through the hollow air,
While Dido, in her marble, sweats for fear.
Hither comes Hannibal, commanded by
Hamilear, who observed with curious eye
His face and gesture. Him no horrid rites
O' th' place, nor mad Massila's fury frights,
Nor the dark pavement stain'd with blood, nor flames
Arising at the sound of horrid names.
Stroking his head, his father kiss'd him, cheers
His early courage, and thus fills his ears.

An unjust nation, sprang from ruin'd Troy,
With their harsh leagues do Cadmus' sons annoy :
If Fates deny the honor should be mine
To wipe off this disgrace, may it be thine !
Think on, a war may Italy destroy :
And may the Tyrrhene youth, my warlike boy !
Thy rising dread ; and teeming mothers fear
Their children to produce, if thou appear.

Mov'd by this language, he replies, By sea
And land, so soon as years will suffer me,
With fire and sword the Romans I'll pursue,
And what Rhætean Fates decree, undo.
Neither the gods, nor leagues forbidding war,
Tarpeian rocks, nor Alps shall me debar.
This my resolve by Mars I swear, and by
Thy ghost, great queen !—This said, to Hecate
Falls a black victim : the priestess enquires
The trembling entrails, as the soul expires.

The Latin is by Silius Italicus : the translation by Ross, temp. Car. II.
This remarkable occurrence of Hannibal swearing enmity to the Romans

is related by Polybius: it is the subject of an admired painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A poetical relation of it is contained in a collection of poems called *The Tribute*. The following is Dr Arnold's account of the transaction:

"When all was ready, the General performed a solemn sacrifice to propitiate the gods for the success of his enterprise. The omens were declared favourable: Hamilcar had poured the libation on the victim, which was duly offered on the altar, when, on a sudden, he desired all his officers, and the ministers of the sacrifice, to step aside to a little distance, and then called his son Hannibal. Hannibal, a boy of nine years old, went up to his father, and Hamilcar asked him kindly, if he would like to go with him to the war. The boy eagerly caught at the offer, and with a child's earnestness, implored his father to take him. Then Hamilcar took him by the hand, and led him up to the altar, and bade him, if he wished to follow his father, lay his hand upon the sacrifice, and swear, 'that he would never be the friend of the Romans.' Hannibal swore, and never to his latest hour forgot his vow. He went forth, devoted to his country's gods, as the appointed enemy and destroyer of their enemies; and the thought of his high calling dwelt ever on his mind, directing and concentrating the spirit and enthusiasm of his youth, and mingling with it the forecast, the great purposes, and the deep and unwavering resolution of the maturest manhood."

XVII.

REGULUS'S TORTURES IN A CASK.

Præfixo paribus ligno mucronibus omnes
 Armantur laterum crates, densusque per artem
 Texitur erecti stantisque ex ordine ferri
 Infelix stimulus, somnisque hac fraude negatis,
 Quocunque inflexum producto tempore torpor
 Inclinauit iners, fodiunt ad viscera corpus.

A cage they build
 Of wood, whose grates, on every side, were fill'd
 With equal pikes of steel; which sharp and thick
 By art, in order plac'd, erected stick.
 All sleep by this invention was denied,
 And when, through length of time, to either side
 Dull slumbers him inclin'd, a row of pikes
 Into his bowels through his body strikes.

There has been much discussion on the subject of Regulus's death. Horace, in his description of Regulus's departure from Rome, after persuading the Senate to reject the treaty of his ransom, (perhaps the most sublime and beautiful picture in that poet's works), represents Regulus to have been subjected to tortures. Cicero in his *Offices* and other writings, makes a similar statement. Niebuhr and Arnold consider the relation of Regulus being tortured by the Carthaginians as doubtful, and, perhaps, invented by way of pretext or excuse for cruelties inflicted by the Romans on Carthaginian captives. The silence of Polybius on the subject is important. Dio Cassius, though he discountenances the common reports concerning Regulus's cask, says, indeed, that he lost his sleep from being shut up in the same place with an elephant. Regulus in the cask is the subject of one of Salvator Rosa's most admired paintings.

XVIII.

WEST'S COUGH.

Ante omnes morbos importunissima tussis
 Qua durare datur, traxitque sub ilia vires :
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna
 Perpetuo exercet teneras luctamine costas,
 Oraque distorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam.
 Nec cessare locis : sed sævo concita motu
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat.
 Unde molesta dies, noctemque insomnia turbant.
 Nec tua, si mecum comes hic jucundus adesses,
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

Above all my other maladies, a most troublesome *Cough* wields its tyrannical sway in the inmost recesses of my chest. It shakes my ribs with incessant struggles; distorts my countenance, alters my tremulous voice. There is no intermission. My delicate side is subdued; my whole body is fatigued. Hence my day is wearisome, my night sleepless. And although you, my cheering companion, were present, your words would be unavailing for my relief: and this acute suffering could not be assuaged by the sweetness of your voice, or by your beloved looks.

West prefaces these lines on his *Cough* thus: "It was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep." West died at the early age of twenty-six. The composition by which he is chiefly known is a poem in imitation of Tibullus, prospective of his own premature destiny. His correspondence with Gray, whom he so feelingly addresses in the concluding lines, will be read with interest by all persons endued with literary taste.

XIX.

WEST ON GRAY'S RETURN FROM HIS TRAVELS.

O meæ jucunda Comes quietis!
 Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare
 Pectus, et sensim ah! nimis ingruentes
 Fallere curas.

Quid canes? quanto Lyra die furore
 Gesties quando hac reducem sodalem
 Glauciam gaudere simul videbis
 Meque sub umbrâ.

My Lyre! the sweet companion of my ease, alleviator of my sorrows, deceiver of my cares! with what "ecstasy will your living strings be waked" when you behold my Glaucias returned from his travels, and rejoicing along with me in the "cool sequestered shade."

West used to call Gray, in poetry, Glaucias, and Gray, West, in like manner, Favonius. It appears from the text that Gray was right in his belief that he had "gained from heaven a *Friend*." It may be noticed that several of the most interesting gems of antiquity are the congratulations to friends returned from travels. Of these Catullus's Ode to Veranius, and Horace's to Pompeius Varus, are the most joyous.

XX.

LABERIUS'S PROLOGUE.

Necessitas, cujus cursus transversū impetum
Voluerunt multi effugere, pauci potuerunt,
Quo me detrusit pœne extremis sensibus?
Quem nulla ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,
Nullus timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
Movere potuit in juventa de statu;
Ecce in senecta ut facile labefecit loco
Viri excellentis mente clemente edita
Submissa placide blandiloquens oratio!
Etenim ipsi Dii negari cui nihil potuerunt,
Hominem me denegare quis posset pati?
Ergo bis tricenis annis actis sine nota
Eques Romanus lare egressus meo
Domum revertas Mimus: Nimirum hoc die
Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.
Fortuna, immoderata in bono æque atque in malo,
Si tibi erat libitum literarum laudibus
Floris cacumen nostræ famæ frangere,
Cur cum vigebam membris præviridantibus,
Satisfacere populo et tali cum poteram viro,
Non flexibilem me concurvasti ut carperes?
Nunc meo quo dejicis? quid ad scenam affero?
Decorem formæ, an dignitatem corporis,
Animi virtutem, an vocis jucundæ sonum?
Ut hedera serpens vires arboreas necat,
Ita me vetustas amplexa annorum enecat:
Sepulchri similis nihil nisi nomen retinens.

For threescore years since first I saw the light,
I lived without reproach—a Roman knight.
As such I left my sacred home; but soon
Shall there return an Actor and Buffoon.
Since stretch'd beyond the point where honour ends,
One day too long my term of life extends.
Fortune, extreme alike in good or ill,
Since thus to blast my fame has been thy will,

Why did'st thou not, ere spent my youthful race,
 Bend me, yet pliant, to this dire disgrace?
 While power remain'd, with yet unbroken frame,
Him to have pleas'd, and earn'd the crowd's acclaim:
 But now, why drive me to an actor's part,
 When nought remains of all the actor's art:
 Nor life, nor fire, which could the scene rejoice,
 Nor grace of form, nor harmony of voice?
 As fades the tree round which the ivy twines,
 So in the clasp of age my strength declines.

The circumstances of Laberius's Prologue are thus related in Cumberland's *Observer*.

"This Laberius was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high spirit and pretensions, but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: he read his own plays better than any man then living could act them; for neither Garrick nor Henderson was yet born. P. Clodius, the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had the indecorum to press Laberius to come forward on the public stage, and take the principal character in one of his own plays: Laberius was indignant, and Clodius proceeded to menaces:—'Do your worst,' says the Roman knight, 'you can but send me to Dyracchium and back again'—proudly intimating that he would suffer the like banishment with Cicero, rather than consent to his demand; for acting was not then the amusement of people of fashion, and private theatres were not thought of. Julius Cæsar was no less captivated with Laberius's talents than Clodius had been, and being a man not apt to be discouraged by common difficulties, took up the same solicitation, and assailed our Roman knight, who was now sixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline: conscious of this decline no less than of his own dignity, he resisted the degrading request; he interceded, he implored of Cæsar to excuse him: it was to no purpose, Cæsar had made it his point, and his point he would carry: the word of Cæsar was law, and Laberius, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to submit and comply. Cæsar makes a grand spectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of Laberius, and the principal part is announced to be performed by the author himself: the theatre is thronged with spectators; all Rome is present, and Decimus Laberius presents himself on the stage, and addresses the audience in the above prologue."

Cumberland gives a version of the Prologue; that in the text is by Dunlop.

XXI.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA.

(A)

Cum peteret regem decepta satellite dextra,
Ingessit sacris se peritura focis.
Sed tam sæva pius miracula non tulit hostis,
Et raptum flammis jussit abire virum,
Urere quam potuit contemto Mucius igne,
Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.
Major deceptæ fama est et gloria dextræ:
Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.

When that right hand which aimed a royal blow
Spent on a worthless slave its baffled ire,
It rush'd into the flames—but e'en the foe
Admiring snatch'd it from the sacred fire.
The pangs that fearless Scævola sustain'd
Porsenna's eye endur'd not to behold:
Had it not err'd, that hand had never gain'd
So great a fame, or done a deed so bold.

Or :

The failing hand the greater glory found ;
Had it not err'd, it had been less renown'd.

(B)

Qui nunc Cæsareæ lusus spectatur arenæ,
Temporibus Bruti gloria summa fuit.
Aspicias, ut teneat flammæ, pœnaque fruatur
Fortis, et attonito regnet in igne manus !
Ipse sui spectator adest, et nobile dextræ
Fumus amat : totis pascitur illa sacris.
Quod, nisi rapta foret nolenti pœna, parabat
Sævior in lassos ire sinistra focos.
Scire piget, post tale decus, quid fecerit ante :
Quam vidi, satis est hanc mihi nosse manum.

That which is now a spectacle of the imperial arena,
was, in the days of Brutus, a glorious achievement. Be-

hold how his hand grasps the flames, and seems to receive pleasure from its own punishment. The man is a spectator of himself; he is in love with the noble destruction of his own right hand. His left hand also would have been plunged into the fire with which his right was consumed, but that the means of punishment were snatched from him against his will. After such an exploit, it were a pity to inquire into the crimes which he may have formerly committed. It is enough for me to know that hand which I have witnessed with admiration.

(C)

In matutina nuper spectatus arenâ
 Mucius, imposuit qui sua membra focus;
 Si patiens fortisque tibi durusque videtur,
 Abderitanæ pectora plebis habes.
 Nam, cum dicatur, tunicâ præsentē molesta;
 Ure manum: plus est dicere, Non facio.

If you deem that Mucius, who recently thrust his hand into the fire at a morning exhibition of the arena, a prodigy of valor and endurance, you are as silly as the people of Abdera. For if a pitchy tunic be brought near a culprit, it is easier for him to obey a command to burn his own hand, and thereby avoid death, than passively to *refuse to sacrifice*, and consequently have his whole body burnt.

The translation of the first Epigram is by the Provost of Eton; but the two concluding lines by Fletcher appear to express the original with more closeness and spirit. Scaliger has an Epigram on the subject, in which he makes Mucius disclaim his own hand because it had not proved the hand of his country.

The exploit of Mucius Scævola is related, or rather painted, by Livy (Lib. ii. ch. xii.). The historian mentions that Scævola's mistake arose from seeing the man whom he attacked delivering pay to the troops. Upon being seized and brought before King Porsena, "Behold," said Mucius, "what little account is made of the body by those who have in view the attainment of great glory." Whereupon, thrusting his right hand into a chafing-dish of coals which had been kindled for the purpose of a sacrifice, he held it there to burn, as if he were void of all sense of pain. On which the King, astonished by such undaunted courage, *leaped from his seat*, and ordered the youth to be removed from the altar.

Mucius, from his intrepid sacrifice of his right hand, acquired the name of Scævola, which, in old Latin, signified a left-handed person; and he received for a reward a tract of land, which, in Livy's time, went by the name of the *Mucian Meadows*. It is remarkable that Virgil, in his eighth *Æneid*, when enumerating the early heroes and heroines of Rome, and among them Horatius Cocles and Clælia, distinguished by acts of valour in the war with Porsena, omits any mention of Mucius Scævola. Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisitions*, notices that it appears from Livy's relation of the achievement of Mucius, that he was ashamed of the principle of assassination which it countenances. Livy remarks that the desperate condition of the city justified the *crime* (Fortunâ tum nobis *crimen* adfirmante).

Niebuhr adverts to particulars in the story of Mucius Scævola, which appear to be standing figures of speech in most of the old lays of Rome. Mr (Conversation) Sharpe, in his *Essays*, notices a saying of Horne Tooke, concerning intellectual philosophy, "That he had become better acquainted with the country, through his having had the good luck sometimes to lose his way," observing with the text, "Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus."

The second Epigram is a striking example of the barbarities in which the Romans took delight at their theatres; making theatrical representations of horrible forms of death or torture. The action exhibits extraordinary fortitude, and seems to have obliterated in the minds of the audience all consideration of the malefactors' guilt. The occurrence also evinces the pride with which the Romans recurred to the exploits of their early history. This Epigram is cited in the 177th No. of the *Tatler*, as illustrating a reflection that true glory will never attend anything but truth; and that the very same action done from different motives may merit a very different degree of applause.

The third Epigram is very interesting, if it be susceptible of a meaning which some critics think it bears, viz. that the expression, "Non facio," means "I do not sacrifice." Whereas, when a Christian who had been led out to be burnt, said "facio," he was immediately liberated. It is known that a Christian was exempted from capital punishment if he scattered frankincense upon an altar. The pitchy shirt was used for burning Christians. Nero, we learn from Tacitus, admitted the populace of Rome into his gardens to witness a nocturnal illumination of Christians burnt alive in pitchy tunics. Tertullian mentions that it was not uncommon to burn Christians for the purpose of a spectacle, making a pitchy shirt represent the poisoned vestment in which Hercules was tortured, and compelling the Christian who was to be burnt, to act upon the theatre the part of Hercules.

In the reign of Queen Mary, one Edward Underhill was burnt upon Tower Hill for heresy. Shortly before his execution he was importuned by Bishop Bonner to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and thus save his life. But he replied that "when the spirit has once asserted its

superiority over the flesh, the body can feel no pain; and to prove that I have no sense of suffering, I will myself administer the torture." So saying, and raising with some difficulty his arm that had been stiffened by the rack, he held his hand over the flame of a lamp that stood upon the table before him, until the veins shrunk and burst. During this dreadful trial his countenance underwent no change, and if Bonner had not withdrawn the lamp, he would have allowed his hand to be entirely consumed.

XXII.

THE FALL OF RUFINUS.

Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
 Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset
 Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
 Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
 Præscriptosque mari fines, annique meatus,
 Et lucis noctisque vices; tunc omnia rebar
 Consilio firmata dei, qui lege moveri
 Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
 Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserit igni
 Compleri, solemque suo: porrexerit undis
 Littora: tellurem medio libraverit axe.
 Sed cum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
 Adspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
 Vexarique pios; rursus labefacta cadebat
 Relligio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar
 Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu
 Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras
 Fortunâ, non arte, regi: quæ Numina sensu
 Ambiguo vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.
 Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,
 Absolvitque deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum
 Injustos crevisse queror: tolluntur in altum,
 Ut lapsu graviore ruant. Vos pandite vati,
 Pierides, quo tanta lues eruperit ortu.

Two adverse sentiments, with doubts combined,
 Have oft divided my unsettled mind:—

If oe'r this orb the Powers above have sway,
Or man be blindly left to grope his way ?
For when the mundane harmony I knew ;—
The ocean limited :—the seasons true ;—
The regular return of day and night :
I cried—a God directs with prescient light.
The stars his laws observe ;—the fruits appear,
In turn, at diff'rent periods of the year ;
Inconstant Phœbe freely borrows rays ;
And Sol, his own resplendent beams, displays ;
The wavy waters are by shores controlled ;
And, balanced on its axis, Earth is rolled.
But when the lot of human kind I found
Involved in mazy darkness spread around ;
Crime revelling in joy and plenteous store,
While suff'ring Virtue dire distresses bore :
Religion, weakened, lost again her sway,
And, with regret, I turned another way.
All Nature's elements, in empty space,
At random move and various figures trace ;
No heavenly pow'r, but Chance appears to guide ;
No gods :—or mortals' actions they deride.
Rufinus dead !—my mind's at length relieved ;
Absolved the deities by what's achieved ;
No wretch, to honours raised, shall me appal :
The higher carried, greater is the fall.

This is what Gibbon calls “the beautiful exordium” of Claudian’s poem on Rufinus. Gibbon adds, that the poet proceeds, in a subsequent part of his poem, to “perform the dissection of Rufinus with the savage coolness of an anatomist.” Rufinus was the prime minister of the Emperor Theodosius. After a long enjoyment of power, which he exercised with great treachery and rapacity, he was killed by the soldiers, who carried his head and hand round the camp in procession, crying, “Charity! Charity! to the hand that could never get enough.” The transaction is detailed by Gibbon with consummate talent for description. The philosophical reflections of the poet are discussed in Bayle, Art. *Rufin*. The doubts of a superintending Providence are a favourite theme with several distinguished heathen poets; whether arising from the permission of successful criminality, as in the case of Rufinus, the premature deaths of illustrious men, as in the instance of Tibullus, according to Ovid, and

Pompey, according to Lucan, Quintilian's son, according to his father; or even from better fortune in monuments, as, according to Martial, from Cato having a small tomb, Pompey none at all, whilst the barber Licinus enjoyed a magnificent mausoleum. Milton, in his *Sampson Agonistes*, contrasts the regularity of nature with the rises and falls of the champions of the commonwealth.

XXIII.

CRUELITIES OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

ORPHEUS.

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse theatro
 Dicitur, exhibuit, Cæsar, arena tibi.
 Repserunt scopuli, mirandaque silva cucurrit,
 Quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
 Adfuit immixtum pecudum genus omne ferarum,
 Et supra vatem multa pendit avis.
 Ipse sed ingrato jacuit laceratus ab urso.
 Hæc tamen ut res est facta, ita ficta alia est.

The wonders Orpheus wrought on Thracian ground,
 Great Cæsar, in thy theatre are found.
 To Music's sound tall rocks and mountains move,
 And trees start up that match th' Hesperian grove.
 The bestial tribes, through distant woods that roam,
 Here meet in crowds, and wond'ring find a home.
 And as in fiction once, so now in truth,
 Orpheus is mangled by a bear's fell tooth.

LAUREOLUS

Qualiter in Scythica religatus rupe Prometheus
 Assiduam nimio pectore pavit avem:
 Nuda Caledonio sic pectora præbuit urso,
 Non falsa pendens in cruce Laureolus.
 Vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus,
 Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat.
 Denique supplicium dederat necis ille paternæ,
 Vel domini jugulum foderat ense nocens.

Templa vel arcano demens spoliaverat auro ;
 Subdiderat sævas vel tibi, Roma, faces.
 Vicerat antiquæ sceleratus crimina famæ,
 In quo, quæ fuerat fabula, pœna fuit.

Like as Prometheus was chained to a rock, whilst a vulture with unassuaged voracity was devouring his breast, so Laureolus on the stage, whilst he was stretched on a real cross, presented his breast to be torn by a Caledonian bear. He had probably been a parricide, or had killed a *master*, or had raised the torch of an incendiary to fire Rome. His guilt must have surpassed in enormity any thing recorded in the annals of crime ; since what was designed for a drama was converted into a form of dreadful punishment.

The first Epigram indicates that the Amphitheatre was decorated with scenery, so as to represent the rocky and woody region in which Orpheus was fabled to have been torn to pieces. A malefactor was placed in the midst of this scenery, habited as Orpheus, and was compelled to play upon a lyre until he was mangled by a bear.

The machinery in the ancient amphitheatres was very surprising and magnificent. Sometimes the whole arena suddenly disappeared, and from the chasm formed by its fall rose orchards and forests filled with wild beasts. These changes were produced by the application of various machines called *pegmata*, which rose and swelled sometimes to a prodigious extent and elevation. Claudian mentions exhibitions of flames that played round the machinery without damaging it. Sometimes perfumes, as balsam and saffron-water, were sprinkled in showers upon the audience.

Laureolus was the principal character in a favourite melodrama at Rome. He was a robber, and ended his career by being crucified. Juvenal observes of a young patrician, who was fond of acting the part on the public stage, that he deserved a *real cross*. Martial represents a *real* crucifixion of a malefactor who was forced to act the part of Laureolus. It appears from other Epigrams of Martial, that the story of Dædalus and Icarus was in a similar way often made tragical in the Roman Amphitheatres ; and Suetonius mentions that on one occasion Nero was covered with the blood of Icarus, who, after his wings melted, fell too close to the emperor. The emperors not unfrequently ordered persons to be taken from their places in the theatre, and thrown to wild beasts on account of some unguarded exclamation, or because they had mismanaged the scenery entrusted to their care. If the victims protested their innocence, they were sometimes fetched back from the arena, their tongues cut out, and themselves cast again among the wild beasts.

XXIV.

ON THE WOMEN WHO FOUGHT WITH WILD BEASTS IN
THE AMPHITHEATRE.

Belliger invictis quod Mars tibi sævit in armis,
Non satis est, Cæsar, sævit et ipsa Venus.
Prostratum Nemees et vasta in valle leonem,
Nobile et Herculeum fama canebat opus.
Prisca fides taceat : nam post tua munera, Cæsar,
Hæc jam feminea vidimus acta manu.

It does not suffice, O Cæsar, that Mars brandishes his arms at your command : Venus also becomes warlike. History has celebrated the labour of Hercules in slaying the Nemæan lion ; but, to strike antiquity dumb, at your shows, O Cæsar, such exploits are achieved by female hands.

These female gladiators are noticed by Tacitus, Suetonius, and Juvenal. Statius thus celebrates their masculine exploits :

Mid the noise of this new unaccustomed delight,
See! the women engage in a masculine fight,
As, astonished, their skirmishing light you behold,
In their weapons unpractis'd, but wantonly bold,
You would think that by barbarous Phasis afar
The fierce troops of Thermodon encounter'd in war.

XXV.

NAUMACHLÆ.

Si quis ades longis serus spectator ab oris,
Cui lux prima sacri muneris ista fuit,
Ne te decipiat ratibus navalis Enyo,
Et par unda fretis ; hic modo terra fuit.
Non credis ? spectes, dum laxent æquora Martem :
Parva mora est : dices, hic modo pontus erat.

Be not deceiv'd though naval battles here,
 And billows like the rolling main appear.
 The sea thou now behold'st was land of late :
 Believ'st thou not ? A few short moments wait
 Till cease the ships to war, the waves to flow,
 And thou shalt say, 'Twas sea not long ago.

Martial relates a variety of spectacles exhibited upon water introduced into the amphitheatre. The story of Hero and Leander was a favourite exhibition on these occasions. One writer mentions a *pegma* in the form of a ship, which, while floating in the amphitheatre, struck the ground as if wrecked, and opening, let loose some hundreds of wild beasts, mixed with aquatic animals, who swam, fought, or played in the waters, till the water was suddenly let out, the beasts slain, and the ship restored to its original form. Tacitus relates that in the *Naumachiæ* celebrated by the Emperor Claudius on the Fucine Lake there were 19,000 combatants, and about fifty ships on each side. Suetonius mentions that the signal for charge was given by a silver triton, raised by mechanism. He writes, that upon the gladiators on board the fleet crying out, "Farewell! noble emperor, dying men salute you!" and his replying, "Farewell to you all," (*avete*, the last words used at funeral rites), they all refused to fight, as if the emperor, in what he had said, had excused them. Upon this incident Claudius was in doubt whether he should not destroy them all by fire and sword. At last, leaping from his seat, and running along the side of the lake, partly by fair words, and partly by threats, he persuaded them to engage.

XXVI.

CATO REFUSING TO CONSULT THE ORACLE OF JUPITER AMMON.

Stabant ante fores populi, quos miserat Eos,
 Cornigerique Jovis monitu nova fata petebant :
 Sed Latio cessere duci : comitesque Catonem
 Orant, expleret Libycum memorata per orbem
 Numina, de fama tam longi judicet ævi.
 Maximus hortator scrutandi voce deorum
 Eventus Labienus erat. Sors obtulit, inquit,
 Et fortuna viæ tam magni numinis ora,

Consiliumque dei: tanto duce possumus uti
Per Syrtes, bellicque datos cognoscere casus.
Nam cui crediderim superos arcana daturus,
Dicturosque magis, quam sancto, vera, Catoni?
Certe vita tibi semper directa supernas
Ad leges, sequerisque deum. Datur ecce loquendi
Cum Jove libertas: inquire in fata nefandi
Cæsaris, et patriæ venturos excute mores:
Jure suo populis uti legumque licebit,
An bellum civile perit. Tua pectora sacra
Voce reple: duræ saltem virtutis amator
Quære quid est virtus, et posce exemplar honesti.

Ille deo plenus, tacita quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis e pectore voces.
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuisse velim potius, quam regna videre?
An sit vita nihil, sed longam differat ætas?
An noceat vis nulla bono? Fortunaque perdat
Opposita virtute minas? laudandaque velle
Sit satis, et nunquam successu crescat honestum?
Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret Ammon.
Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
Nil facimus non sponte dei: nec vocibus ullis
Numen eget: dixitque semel nascentibus auctor
Quicquid scire licet: steriles nec legit arenas,
Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum:
Estne dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cælum, et virtus? superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris
Casibus ancipites: me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit: pavido fortique cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem. Sic ille profatur:
Servataque fide templi discedit ab aris,
Non exploratum populis Ammona relinquens.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crowds of Eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.

His host (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know :
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd :

Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid :
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief ;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato ! pious ! wise ! and just !
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust ;
To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell :
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve ;
Fate brings thee here to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome ;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore :
Or else if laws and right shall be no more.
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought ;
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind.

Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd ; truths which might well
Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.

What, Labienus, would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire ?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in Rome ?
If life be nothing more than death's delay,
If impious force can honest minds dismay,

Or probity may fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that virtue can;
And right, dependent on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

The first part of the English version is from Rowe, the latter part beginning with the line, "What, Labienus, would thy soul desire," is from Lord Lyttleton. The sentiments ascribed to Cato are very remarkable as regards the theological opinions of the ancients. They were a part of the philosophical system of the Stoics.

XXVII.

CATO AT THE FLORAL GAMES.

Nosses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti ?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires ?

When thou didst know the merry feast
Of jocund Flora was at best,
Our solemn sports, how loosely free,
And debonair the vulgar be.
Strict Cato, why didst thou intrude
Into the seated multitude ?
Was it thy frolic here alone
Only to enter, and be gone ?

Valerius Maximus mentions that when it was wished to describe a citizen as being remarkable for virtue, it was usual to call him a *Cato*. And he relates the story of the floral games. He says that Cato having learnt from Favonius who was sitting next to him, that the audience were ashamed to call for certain indecencies to be exhibited which were customary at the floral games, he walked out of the theatre. Upon which there ensued a general burst of applause; whereby, observes Valerius, the people confessed that greater respect was due to Cato than to all the rest of the audience who remained to witness what they were unwilling should be represented in the presence of Cato. This occurrence is the subject of No. 446 of the *Spectator*. The third line of the Epigram is the motto of No. 122 of the *Tatler*, with reference to the appearance of Mr Isaac Bickerstaff at Drury Lane theatre. The more remarkable demonstrations of public feeling at the Roman theatres afford matter for interesting reflection. The opinions concerning Cato, too, throw important light on the moral sentiments of the ancients. Julius Cæsar mentions that persons who met Cato in a state of intoxication, blushed, when they discovered who he was; adding, you would have thought that Cato had detected them, and not they Cato. Pliny remarks, Could he place the dignity of Cato in a stronger light than making him thus venerable even in his cups?

XXVIII.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

Jam gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes,
 Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum
 Ceperat. Ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas,
 Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago,
 Clara per obscuram vultu mœstissima noctem,
 Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
 Cæsarie lacera, nudisque adstare lacertis,
 Et gemitu permixta loqui: Quo tenditis ultra?
 Quo fertis mea signa, viri? si jure venitis,
 Si cives, hucusque licet. Tunc percudit horror
 Membra ducis, riguere comæ, gressumque coercens
 Languor in extrema tenuit vestigia ripa.

* * * * *

Fonte cadit modico, parvisque impellitur undis
 Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
 Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
 Limes ab Ausoniis disternat arva colonis.
 Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
 Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
 Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes.
 Primus in obliquum sonipes opponitur amnem,
 Excepturus aquas, molli tum cetera rumpit
 Turba vado fracti faciles jam fluminis undas.
 Cæsar ut adversum superato gurgite ripam
 Attigit, Hesperiae vetitis et constitit arvis,
 Hic, ait, hic, pacem, temerataque jura relinquo;
 Te, Fortuna, sequor: procul hinc jam fœdera sunt.
 Credidimus fatis: utendum est iudice bello.
 Sic fatus, noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
 Impiger, et torto Balearis verbere fundæ
 Ocior, et missa Parthi post terga sagitta:
 Vicinumque minax invadit Ariminum, ut ignes
 Solis Lucifero fugiebant astra relicto.
 Jamque dies primos belli visura tumultus
 Exoritur: seu sponte deum, seu turbidus Auster

Impulerat, mœstam tenuerunt nubila lucem.
 Constitit ut capto jussus deponere miles
 Signa foro, stridor lituum, clangorque tubarum
 Non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
 Rupta quies populi, stratisque excita juvenus
 Diripiunt sacris affixa penatibus arma,
 Quæ pax longa dabat : nuda jam crate fluentes
 Invadunt clypeos, curvataque cuspide pila,
 Et scabros nigræ morsu rubiginis enses.
 Ut notæ fulsere aquilæ Romanæ signa,
 Et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Cæsar,
 Diriguere metu, gelidos pavor alligat artus.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
 The summits of the frozen Alps had past ;
 With vast events and enterprises fraught,
 And future wars revolving in his thought.
 Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood ;
 When lo ! as he survey'd the narrow flood,
 Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
 A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
 Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
 Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd ;
 A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
 And her torn tresses rudely hung around :
 Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
 Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.
 Presumptuous men ! oh, whither do you run ?
 Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on ?
 If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
 Here to your utmost barrier are you come.
 She said ; and sunk within the closing shade :
 Astonishment and dread the chief invade ;
 Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
 And on the bank his slackening steps were stay'd.

* * * * *

While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
 The Rubicon an humble river flows ;
 Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
 And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea,

His bank on either side a limit stands,
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the wintery torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course
First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse :
With strength oppos'd against the stream they lead,
While to the smoother ford the foot with ease succeed.

The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore :
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws ! (he said.)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess fortune, art my guide ;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He spoke ; and, on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent ;
To him the Balearic sling is slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,
As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone,
And Lucifer the last was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose,
Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose :
Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious sight,
The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light.
To the mid forum on the soldier pass'd,
There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd :
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets sound.
The starting citizens uprear their heads ;
The lustier youth at once forsake their beds ;
Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
Their household gods in peace had rested long ;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoint'd and barely left ;

Swords with foul rust indented deep they take,
And useless spears with points inverted shake.
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd ;
Each trembling heart with secret horror shook.

The spectral apparition of the genius of Rome may probably have suggested to Camoens his sublimer conception of the Spirit of the Cape. It appears from Eustace, that there are two passages over the Rubicon, a name which has been changed by the corruptions of centuries into that of Rugone. Eustace fixes upon the nearer passage to the sea, in the direct road between Ravenna and Rimini (Ariminium), as the one in crossing which Cæsar decided the fate of Rome.

Less interesting, indeed, in an historical point of view, but equal at least in poetical merit, are two other passages in the *Pharsalia*, descriptive of Cæsar's exploits. In one of these Lucan draws a very sombre and appalling picture of a sacred grove of the Gauls, inhabited neither by fauns nor nymphs, and where no bird was heard to warble, but every tree was lustrated with human gore. Cæsar's soldiers were struck with horror, and hesitated to obey his commands for cutting down the grove :

Cæsar perceived the spreading fear to grow,
Then eager caught an axe, and aim'd a blow.
Deep sunk within a violated oak
The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke :
" Now let no doubting hand the task decline ;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine."

The other passage is descriptive of the circumstance that Cæsar, who was in Epirus with a part of his army, and foresaw the probability of being shortly attacked by Pompey, left his camp by night, and ventured over a tempestuous sea in a small bark to Italy, that he might hasten the transport of the remainder of his forces which were collecting at Brundisium. Lucan is very great in relating Cæsar's interview at night with the pilot, his persuasions to induce him to put to sea, notwithstanding the threatening appearances of the sky, a terrific storm by which the little bark is tempest-tost, and the encouragements of Cæsar to his terrified companion :

Let winds and seas loud wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage :
A stronger, mightier demon is thy friend,
Thou and thy bark on *Cæsar's* fate depend.

XXIX.

DEATH OF POMPEY.

Jam venerat horæ
 Terminus extremæ, Phariamque ablatum in alnum
 Perdiderat jam jura sui. Tum stringere ferrum
 Regia monstra parant. Ut vidit cominus enses,
 Involvit vultus : atque indignatus apertum
 Fortunæ præbere caput, tunc lumina pressit,
 Continuitque animam, ne quas effundere voces
 Posset, et æternam fletu corrumpere famam.
 At postquam mucrone latus funestus Achilles
 Perfodit, nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum.

* * * * *

At Magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,
 Permansisse decus sacræ venerabile formæ,
 Iratamque deis faciem, nihil ultima mortis
 Ex habitu vultuque viri mutasse, fatentur
 Qui lacerum videre caput. Nam sævus in ipso
 Septimius sceleris majus scelus invenit actu :
 Ac reteggit sacros, scisso velamine, vultus
 Semianimis Magni, spirantiaque occupat ora,
 Collaque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
 Tunc nervos venasque secat, nodosaque frangit
 Ossa diu : nondum artis erat caput ense rotare.
 At postquam trunco cervix abscisa recessit,
 Vindicat hoc Pharius dextra gestare satelles.
 Degener, atque operæ miles Romanæ secundæ,
 Pompeii diro sacrum caput ense recidis,
 Ut non ipse feras ? o summi fata pudoris !
 Impius ut Magnum nosset puer, illa verenda
 Regibus, hirta coma, et generosa fronte decora
 Cæsaries compressa manu est ; Pharioque veruto,
 Dum vivunt vultus, atque os in murmura pulsant
 Singultus animæ, dum lumina nuda rigescunt,
 Suffixum caput est, quo nunquam bella jubente
 Pax fuit ; hoc leges, campumque, et rostra movebat.
 Hac facie, Fortuna, tibi, Romana, placebas.

Nec satis infando fuit hoc vidisse tyranno :
 Vult sceleri superesse fidem. Tunc arte nefanda
 Submota est capiti tabes, raptoque cerebro
 Adsiccata cutis, putrisque effluxit ab alto
 Humor, et infuso facies solidata veneno est.

Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sate,
 Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
 Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
 Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword :
 The Chief perceiv'd their purpose soon, and spread
 His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head :
 And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breast,
 His rising indignation close repress'd.
 No sighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
 No tears his still unsully'd glory stain'd :
 Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his seat,
 And died, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, *great*.

* * * * *

The bloody business now complete and done,
 New furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
 He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
 And to full view expos'd the recent dead ;
 Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
 While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd :
 He drew the dragging body down with haste,
 Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd ;
 There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone,
 (The headsman's art but then was rudely known).
 Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
 And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
 The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears ;
 Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
 And in the meaner mischief poorly shares.
 Caught by the venerable locks, which grow
 In hoary ringlets on his generous brow,
 To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
 That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
 Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
 On which the listening forum oft has hung ;

That tongue which could the world with ease restrain,
 And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
 That face, in which success came smiling home,
 And doubled every joy it brought to Rome:
 Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
 And borne, for public view, aloft in air.

Lucan, in the eighth book of his poem, describes Pompey's flight after the battle of Pharsalia, his meeting with Cornelia—after which he represents Pompey as repairing to the coast of Egypt, where he is induced by treachery to quit his ship and come into a boat. As the boat is making towards the shore, Pompey is murdered in the sight of Cornelia, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off and carried on a spear to king Ptolemy, who subsequently sends it as a present to Cæsar. Pompey's body is found floating near the shore by one of his freedmen, who collects a few planks from a shipwrecked vessel, and performs the funeral rites. All these incidents, and the feelings of Cornelia on her husband leaving her to enter the boat, and afterwards on beholding his murder, are depicted with great poetical talent.

Martial has an Epigram regarding the circumstance that Pompey, if buried at all, was buried in Africa, and his sons in Europe and Asia. He observes that "so great a ruin could not lie in one quarter of the globe." This idea is followed in an epitaph on Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who directed by his will that his heart should be sent to the cathedral of Rouen, his "ignoble parts" be left among the rebellious Poitevans, and that his body should be buried at the feet of his father at Fontevraud. There is a monument at Alba, which goes by the name of Pompey's tomb, and Plutarch relates that Cornelia buried his ashes there: but Lucan considers it a reproach to Rome in his time, that it suffered Egypt to possess the remains of Pompey the Great.

Corneille mentions, in the preface to his *Pompée*, that the perusal of Lucan "m'a rendu si amoureux de la force de ses pensées et de la majesté de son raisonnement, qu'afin d'en enrichir notre langue, j'ai fait cet effort pour reduire en poeme dramatique ce qu'il a traité en epique. Tu trouvera ici cent ou deux cent vers traduits ou imités de lui." Corneille's variations from Lucan may not be always thought improvements, as, for example, in reference to the remarkable circumstance of Pompey veiling his face:

D'un des pans de sa robe il couvre son visage,
 A son mauvais destin en aveugle obeit,
Et dédaigne de voir le ciel qui le trahit,
 De peur qu'il ne semblât contre une telle offense
 Implorer d'un coup d'œil son aide et sa vengeance.
 Aucun gémissement à son cœur échappé,
Ne le montre en mourant digne d'être frappé.

XXX.

SUTTEES.

Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,
Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis :
Namque ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum positis stat pia turba comis.
Et certamen habent leti, quæ viva sequatur
Conjugium : pudor est non licuisse mori.
Ardent victrices, et flammæ pectora præbent,
Imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.

Il y a une loi en Orient bien favorable pour les maris, c'est où l'Aurore colore les peuples de la rougeur de ses chevaux : car des que le dernier flambeau a mis le feu au lit funebre, la pieuse foule des femmes ayant les cheveux épars se tient debout, et se disputent à l'envi à qui se brulera toute vive la première pour suivre son mari : et ce leur est de la honte quand il ne leur est pas permis de mourir. Les victorieuses se jettent dans les flames : et de leur visage demi brullé elles donnent des baisers à leurs époux.

The suppression of the practice of Suttee throughout the British dominions in India, is a victory of humanity over national prejudices which the most sanguine philanthropists could scarcely have deemed attainable, at least in a short time and without political convulsion. The practice still prevails out of the pale of the British authority. In an instance known by the author, which occurred in one of the petty independent states of India, where there was an English Resident, it came to the knowledge of the Resident that a widow would shortly burn herself on the funeral pile of her husband. The Resident offered to convey her away from her husband's relatives free of all expence, and to take her to her own family, or settle her in any safe place she preferred. The rajah or prince of the territory, performed, what was in the East a great mark of condescension, a personal visit to the widow, in order to join his entreaties to that of the Resident; and he offered to give the widow an annuity of just the same amount as the English government chose to confer. But it was all to no purpose. The widow persisted in burning herself, alleging that the subject had often been talked of be-

tween herself and her husband, and she considered it a part of her faith to him, that their bodies should be consumed by the same fire.

It is curious that a description of Suttees should be found in Propertius, from whom the Latin text is taken. There is an interesting Latin poem on the subject by the Rev. G. Booth, in the Oxford *Anthology*. Mr Richardson, an Anglo-Indian poet, has given the following description, apparently by an eye-witness.

Her last fond wishes breathed, a farewell smile
Is lingering on the calm unclouded brow
Of yon deluded victim. Firmly now
She mounts, with dauntless mien, the funeral pile
Where lies her earthly lord. The Brahmin's guile
Hath wrought its will—fraternal hands bestow
The quick death-flame—the crackling embers glow,
And flakes of hideous smoke the skies defile!
The ruthless throng their ready aid supply,
And pour the kindling oil. The stunning sound
Of dissonant drums—the priest's exulting cry—
The failing martyr's pleading voice have drown'd;
While fiercely-burning rafters fall around,
And shroud her frame from horror's straining eye!

Gay, in a letter to Pope, mentions the incident of two lovers who were struck dead by lightning whilst walking together in the fields. They were found stiff in death, one of the young man's hands round the female's neck, the other raised before her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. Pope wrote the epitaph on the occasion:

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire.
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well-pleas'd.
Sent his own light'ning, and the victims seiz'd.

XXXI.

TREATMENT OF SLAVES,

(A)

Proscriptum Famulus servavit fronte notatus :
Non fuit hæc Domini vita, sed invidia.

A domestic slave, who had been branded on the forehead by his master, preserved the life of that master when proscribed. I say that the master by that act derived less of safety for his person than of opprobrium for his character.

(B)

Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum
Annulus, incerta non bene fixus acu,
Hoc facinus Lalage speculo, quo viderat, ulta est ;
Et cecidit sectis icta Plecusa comis.
Define jam, Lalage, tristes ornare capillos ;
Tangat et insanum nulla puella caput.
Hoc salamandra notet, vel sæva novacula nudet ;
Ut digna speculo fiat imago tuo.

A single curl belonging to a fold in Lalage's hair had got out of place, from not being properly pinned. Lalage perceived the crime in her looking-glass, and avenged it with the same looking-glass on her waiting-maid Plecusa. She felled the poor girl to the ground, and afterwards cut off all her hair. Henceforward, Lalage, cease to employ waiting-maids for adorning your locks. Cut them off with a razor, or eradicate them with salamander's blood, so that your looking-glass may (if justice be done the girl and you) always reflect a bald head,

(C)

Esse negas coctum leporem, poscisque flagella,
Mavis, Rufe, coquum scindere, quam leporem.

When you gave your last dinner, Rufus, you protested that the hare was underdone ; and you called for the whips.

I am of opinion that you preferred *cutting* your cook to *cutting up* your hare.

The master of the slave, who is the subject of the first Epigram, was Antius Restio. He was proscribed by the triumvirate; and whilst his house was being pillaged, he made his escape by night. He was, however, watched by a slave, whose face he had formerly disfigured by branding. The slave accompanied him in his flight, and, *having killed an old beggar whom he met on the road*, and cut off his head, prepared a funeral pile, and placed the corpse upon it. On the soldiers coming up, and inquiring after Antius, the slave pointed to the pile, and told them that his master was there burning in expiation of his cruelty to himself. The presence of the pile and the decapitated corpse, and the letters branded on the slave's forehead, obtained credit for the statement, and Antius's life was thus preserved. Numerous other instances of the attachment of slaves to their masters are mentioned by Roman writers, especially in a chapter on the subject in Valerius Maximus (Lib. vi. c. 8), and in Seneca's treatise *On Benefits*. Marc Antony, after his defeat at Actium, desired his slave Eros to kill him: Eros drew his sword, but stabbed himself, and fell at his master's feet. A *freedman* of Pompey prepared and kindled his funeral pile, and conveyed his ashes to Cornelia.

The commentators give various representations of Lalage's cruelty: several of them make her murder Plecusa. The enormities inflicted on Roman slaves by their masters and *mistresses*, are forcibly depicted in Juvenal's *Satires* (Lib. ii. Sat. vi. l. 218 and 476. Lib. v. Sat. xiv. l. 15). The torturing of ladies' maids, which is in progress in the boudoir, whilst the lady herself imperturbably continues to rouge her face, is described with much vivacity, and the question is discussed whether a slave is a man? In book xiv. sect. xlii., and following sections of Tacitus's *Annals*, is the relation of a slave murdering his master, because his liberty had been withheld after it had been contracted for. It appears that, by the law of Rome, in such a case, *every servant* in the family was liable to capital punishment. The populace were touched with compassion for the fate of so many innocent persons of both sexes, and some of tender age, and created a tumult. The subject was debated in the senate, and Tacitus has preserved the speeches delivered on the occasion. The majority of the senate was for letting the law take its course. The populace attempted to stay the execution with stones and firebrands, but the whole slave-family, men, women, and children, were put to death. Pliny, in his *Epistles* (Lib. iii. Ep. xiv.), relates the details of a murder of a master by his slaves in a bath. He notices that the master had been in the habit of treating his slaves with a haughtiness and severity which shewed him little mindful that his own father had once been a slave.

Cooks, like waiting-maids, were subject to severe castigations, since they outraged the sensuality of men, as much as the Abigails offended against the vanity of women. The following extract from the descrip-

tion of a Roman supper by Petronius Arbiter will shew the prevalence of the custom of scourging cooks on the spot in order to assuage the disappointment of guests, though in the particular instance, the purpose of the master was not that of blood, but of facetiousness.

"A full-grown hog was brought to the table. When Trimalchio, after looking for a while upon it, said, 'What, are not his entrails taken out? No (so help me Hercules) they are not! Bring hither, bring hither the rogue of a cook.' And when the cook stood hanging his head before us, he stammered out that he was so much in haste that he had forgot it. 'How, forget it?' cried out Trimalchio. 'Strip him:' when in a trice it was done, and the cook was set between two torturers. However, we all interceded for him, as a fault that might now and then happen. Whereupon Trimalchio spoke to the cook: 'It seems you have a very short memory; let us see if you can do it now.' On which the cook, having gotten his coat again, took up a knife, and with a feigned trembling ripp'd up the hog's belly long and thwart, when immediately from its own weight tumbled out a heap of hog's puddings and sausages. After this, the company gave a shout, and cried out, Health and prosperity to Trimalchio! The cook also was presented with wine, a silver coronet, and a drinking-goblet on a broad Corinthian plate."

XXXII.

MARTIAL'S MANUMISSION OF A DYING SLAVE.

Illa manus quondam studiorum fida meorum,
 Et felix domino, notaque Cæsaribus,
 Destituit primos virides Demetrius annos:
 Quarta tribus lustris addita messis erat.
 Ne tamen ad Stygias famulus descenderet umbras,
 Ureret implicitum cum scelerata lues,
 Cavimus; et domini jus omne remissimus ægro:
 Munere dignus erat convaluisse meo.
 Sensit deficiens sua præmia, meque patronum
 Dixit, ad infernas *liber* iturus aquas.

That hand to all my labours once so true,
 Which I so lov'd, and which the Cæsars knew,
 Forsook the dear Demetrius' blooming prime:
 Three lustres and four harvests all his time.

That not to Styx a slave he should descend,
When fell contagion urged him to his end,
We free'd with all our rights the pining boy :
O that the convalescent could enjoy !
He tasted his reward, his *Patron* blest,
And went a *Freeman* to eternal rest.

The following letter of Pliny (Lib. VIII. Ep. xvi.) is an interesting commentary on Martial's Epigram.

"The sickness which has lately run through my family, and carried off several of my domestics, some of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply afflicted me. I have two consolations, however, which though they are not equal to so considerable a grief, still they are consolations. One is, that as I have always very readily manumized my slaves, their death does not seem altogether immature, if they lived long enough to receive their freedom: the other, that I have allowed them to make a kind of will, which I observe as religiously as if they were legally entitled to that privilege. I receive and obey their last requests, as so many authoritative commands, suffering them to dispose of their effects to whom they please; with this single restriction, that they leave them to some in my family, which to persons in their station is to be esteemed as a sort of commonwealth. But though I endeavour to acquiesce under these reflections, yet the same tenderness which led me to shew them these indulgences, still breaks out and overpowers my strongest resolutions. However, I could not wish to be insensible to these soft impressions of humanity: though the generality of the world, I know, look upon losses of this kind in no other view, than as a diminution of their property, and fancy by cherishing such an unfeeling temper, they discover a superior fortitude and good sense. Their wisdom and magnanimity I shall not dispute. But manly, I am sure, they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood to *feel* those impressions of sorrow, which it endeavours to resist; and to admit, not to be above the want of consolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this subject,—though not so long as I would. There is a certain pleasure in giving vent to one's grief; especially when we pour out our sorrow in the bosom of a friend, who will approve, or, at least, pardon our tears. Farewell."

XXXIII.

ASSASSINATION OF CICERO.

Antoni Phario nil objecture Pothino,
Et levius tabulâ, quam Cicerone, nocens :
Quid gladium demens Romana stringis in ora ?
Hoc admisisset nec Catilina nefas.
Impius infando miles corrumpitur auro :
Et tantis opibus vox tacet una tibi.
Quid prosunt sacræ pretiosa silentia linguæ ?
Incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.

O Antony ! revile no Pothin now :
In Tully more, than in a roll, accurst.
Of the sweet Roman tongue assassin thou !
A Catiline thy horror never durst.

An impious bravo may by gold be won,
And opulence one voice supprest may buy :
But ah ! what has the dear-bought silence done ?
Mankind one tongue will now for Tully try.

Pothinus was the minister of Ptolemy, who killed Pompey, and presented his head to Cæsar. Martial observes that the whole roll of the proscription of the triumvirs was less injurious to Rome than the loss of Cicero. The concluding sentiment, that the whole world will rise to speak for Cicero, is full of vigour. Dr Middleton thus relates the circumstances of Cicero's assassination.

"Cicero was at his Tusculan villa, with his brother and nephew, when he first received the news of the proscription, and of their being included in it. It was the design of the triumvirate to keep it a secret, if possible, to the moment of execution ; in order to surprise those whom they had destined to destruction before they were aware of the danger, or had time to escape. But some of Cicero's friends found means to give him early notice of it ; upon which he set forward presently, with his brother and nephew, towards Astura, the nearest villa which he had upon the sea, with intent to transport themselves directly out of the reach of their enemies. But Quintus, being wholly unprepared for so sudden a voyage, resolved to turn back with his son to Rome, in confidence of lying concealed there, till they could provide money and necessaries for their support abroad. Cicero, in the meanwhile, found a vessel ready for him at

Astura, in which he presently embarked: but the winds being cross and turbulent, and the sea wholly uneasy to him, after he had sailed about two leagues along the coast, he landed at Circæum, and spent a night near that place, in great anxiety and irresolution: the question was, what course he should steer, and whether he should fly to Brutus or to Cassius, or to S. Pompeius; but after all his deliberations, none of them pleased him so much as the expedient of dying: so that, as Plutarch says, he had some thoughts of returning to the city, and killing himself in Cæsar's house, in order to leave the guilt and curse of his blood upon Cæsar's perfidy and ingratitude. But the importunity of his servants prevailed with him to sail forwards to Cajeta, where he went again on shore to repose himself in his Formian villa, about a mile from the coast: weary of life and the sea, and declaring, that he would die in that country, which he had so often saved. Here he slept soundly for several hours; though as some writers tell us, a great number of crows were fluttering all the while, and making a strange noise about his windows, as if to rouse and warn him of his approaching fate, and that one of them made its way into the chamber, and pulled away his very bed-clothes, till his slaves, admonished by this prodigy, and ashamed to see brute creatures more solicitous for his safety than themselves, forced him into his litter or portable chair, and carried him away towards the ship, through the private ways and walks of his woods; having just heard, that soldiers were already come into the country in quest of him, and not far from the villa. As soon as they were gone, the soldiers arrived at the house, and perceiving him to be fled, pursued immediately towards the sea, and overtook him in the wood. Their leader was one Popilius Lænas, a tribune or colonel of the army, whom Cicero had formerly defended and preserved in a capital cause. As soon as the soldiers appeared, the servants prepared themselves to fight, being resolved to defend their master's life at the hazard of their own: but Cicero commanded them to set him down, and to make no resistance: then looking upon his executioners with a presence and firmness which almost daunted them, and thrusting his neck as forwardly as he could out of the litter, he bade them do their work, and take what they wanted: upon which they presently cut off his head, and both his hands, and returned with them, in all haste and great joy, towards Rome, as the most agreeable present which they could possibly carry to Antony. Popilius charged himself with the conveyance, without reflecting on the infamy of carrying that head which had saved his own: he found Antony in the Forum, surrounded with guards and crowds of people: but upon shewing from a distance the spoils which he brought, he was rewarded upon the spot with the honour of a crown and about eight thousand pounds sterling. Antony ordered the head to be fixed upon the rostra, between the two hands: a sad spectacle to the city, and what drew tears from every eye; to see those mangled members, which used to exert themselves so gloriously from that place in defence of their lives, the fortunes, and the liberties of the Roman people, so

lamentably exposed to the scorn of sycophants and traitors. The deaths of the rest, says an historian of that age, caused only a private and particular sorrow, but Cicero's an universal one: it was a triumph over the republic itself; and seemed to confirm and establish the perpetual slavery of Rome. Antony considered it as such, and, satiated with Cicero's blood, declared the proscription at an end. He was killed on the seventh of December, about ten days from the settlement of the triumvirate; after he had lived sixty-three years, eleven months, and five days."

Eustace says that the assassination of Cicero has been described by several ancient writers, but has been painted only by Plutarch. He visited the ruins of the Formian villa, from which Cicero was hastening towards the sea when he was assassinated. These ruins are about a mile from the shore; and nearer the sea stands a disfigured obelisk, which tradition reveres as Cicero's mausoleum, raised on the very spot where he was assassinated, and where his faithful attendants immediately interred his headless trunk. But there is no authentic historical account of Cicero's obsequies and sepulchre. The above version of Elphinstone is indifferent. Byron in a higher strain sings of the associations which are still attached to the

Forum, where th' immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

XXXIV.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MARIUS.

Cum post Teutonicos victor Libycosque triumphos
Exul limosa Marius caput abdidit ulva,
Stagna avidi texere soli, laxæque paludes
Depositum, Fortuna, tuum: mox vincula ferri
Exedere senem, longusque in carcere pædor.
Consul, et eversa felix moriturus in urbe
Pœnas ante dabat scelerum. Mors ipsa refugit
Sæpe virum, frustra que hosti est concessa potestas
Sanguinis invisi, primo qui cædis in ictu
Diriguit, ferrumque manu torpente remisit.

Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The faithless soil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And sedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.

Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
 Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
 And noisome vapours on his vitals prey.
 Ordain'd at ease to die in wretched Rome,
 He suffer'd then, for wickedness to come.
 In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
 Death will not always wait upon command;
 About to strike, the slave with horror shook.
 The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook.

Marius was dragged out of the water covered with mud, and with a rope round his neck was delivered up to the authorities of Minturnæ. A Cimbric soldier, who had engaged to put Marius to death, entered with a drawn sword in his hand the cell in which Marius was confined. The part of the cell in which Marius lay was in the shade, and to the frightened barbarian the eyes of Marius seemed to dart out fire, whilst from the darkness a terrible voice shouted out, "Man! dost thou dare to murder Caius Marius?" The barbarian immediately threw down his sword, and rushed out of the prison, exclaiming, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." It was after escaping from Minturnæ, when Marius was again in peril of his life at Carthage, that he uttered another memorable saying: "Tell the Prætor that you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

XXXV.

IPHIGENEIA'S SACRIFICE.

(A)

Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis aram
 Iphianassai turparunt sanguine fede
 Ductores Danaum delectei, prima virorum.
 Cui simul infula, virgineos circumdata comtus,
 Ex utraque pari malarum parte profusa est;
 Et mæstum simul ante aras astare parentem
 Sensit, et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros,
 Aspectuque suo lacrimas effundere civeis;
 Muta metu, terram, genibus summissa, petebat:
 Nec miseræ prodesse in tali tempore quibat,
 Quod patrio princeps donarat nomine regem
 Nam sublata virum manibus, tremebundaque, ad aras
 Deducta est; non ut, solenni more sacrorum

Perfecto, posset claro comitari hymenæo ;
 Sed, casta inceste, nubendi tempore in ipso,
 Hostia concideret mactatu mæsta parentis,
 Exitus ut classi felix faustusque daretur.
 Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum !

By that Diana's cruel altar flow'd
 With innocent and royal virgin's blood :
 Unhappy maid ! with sacred ribands bound,
 Religion's pride ! and holy garlands crown'd ;
 To meet an undeserv'd, untimely fate,
 Led by the Grecian chiefs in pomp and state :
 She saw her father by, whose tears did flow
 In streams ; the only pity he could show.
 She saw the crafty priest conceal the knife
 From him, bless'd and prepar'd against her life !
 She saw her citizens with weeping eyes
 Unwillingly attend the sacrifice.
 Then, dumb with grief, her tears did pity crave ;
 But 'twas beyond her father's power to save.
 In vain did inn'cence, youth, and beauty plead ;
 In vain the first pledge of his nuptial bed :
 She fell ; ev'n now grown ripe for bridal joy,
 To bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy.
 So died this innocent, this royal maid :
 Such fiendish acts religion could persuade !

(B)

Stetit

Devota, feralique vittâ
 Cincta comam,—tacitis parentem
 Lustrans ocellis, visa tamen loqui :
 Hæsitque prensans brachia parvulus
 Patremque non certis Orestes
 Vocibus, eloquioque balbo
 Patrem vocavit : sed Genitor pedem
 Tulisse retro dicitur, et *caput*
Velasse, collectaque veste
 Implicitos tenuisse vultus :

Lapsam sub aras scilicet haud potens
 Nexamque flexo poplite virginem
 Spectare, et effusum cruorem
 Crinibus, immeritoque collo.

See how her near relations all lament
 To lose a virgin fair and innocent.
 The undermourners are so full of grief,
 The painter's puzzled to express the chief:
 He finds the pencil is for this too frail,
 And therefore o'er his eyes he *casts a veil*.
 Thus wisely covering Agamemnon's face,
 He turns the art's defect into a grace.

It is to be feared that Creech (immortalized for his want of *flowers of speech*) does not give an adequate notion of the beauties of Lucretius. The second piece is from a Prize Poem of Dr Wordsworth. The English verses annexed are to be found in Evelyn's *Epigrams on Painting*. They have been selected, as well as Dr Wordsworth's composition, with reference to the celebrated veiling of Agamemnon's face in Timanthe's picture, celebrated by Cicero, Quintilian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny the Elder.

The veiling of Agamemnon's face is disapproved of by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Eighth Discourse, but is vindicated with great ability by Fuseli, in his *Lecture on Ancient Art*. The Sacrifice of Iphigeneia is treated of by Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ennius, and Racine. The circumstances under which Racine represents Agamemnon to have covered his face, at a moment when two parties are on the point of engaging in conflict, have not been considered so natural as those under which the same circumstance is introduced by Euripides:

Le triste Agamemnon qui n'ose l'avouer,
 Pour détourner ses yeux des meurtres qu'il presage,
 Ou pour cacher ses pleurs, s'est voilé le visage.

Dr Wordsworth does not express all that was considered to be represented in Timanthe's picture, viz. the *gradations of affection*, from the most remote to the closest link of humanity. It is related, that when Lully was reproached with setting to music only the tame verses of Quinault, he ran to his harpsichord, and, with an extemporary musical accompaniment of unrivalled power, repeated the following lines from Racine's Iphigeneia:

Un Prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle
 Portera sur ma fille une main criminelle.
 Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux
 Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

XXXVI.

MARSEILLES' BISHOP. HIS CONDUCT DURING THE
PLAGUE.

Vitæ qui Præsul et auri
Prodigus, assiduis animos et corpora curis
Sustinuit, mortem visus calcare metumque,
Intrepido vadens per strata cadavera passu.

Profuse of life, and prodigal of gold,
The sacred pastor tends his sick'ning fold ;
Repose of body and of mind disdains,
To calm their woes and mitigate their pains :
Bravely despises death and every fear,
With holy rites their drooping hearts to cheer ;
Vast heaps of dead without dismay he views,
And with firm step his generous way pursues.

The name of this bishop of Marseilles, thus commemorated by Van-niere, was M. de Belsunce. The plague of Marseilles occurred in the year 1720. When the plague ceased he was offered by the Regent of France the richer and more honourable see of St Laon, in Picardy ; but he refused it, saying, that he should be unwilling to leave a flock that had been endeared to him by their sufferings. There is a picture in the town-hall of Marseilles, in which the bishop is represented in his episcopal habit, attended by his almoners, giving his benediction to the dying and the dead that are at his feet. But his memory is, perhaps, more lastingly perpetuated in the lines of Pope :

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death ?

The following is a description of the plague of Marseilles, contained in one of the good bishop's own letters to the bishop of Soissons.

"Never was desolation greater, nor was ever anything like this. There have been many cruel plagues, but none was ever more cruel : to be sick and dead was almost the same thing. What a melancholy spectacle have we on all sides ! we go into the streets full of dead bodies, half rotten through, which we pass to come to a dying body, to excite him to an act of contrition, and give him absolution. For about forty days together the blessed sacrament was carried everywhere to all the sick, and the extreme unction was given them with a zeal of which we have but few examples. But the churches being infected with the stench of the dead

flung at the doors, we were obliged to leave off, and be content with confessing the poor people. At present I have no more confessors. The two communities of the Jesuits are quite disabled, to the reserve of one old man of seventy-two years, who still goes about night and day, and visits the hospitals. My secretary and another lie sick; so that they have obliged me to quit my palace, and retire to the first President, who was so kind as to lend me his house. We are desolate of all succour; we have no meat; and whatsoever I could do going all about the town, I could not meet with any that would undertake to distribute broth to the poor that were in want. There is a great diminution," he adds, "of the mortality; and those that hold that the moon contributes to all this, are of opinion that we owe this diminution to the decline of the moon. For my part, I am convinced that we owe all this to the mercies of God, from whom alone we must hope for relief in the deplorable condition we have been in so long a while."

It is a gratifying circumstance that England can boast of a rival of Marseilles' good bishop in the Rev. William Mompesson, rector of Eyam in Derbyshire. Four-fifths of the inhabitants of this once populous village were destroyed in one summer by the plague. The church was deserted, and a pulpit chosen in an adjacent rock. This pulpit of nature, and the temporary burial-place of the plague-stricken inhabitants, are still visited among the curiosities of the Peak. Mr Mompesson's pious, charitable, and intrepid conduct during the plague, and his severer trials than those of the bishop of Marseilles arising from the circumstance of having a wife and children, are detailed in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, Vol. III., and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Sept. 1801, and in a poem called *The Desolation of Eyam*.

XXXVII.

HADRIAN'S PARTING ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

Animula! vagula blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos.

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot :
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en va donc, ma fille, et Dieu sache où tu vas :
Tu pars seulette, nue, et tremblotante, hélas !
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne !
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats ?

The translations are from Prior, and Fontenelle. Lord Byron also translated the lines, and there is a prose as well as a poetical translation of them by Pope in one of his letters to Steele. Hadrian's verses are closely connected with Pope's dying Christian, and as such they are adverted to in four of Pope's letters, and in No. 532 of the *Spectator*. Pope's *Ode* was written at the desire of Steele, who wanted a version of Hadrian's lines for music; and in a letter to him on that occasion, Pope writes, "You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the *verses of Hadrian*, but the fine fragment of Sappho." Warton notices a stanza from which Pope probably, though, perhaps, without being conscious of it, borrowed. It is in the works of Flatman, an obscure writer in the time of Charles II., who appears to have had an eye on Hadrian:

When on my sick bed I languish
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away !

Pope was of opinion that the diminutive epithets with which Hadrian's address abounds were by no means expressions of levity and indifference, but rather of endearment, of tenderness and concern.

XXXVIII.

METAMORPHOSIS OF MATSYS.

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.

Matrimony made an Apelles out of a Vulcan.

Evelyn, in his *Epigrams on Painting*, has the following verses upon Matsys :

Since noise his mistress did offend,
To th' hammer-trade he puts an end.
And now does set himself to paint;
An art more quiet and more quaint.
And doth by dint of love attain't.
Venus has washed his Vulcan face,
And a clean pencil is his grace.

The Latin verse is the epitaph inscribed on the monument, in the cathedral of Antwerp, of Matsys, the Flemish artist whose picture of the *Two Misers* continues to draw admiration from visitors of Windsor Castle.

Matsys followed the trade of a blacksmith till the age of twenty, when he became enamoured of the daughter of a painter, who would not consent to his daughter being married to any one but a painter. Matsys obtained the hand of the fair one by exchanging his hammer for the painter's brush, and became a principal ornament of the Flemish school.

XXXIX.

ST DUNSTAN.

Sic, ut Roma refert, Sanctus Dunstanus olim
Candenti magnum prensavit forcipe nasum
Luciferi. Hic vasto prorumpit ab ore tenebras
Turbidus, inque atra livescunt sulphura nube.
Ter mugit, ter dira rudit, vocemque profundam
Cum gemitu attollit; ter frustra squallida regna
Respondent Domino, planctumque retorquet Avernus:
Stridet olens, fumatque ingens semiusta Proboscis.

Waked with this music from my silent urn,
Your patron Dunstan comes t'attend your turn.
Amphion and old Orpheus playing by,
To keep our forge in tuneful harmony.
These pontifical ornaments I wear,
Are types of rule and order all the year.
In these white robes none can a fault descry,
Since all have liberty as well as I:
Nor need you fear the shipwreck of your cause,
Your loss of *charter*, or the *penal laws*,
Indulgence granted by your bounteous prince
Makes for that loss too great a recompence.
This charm the Lernean Hydra will reclaim;
Your patron shall the tameless rabble tame.
Of the proud Cham I scorn to be afraid;
I'll take the angry Sultan by the beard.
Nay, should the Devil intrude amongst your foes—

Devil. What then?

St D. Snap, thus, I have him by the nose!

The Latin is taken from a poëm on a bull-bait in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. The English is from a Lord's Mayor's pageant, A. D. 1687. The Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter, belonged to the Goldsmith's Company. St Dunstan was regarded as the tutelar saint of the company; the legend being supposed to have originated in the circumstance that St Dunstan was expert in goldsmith's work. Amphion, the grand Sultan, the Cham of Tartary, and the Devil, were figures in the pageant. At the steps of the prelatial throne were a goldsmith's forge and furnace. (For further particulars of the pageant, see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, Vol. i. p. 674.) The allusions to the forfeiture of the city's charter, penal laws, and royal declaration of indulgence, are interesting from the deep political importance of these measures which are thus glanced at in this contemporary and popular civic exhibition. Southey, in his *Book of the Church*, dilates upon the miracles of St Dunstan. He mentions St Dunstan having a forge at Glastonbury, at which he was accustomed to work in gold and silver.

XL.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S RELATION OF A MONK THROWN
OVERBOARD TO LIGHTEN A SHIP OF A CREW'S SINS.

Cum tumida horrissonis insurgeret unda procellis,
Et maris in lassam ferveret ira ratem,
Religio timidis illabitur anxia nautis,
Heu parat, exclamant, hoc mala vita malum.
Vectores inter Monachus fuit, hujus in aurem
Se properant vitiis exonerare suis.
Ast ubi senserunt nihilo sibi mitius æquor,
Sed rapido puppim vix superesse freto :
Quid miri est, ait unus, aquâ si vix ratis exstat,
Nostorum scelerum pondere adhuc premitur.
Quin Monachum hunc, in quem culpas exhausimus omnes
Ejicite, et secum hinc crimina nostra ferat.
Dicta probant, rapiuntque virum, simul in mare torquent,
Et lintrem levius quam prius esse, ferunt.
Hinc, hinc quam gravis est peccati sarcina, disce,
Cujus non potuit pondera ferre ratis.

A ship being in extreme peril from a storm, the sailors imputed their calamity to the weight of their sins. Accordingly they all made confession to a Monk. But the storm did not in the least abate, and the sailors thought their destruction inevitable, until one of the crew suggested that they should throw the Monk overboard ; which was accordingly done forthwith. The storm shortly afterwards abating, the sailors believed that the ship had been lightened by the accumulated weight of their sins being cast into the sea at once in the person of the Monk.

The piece is curious as it displays Sir Thomas More's jocular vein ; and shews that, although his head was stuck over London Bridge on account of his attachment to the catholic faith, he had enjoyed merriment at the expence of the Monks, and written with jocularity on the subject of the Sacrament of Confession.

XLI.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis ?
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?
 Numen, Convivæ, præsens agnoscite Numen :
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine
 Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
 See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
 The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

The Latin is by Crawshaw, the English by Hill. Though the point of this epigram may be classed among conceits, it is a very ingenious and not an uninteresting specimen of the genus. The concluding line of the version has all the force of the original, and is the better for discarding the nymph. Sidney Smith, in his lectures, censures the epigram for the wit extinguishing its sublimity.

The following lines on the picture of the Marriage of Cana by Paul Veronese, are in Evelyn's collection of poetical descriptions of pictures:

See an aspiring wit surmounting schools,
 Above dull precepts and incumb'ring rules.
 At this magnificent and famous feast
 Every spectator is a kind of guest.
 A great variety he soon describes
 That entertains his thoughts, and feeds his eyes.
 Most choice carnations, drapery well cast,
 Truth, life, and motion, not to be surpast.
 When we behold this noble piece we view
 Paul's triumph and the pride of Painting too.

In an excellent sermon which the author heard at Cambridge when the above was in the press, the preacher adverted to the applicability of the miracle at Cana to some peculiarities of the present times. 1. As it discountenanced the institution of monks and nuns, and the notions of those fanatics, who, from religious scruples, shun all festive entertainments. 2. As it was irreconcilable with the opinions of another set of silly ones, who call themselves by the drivelling name of Tea-totallers. 3. In more immediate reference to the conversation between Jesus and his mother, preliminary to the performance of the miracle, as it exposed the absurdity and impiety of the Roman Catholic Breviary, and of the bulls of the last and present Pope, wherein the Virgin Mary is spoken of as a gate of heaven, a foundation of hope, an advocate, an intercessor, and an inspirer.

CHAPTER II.

BIOGRAPHY.

I.

LINACRE.

DUM Linacrus adit Mormos, patriosque Britannos
Artibus egregiis dives ab Italia,
Ingentem molem saxorum in rupibus altis
Congerit ad fauces, alte Gebenna, tuas,
Floribus hinc viridique struem dum fronde coronat,
Et sacer Assyrias pascitur ignis opes,
Hoc tibi, ait, Mater studiorum O sancta meorum,
Templum Linacrus dedicat, Italia !
Tu modo cui docta assurgant cum Pallade Athenæ.
Hoc de me pretium sedulitatis habe.

When Linacre was on his return to his countrymen in Britain with a mind enriched by the arts of Italy, he erected a high column of stones on a mountain near the gorge of the Mont de Cevennes. After strewing the erection with green leaves and flowers, and burning frankincense upon it, he thus spoke. Italy ! this edifice is dedicated to thee, O sacred Mother of my studies ! O thou who may'st pride thyself on an Athens rising anew under the auspices of Minerva, deign to accept this humble memorial of my deep obligation for your fostering solicitude.

The verses are by James Vitalis: they may be thought a very curious notice of Linacre, which is not commonly known. He was physician to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Mary, and was the founder of the College of Physicians. He afterwards became a dignitary of the Church. He undoubtedly, and the English nation through him, incurred a debt of obligation to Italy, as well for a first acquaintance with the ancient writers upon physic, as for imparting a taste for classical authors.

Linacre was one of the first promoters of Latin and Greek literature in England. He was in Italy at the period when refugees from Constantinople had begun to kindle an enthusiasm among the revivers of learning for the great writers of ancient Greece, a circumstance which is adverted to in the text. He graduated at Padua, and, during his residence in Italy, enjoyed the friendship of Lorenzo de Medici, Politian, and the Greek exile Demetrius.

II.

DR PITCAIRN.

INVITATION TO A GHOST.

Lyndesi ! Stygias jamdudum vecte per undas,
 Stagnaue Cocyti non adeunda mihi ;
 Excute paulisper Lethæi vincula somni,
 Ut pereant animum carmina nostra tuum.
 Te nobis, te redde tuis, promissa daturus
 Gaudia ; sed proavo sis comitante redux ;
 Namque novos homines mutataque regna videbis,
 Passaque Teutonicas sceptrâ Britanna manus
 Unus abest scelerum vindex Rhadamantus, amice,
 Di faciant reductus sit comes ille tui.

Lindesay ! who now for some years past hast traversed the river Styx, and hast preceded me in forming acquaintance with the pools of Cocytus :—shake off for a while the chains of Lethean slumber, that my verses may penetrate and pervade your mind.—Return, I implore you ; diffuse those joys which you once promised to bestow after death. But bring with you your ancestor so illustrious for loyalty to the house of Stuart.—For when you come to earth you will behold a new people, a new dynasty, the sceptre of British kings wielded by a Dutchman.—Our nation has one great desire, it is the presence of Rhadamanthus, the punishing judge below, who alone can inflict ample vengeance on triumphant villany.—When you come to us, I hope his infernal Majesty will permit Rhadamanthus to be of your party.

Dr Pitcairn, the celebrated physician, when young, engaged with his friend Lindesay (a descendant of Sir David Lindesay, the attached friend of James V.) that whoever died first should pay a visit to his surviving companion. It is related that soon after this compact Dr Pitcairn, at his father's house in Fife, dreamed that Lindesay came to him, and told him that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but lived in a very agreeable place, to which he could not yet carry him. In the course of the next day, news came of Lindesay's death. Dr Pitcairn sometimes related this extraordinary circumstance, and always with great emotion. In most of his works published after the Revolution of 1688, he adverts with great bitterness to that event, and in consequence of it, he left Edinburgh, and accepted a Professor's chair at Leyden.

The following ancient ghost-stories are from Pliny :—

“ The present recess from business we are now enjoying affords you leisure to give, and me to receive instruction. I am extremely desirous therefore to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances and unknown in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman which appeared to him, of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life : that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honours, and return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery ; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prediction, by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him, by the success which he had experienced. To this story let me add another as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of great horror ; which I will give you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains ; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees ; immediately afterward a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the

chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants in the meanwhile passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers, which, together with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day-time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations, that it still seemed before their eyes, and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by every body to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, enquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore-part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle: however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him: it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together were publicly buried, and thus after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more. This story I believe upon the credit of others; what I am going to mention I give you upon my own. I have a freed-man named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed,

who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top part of his head, and in the morning, it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered about the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable indeed followed these events, unless that I escaped a prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were found in his scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may therefore be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as, I trust, I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest, whilst I consult you in order to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell."

III.

DANTE.

Hic claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater Amoris.

Here Dante, whom the lovely Florence bore,
Lies buried, exil'd from his native shore.

The poet was buried at Ravenna. The Florentines often endeavoured to recover his remains, especially during the pontificate of Leo X. Michael Angelo offered to execute a monument for Dante, to be erected at Florence; but the people of Ravenna always refused to part with a memorial of the asylum which they had afforded to Dante when living.

The absence of the remains of Dante from the church of Santa Croce is thus beautifully noticed by Lord Byron:

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by th' upbraiding shore;
Thy factions in their worse than civil war
Proscrib'd the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages.

* * * * *

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
Th' immortal exile.

Michael Angelo, in a sonnet to Dante, says, that Heaven expanded its lofty gates to the Bard to whom his native land refused to open hers.

IV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

INSCRIPTIONS ON HIS MONUMENT.

Michael Angelus Bonarotus, Nobilis Florentinus, An.
Æt. suæ LXXI.

Qui sim, nomen habes. Satque est; nam cætera cui non
Sunt nota, aut mentem non habet, aut oculos.

REVERSE.

Quantum in naturâ ars, naturaque possit in arte,
Hic, qui naturæ par fuit, arte docet.

To Michael Angelo Bonaroto,—a noble Florentine, in the seventy-first year of his age.

You are here told who I am, by name. It is enough—not to know the rest is to want understanding, or to be blind.

REVERSE.

To what extent Art may avail Nature, and Nature may avail Art, this Man, who rivalled nature by his art, instructs us.

When in very advanced age Michael Angelo one day met Cardinal Farnese among the ruins of the Coliseum, and told him that he should not be surprised at an old man continuing to survey with earnestness the remains of ancient art: for "I yet go to school, that I may continue to learn something." And, in order to inculcate on young artists the necessity of unabating attention to improvement, he invented a design of an old man grouped with an hour-glass, and a child's go-cart, under which he inscribed a motto, "I still go on learning." This was shortly before M. Angelo's death, which occurred A.D. 1562, when, as appears by the inscription in the text, he had exceeded the Psalmist's limit of threescore and ten. Sir Joshua Reynolds concludes his lectures by saying that the last words he wished to utter in the Royal Academy were *Michael Angelo*.

V.

RAPHAEL.

Ille hic est Raphael. Timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum Magna Parens, et moriente, mori.

Living, Great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works, and, dying, fears herself may die.

Bembo's epitaph on Raphael, so closely copied by Pope, in his epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller, but without equal felicity with the Latin of including the painter's name, was written by Cardinal Bembo, at the request of Leo X. This Coryphæus of painters died at the early age of 37, and was interred with great funeral ceremony in the Pantheon. Warton has suggested a variation of the epitaph:

Here Raphael lies, by whose untimely end
Nature hath lost a Rival and a Friend.

It is mentioned in Spence's *Anecdotes* that Pope said to him: "I paid Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but two days before he died, and I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster. A memorial there would be sufficient, and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life." It would appear that Sir Godfrey might not himself have deemed Pope's epitaph hyperbolic, if we may credit the following anecdote.

"A night or two ago (said Sir Godfrey) I had a very odd sort of dream.

I dreamt that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on toward them.—As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St Peter by his keys, with some other of the Apostles; they were admitting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company, I could see several seats, every way, at a little distance within the door. As the first, after my coming up, approached for admittance, St Peter asked his name, and then his religion.—I am a Roman Catholic, replied the spirit. Go in then, says St Peter, and sit down on those seats there on the right hand. The next was a Presbyterian: he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seats opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St Luke (who was standing just by) turned toward me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness—‘What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?’—‘The very same, sir, (says I) at your service.’—On this St Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both followed in this world. He entered so far into the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said; ‘I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you!—But, apropos, pray, Sir, what religion may you be of?’—‘Why truly, Sir, (says I) I am of no religion.’—‘O, Sir, (says he) you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please.’”

VI.

ANNIBAL CARACCI.

Quod poteras hominum vivos effingere vultus

Annibal, heu cito mors invida te rapuit.

Finxisses utinam te, mors decepta sepulchro

Crederet effigiem, vivus et ipse fores.

Death envied, Annibal! thy wondrous art,

Life to each human visage to impart.

Hadst thou thyself thy likeness but pourtray'd,

The Fates themselves a kind mistake had made,

Had merely placed thy semblance in the grave,

And pow'rs like thine, for once, been known to save!

It is said of Annibal Caracci, that when the conversation in which he was engaged referred to any thing that could be made an object of the pencil, he used to take a pencil to draw it, saying, that as poets paint by words, so painters should speak by their pencils. His chief performance was the frescoes in the Farnesian Gallery. When Pope Paul III., at the instigation of his jealous favourite Gioseppino, gave him no more than two thousand crowns for his work, he drew an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the pontiff's arms: the driver of this beast was proportionably large and tall, and represented to the life the envious Gioseppino. One of his most distinguished pictures is the Sleep of Jesus. The infant St John extends his hand to caress Jesus, and is on the point of wakening him, when the Virgin admonishes him by a sign not to disturb the repose of her child. When Annibal Caracci found his last hour approaching, he desired to be interred by the side of Raphael.

VII.

POUSSIN.

Parce piis lacrymis, vivit Pussin in urnâ,
 Vivere qui dederat, nescius ipse mori.
 Hic tamen ipse silet; si vis audire loquentem,
 Mirum est; in tabulis vivit et eloquitur.

Weep not for Poussin: he *lives* in the grave!
 How can he die, who life to others gave?
 Yet there he's silent, would you hear him speak?
 His voice in his impressive pictures seek.

Nicholas Poussin's great work was the seven pictures now in the Louvre, representing the Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church. The picture of Marriage is considered the most inferior of the set; which gave occasion to a bon-mot: "Qu'un bon mariage est difficile a faire même en peinture." He painted the Crucifixion, with several circumstances of horror which have not been noticed by any of the most eminent painters. Some glimpses of the moon are visible from under a black and lurid sky; and figures of the dead rise out of the ground, which are seen by one of the soldiers, who, in an attitude of extreme terror, draws his sword. Poussin's model was Domenichino.

VIII.

FRASCATORO.

Os Frascatorio nascenti defuit, ergo
 Sedulus attenta finxit Apollo manu.
 Inde hauri, Medicusque ingens, ingensque Poeta
 Et magno facies omnia plena Deo.

Thine infant lips, Frascator, nature seal'd,
 But the mute organ favouring Phœbus heal'd :
 He broke the charm ; and hence to thee belong
 The art of healing, and the power of song.

Frascatoro belonged to the first class of Italian scholars. He was distinguished for his skill in medicine, as well as for Latin poetry. At the time of his birth his lips adhered together in such a manner as scarcely allowed him to breathe ; but the defect was remedied by a surgical operation. Scaliger, in his critique on modern Latin poets, places Frascatorius at the head of the band. The Latin is by Scaliger, the English by Roscoe. Frascatoro's merits are considered in Mr Hallam's *History of Modern Literature*, and by Jortin. Dr Hodgson gives a pretty translation from Frascatoro's extraordinary chef-d'œuvre.

IX.

THE ANTIQUARY VAILLANT.

Cernitis ? hic Vir hic est spoliis Orientis onustus,
 Romanas et opes Argolicasque vehens—
 Tot collecta mori cur non monumenta vetabunt,
 Tot collecta vetat qui monumenta mori ?

Do you observe ? Here is a Man laden with the spoils of the East, besides the treasures of Greece and of Rome. —Surely so many collected antiquities will preserve from oblivion one who preserved from oblivion so many collected antiquities.

Vaillant was educated for the profession of Physic : but was induced to make Antiquities the study of his life, from the circumstance of a collection of old coins being accidentally found buried in a field belonging

to his father. His peculiar turn was that of illustrating ancient history by coins and medals: in pursuit of these he visited Egypt, Greece, Persia, and other foreign countries. In the course of his peregrinations he was on one occasion captured by a corsair, and made a slave. After his redemption from captivity, he narrowly escaped a second corsair. On this occasion he swallowed fifteen medals in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the Algerines. His biographers state that they were all ultimately recovered, though at considerable intervals, and that he disposed of them all provisionally, until he was enabled to complete the bargain.

X.

PARKYNS, THE WRESTLER.

Quem modo stravisti longo in certamine, Tempus,
 Hic recubat Britonum clarus in orbe pugil.
 Jam primùm stratus; præter te vicerat omnes;
 De te etiam victor, quando resurget, erit.

Here lies the famed British Wrestler, whom you, O Time, after a long struggle, have laid low. He has never been thrown down before; he had overcome every one but you; and he will vanquish you when he rises again.

Concerning this memorable Wrestler and his books, there is a very entertaining article in the eleventh volume of the *Retrospective Review*. Parkyns' principal work was a treatise on the *Cornish Hugg*, or Inn-Play Wrestling. He was a baronet, and the ancestor of a noble family, and was educated under Dr Busby at Westminster. By Sir Isaac Newton's invitation he attended that philosopher's lectures on the Laws of Motion at Cambridge. In Parkyns' monument he is represented as standing in his country-coat, and postured for a Cornish hug. On one side is a well-limbed figure, lying above the scythe of Time, shewing that the wrestler is in the pride of his youth. On the other side, is the same figure stretched in his coffin, with Time standing, scythe in hand, triumphantly over it; whilst the sun is represented as just gone down, marking the decline of life, and the fate even of the strong man. Parkyns himself directed this monument, or "marble effigies of Sir Thomas Parkyns," as he called it, to be put up in the chancel of his church, in his life-time, in order, as he observes, that he might look upon it, and say, "What is life?"

XI.

ARETINO.

Condit Aretini cineres lapis iste sepultos,
Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus est illi; causamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: Ille quidem non mihi notus erat.

Le temps, par qui tout se consume,
Sous cette tombe a mis le corps
De l'Aretin, de qui la plume
Blessa les vivans, et les morts.
Son encre noircit la memoire
De monarques, de qui la gloire
Est vivante apres le trepas:
Et s'il na pas contre Dieu même
Vomi quelque'horrible blasphême,
C'est qu'il ne le connoissoit pas.

Francis I. presented Aretino with a chain of gold. Henry VIII. sent him three hundred gold crowns. Charles V. allowed him a pension. Julius III. by a papal bull appointed him a Cavaliere of the order of St Pietro. He assumed the titles of *Il Divino*, *Il Flagello de Principi*. His portrait was painted by Titian; and medals were struck of him representing him decorated with a chain of gold, and on the reverse, the princes of Europe bringing him tributes. He was, however, the subject of many personal attacks which made Boccalini call him "the loadstone of clubs and daggers." He was killed by a fall from his chair in a fit of laughter at the relation of some act of profligacy committed by his sisters. Before death, however, he seized the opportunity of improvising an Italian verse to the priest who was administering extreme unction, indicative of his fear that so much *grease* would draw upon him the rats. (See various other curious anecdotes of Aretino, in Roscoe's *Leo X.*)

XII.

MIRANDOLA.

Johannes jacet hic Mirandola : cætera norunt
Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

Here lies John Mirandola. The rest is known to the Tagus, the Ganges, and, perhaps, to the Antipodes.

Pope parodied this epitaph in the following lines :

Here lies Lord Coningsby ; be civil :
The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil.

Spence relates that Pope said : “ You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be one reason why I like the epitaph of the Count of Mirandola so well. Some time ago I made a parody of it for a man of a very opposite character.” The words “ be civil,” appear to be a *botch*, such as not unfrequently occurs even in some of Pope’s most finished compositions, exemplifying the distich of Hudibras :

Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their courses.

Mr Hallam, in his *History of Literature*, relates various particulars concerning Picus of Mirandola, who was called the phoenix of his age, and considers him a much superior and more wonderful person than the fabulous Admirable Crichton. Picus of Mirandola died at the age of 31, A.D. 1494.

XIII.

NERO.

Quis neget Æneæ magna de stirpe Neronem
Sustulit hic matrem : sustulit ille patrem.

Who will deny that Nero is descended from the pious and renowned Æneas ? They both *took off* their parents, the one from the flames, the other by the sword.

Suetonius relates that it was remarkable that the Emperor Nero bore nothing more patiently than scurrilous language and railing ; and treated

none with more gentleness than such as traduced him by abusive reflections and lampoons. Many things of that kind were posted up in the town, or otherwise spread among the people, both in Greek and Latin. Suetonius gives several instances of these ancient Pasquinades. The distich in the text is one of them. Among the remarkable sayings of Romans, adverted to in a former page, is that of Agrippina, who when she saw the assassins that were sent by her son to kill her, exclaimed, "Strike my womb."

The lines in the text were applied to King William III. The immediate occasion of them was the publication of Dryden's *Virgil*. The poet was very indignant at Tonson his publisher (a keen Whig, and secretary to the Kit-Cat Club) attempting to drive him into dedicating his translation of *Virgil* to King William; and, in a letter to his son Charles, Dryden writes that Tonson had anticipated such a dedication by giving Æneas a hooked nose in all the plates. Tonson's design of aggravating Æneas's nose out of compliment to William the III., was the subject of the following epigram, taken from the model of the Pasquinade on Nero in the text:

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack
Methinks there's little lacking;
One took his father pick-a-pack,
And t' other sent him packing.

XIV.

SWIFT.

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis,
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percudit aures.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:

At thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart.
 Nay, what's incredible, alack !
 I hardly hear a woman's clack.

The Latin and English verses are both by Swift. In the Countess of Suffolk's Correspondence there are several letters addressed to that lady by Swift, in which he alludes to his infirmities. In one letter, dated 19 Aug., 1727, when he was sixty years old, he writes :

"About two hours before you were born I got my *giddiness* by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond. And, when you were four years and a quarter old bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read and sleep, there I got my *deafness*; and these two friends have visited me, one or the other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you: and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to shew my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron."

XV.

WALLER AND SACHARISSA.

Arcadiæ juvenis Thirsis, Phœbique sacerdos
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore :
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa :
 Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua ; formosam nunc his componere nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat :
 Audiit illa procul miserum, citharamque sonantem,
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis ;
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera percusi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
 Elapsa reperit Daphni sua laurea Phœbus.

Thirsis, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :

Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy ;
Like Daphne she as lovely and as coy :
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use.
Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads ;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair :
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,
Had reacht the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay ;
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.

Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catcht at Love, and fill'd his arm with Bays.

The Latin verses, it is believed, are an unique specimen of Waller's composition in that language. The English version is also by Waller. Sacharissa was the Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, who rejected Waller, and married the Earl of Sunderland. *Thirsis* had another Arcadian sweetheart in his Amoret, or Lady Sophia Murray. He thus begins a very pretty poem addressed to Amoret :

Fair, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirsis* owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, *and* you.

Waller afterwards married a third sweetheart. It does not appear that this lady gave birth to any of his pastorals ; but he had thirteen children by her.

Clarendon mentions that Waller was nearly thirty years of age when he began to write poetry, and that he was regarded as a "tenth muse." Waller's *smoothness* has been immortalized by Pope ; and Dryden finds a charm in his "turns of expression," beyond any merit of the same kind that he could discover in other English authors. He goes so far as to say that English numbers were in their *nonage* until the appearance of Waller : he must have closed his eyes to the full-blown beauties of Spenser.

XVI.

CROMWELL, (BY LOCKE.)

Pax regit Augusti, quem vicit Julius orbem ;
Ille sago factus clarior, ille toga.
Hos sua Roma vocat magnos, et numina credit :
Hic quod sit mundi victor, et ille quies.
Tu bellum et pacem populis das, unus utrisque
Major es : ipse orbem vincis, et ipse regis.
Non hominem e cœlo missum te credimus, unus
Sic poteras binos qui superare Deos ?

A peaceful sway the great Augustus bore,
O'er what great Julius gain'd by arms before.
Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd,
Augustus for his peaceful arts renown'd.
Rome calls them great, and makes them deities ;
That for his valour, this for his policies.
Thou, mighty prince, than both art greater far,
Who rule in peace that world you gain'd in war.
You sure from heaven a perfect hero fell,
Who thus alone two pagan gods excel.

Locke wrote this epigram at Christchurch, to which college he repaired in the year 1651, and whence he underwent that memorable expulsion concerning which Mr Fox observes, that it indicated some instinctive sagacity in the government of the time, which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny. None of our Sovereigns have, like Cromwell, been honoured with poetical panegyrics by four such eminent authors as Milton, Dryden, Waller, and Locke.

XVII.

JAMES II.

Qui prius augusta gestabat fronte coronam,
 Exigua nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ.
 Quid solium—quid et alta juvant! terit omnia lethum.
 Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
 Tu quoque, summe Deus, regem quem Regius Hospes
 Infaustum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.

In this narrow sepulchre, a heap of dust, lies one who once wore a crown on his august brows. What is a throne or royal dignity? Death levels all such distinctions. Faith and virtue alone survive the grave. Hence thou, Omnipotent God, wilt ordain that the unhappy monarch to whom a French sovereign afforded refuge and hospitality, shall reign with thee in thy heavenly kingdom.

This epitaph on the monument of James II. in the Church of St Germain, appears to have been substituted in the year 1824 for one inscribed on it in 1814, by the directions of King George IV. It would seem that the French did not approve of a George claiming the merit of doing honour to the ashes of the *abdicator*, to the disparagement of a Louis who fed him when alive and destitute. There is a prose inscription at St Germain, in addition to the poetical one in the text. And there is a third inscription in the chapel of the Scotch College at Paris, on a monument erected by the Duke of Perth, A.D. 1703. On the top of this monument stood an urn, containing the brains of James II. (see *Collect. Topogr.* Vol. VII.)

XVIII.

MACHIAVEL.

Quisquis adis; sacro flores et serta sepulchro
 Adde puer, cineri debita dona ferens.
 Nam veteres belli et pacis qui reddidit artes
 Jampridem ignotas regibus et populis.
 Etruscæ Machiavellus honos et gloria linguæ
 Hic jacet: hoc saxum non coluisse, nefas.

Whoever thou be that approachest, bring chaplets of flowers and funeral gifts to the ashes which this sepulchre contains. For they are the remains of one who restored the ancient arts of war and peace, which had long fallen into oblivion among kings and nations. It is Machiavel that lies here, the glory and honour of the Tuscan language. Not to pay reverence to this stone, is to commit a sacrilege.

Few names have been so universally reprobated as that of Machiavel. And Mr Hallam, in his *History of Literature*, adventures, perhaps not altogether successfully, to palliate the perfidious doctrines inculcated in Machiavel's treatise called *The Prince*. Mr Hallam points out the historical and political treasures that abound in Machiavel's works, and considers his style eminent for "simplicity, strength, and clearness." He places Machiavel at the head of the prose writers of Italy. The epitaph is by Antonius Vacca. Butler, in all the editions of his *Hudibras* published in his lifetime, very erroneously attributes the origin of the appellation *Old Nic* (a Saxon deity) to Nic. Machiavel; though he may have been more correct in assigning the palm of deceit to spiritual impostors.

Nick Machiavel had never a trick
 (Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
 But was below the least of these
 That pass in the world for holiness.

XIX.

ASCHAM.

(A)

Aschamum extinctum patriæ Graiæque Camœnæ
 Et Latîæ vera cum pietate dolent.
 Principibus vixit charus, jucundus amicis
 Re modica; in mores dicere fama nequit.

His country's muses join with those of Greece
 And mighty Rome, to mourn the fate of Ascham;
 Dear to his prince, and valued by his friends,
 Content with humble views through life he pass'd,
 While envy's self ne'er dared to blast his fame.

(B)

Non minus est arcu quam linguâ clarus utraque
Sic ornat patriam, sic juvat ille suam.

He is equally distinguished by his bow, and by his knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues. It is thus he edifies, thus he delights his country.

The first epitaph is by Buchanan; the English version is by the translators of Bayle. Of Ascham's Greek there is a well-known testimony of a most interesting kind regarding his interview with Lady Jane Grey at Broadgate, where she was reading Plato, whilst the rest of the company were hunting in the park. Ascham's introduction to his treatise called *The Schoolmaster*, though less known, is scarcely less interesting. He was to read an oration of Demosthenes against Æschines to Queen Elizabeth at Windsor, during the plague in London. Previous to his lecture, he dined with Lord Burleigh and the ministers of state composing the Queen's court, and he relates the conversation that arose relative to an occurrence which one of the party had learned the same morning, of some Eton boys running away from school, to avoid whipping. Ascham's *Toxophilus*, or treatise on Archery, is represented by him to be "pleasant for gentlemen and yeomen of England for their pastime to read, and profitable for their use to follow both in war and peace." The work contains an exalted encomium upon an animal more highly venerated by the Romans than the moderns, a *Goose*.

XX.

SILIUS ITALICUS, HIS PIOUS CARES FOR THE MEMORIES
OF VIRGIL AND CICERO.

(A)

Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
Heredem dominumque sui tumulive Larisve
Non alium mallet, nec Maro, nec Cicero.

Silius pays funeral obsequies at Maro's tomb, and is the possessor of Cicero's farm. Surely neither Virgil nor Cicero would have preferred any individual now alive for the guardian of their lares or their sepulchres.

(B)

Jam prope desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
 Nomina qui coleret pauper, et unus erat.
 Silius optatæ succurrere censuit umbræ,
 Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, tulit.

To honour Maro's bust and sacred shade,
 One swain remain'd, deserted, poor, alone ;
 Till Silius came his pious toils to aid,
 In homage to a name scarce greater than his own.

Silius purchased an estate which had been the Academy of Cicero, where that orator and philosopher composed his dialogue *De Fato*; and also a villa at Naples in which Virgil had formerly lived, and was adjacent to his tomb. Martial's epigrams in the text have been pressed into the controversy concerning the authenticity of the site commonly assigned to Virgil's tomb, which mainly depends on the interpretation to be given to a passage in Statius's description of the Bay of Naples (see Addison's *Travels in Italy*, and Eustace's *Classical Tour*). A laurel, supposed to have been planted by Petrarch near Virgil's tomb, has often been celebrated in poetry. Niebuhr writes that he visited the tomb as a pilgrim, and retained a branch of the celebrated laurel as a sacred relic. De Lille's enthusiasm for the memory of Virgil is in accordance with that of Silius.

Helas! Je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanté,
 Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté.
 Mais, j'en jure et Virgile, et ses accords sublimes,
 J'irai: de l'Appennin je franchirais les cimes.
 J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ces vers sacrés,
 Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspiré.

An epitaph on the poet Sannazano (*Sincerus*) indicates that he was buried close to Virgil's tomb:

Da sacro cineri flores, hic Ille Maronis
 Sincerus musâ proximus, et tumulo.

Upon thy sacred dust be flow'rets spread,
 He sung like Maro once, he rests near Maro dead.

Silius, in his epic poem, expresses a beautiful eulogy on Virgil, where he introduces the shade of the future poet to Scipio in the infernal regions. There is a very interesting letter by Pliny concerning Silius. Pliny writes, that at the age of seventy-five, Silius starved himself to death, in consequence of being afflicted with an imposthume, which was deemed incurable: and among other circumstances of his life, notices that Silius had "several villas furnished with large collections of books, statues,

and pictures, which he more than enjoyed, he even adored ; particularly the statue of Virgil, of whom he was so passionate an admirer, that he celebrated the anniversary of that poet's birth-day with more solemnity than his own ; especially at Naples, where he used to approach his tomb with as much reverence as if it had been a temple."

The works of Silius Italicus were discovered by Poggius during the sitting of the Council of Constance, at the bottom of a tower in the monastery of St Gal, situate about twenty miles from Constance ; the works of Quintilian and Valerius Flaccus were discovered at the same place on the same occasion.

XXI.

LUCAN.

(A)

Hæc est illa dies, quæ magni conscia partûs,
 Lucanum populis, et tibi, Polla, dedit.
 Heu ! Nero crudelis, nullaque inuisior umbrâ :
 Debut hoc saltem non licuisse tibi.

This is the Day, known by its mighty birth,
 Which Lucan gave to thee, and to the Earth.
 O cruel Prince ! more cursed in no decree,
 This, at least, was not lawful unto thee.

(B)

Vatis Apollonei magno memorabilis ortu
 Lux redivit, Aonidum turba favete sacris !
 Hæc meruit, cum te terris, Lucane, dedisset,
 Mixtus Castaliæ Bœtis ut esset aquæ.

The Day memorable for the illustrious birth of Apollo's Bard is returned. Hark, in silence, to the solemn rites of the Muses upon that auspicious event ! Surely the river Bœtis, which gave you, Lucan, to the world, merits to be conjoined in everlasting fame with the waters of Castalia.

The expression, "This act at least ought not to have been within the scope of your power," seems to have reference to a memorable saying of

Nero, That no emperor before him had been aware of the extent of his own power. With regard to the river Boëtis, it is remarkable how many reputed Roman writers of eminence were, in fact, foreigners to Rome. Lucan, Martial, Silius, and Seneca, were Spaniards. Terence, extolled by Julius Cæsar for the *purity* of his style, was an African.

There is extant an elaborate birth-day Ode on Lucan, by Statius. These tributes to departed genius are the more interesting as indicating a practice of keeping alive the memory of that poet by celebrating his birth-day with "incense kindled at the Muses' flame." Statius concludes his poem with an apostrophe to Lucan in the Elysian fields, accompanied by Pompey, Cato, and the Pharsalian heroes, whence he beholds Nero at a distance in Tartarus, struck with terror by the avenging ghost of his mother. The poet admonishes Polla that the time is come when her very tears may be mingled with sweetness, and her sorrow with festivity, for the husband whom she had lamented it was now permitted her to adore.

The great stain of Lucan's character is that mentioned by Tacitus, of his having impeached his own mother in an attempt to screen himself from the consequences of a conspiracy in which he had been detected. Tacitus contrasts this and similar acts of perfidy by other conspirators, with the memorable example of fortitude and magnanimity exhibited on the same occasion and under the same circumstances, by a woman of the name of Epicharis (Tac. *Ann. Lib. xv. s. 56, 57*). She was put to the torture, but neither stripes nor fire could extort a word from her to inculpate any one. On the second day the executioners were conveying her again to the place of torture, though her limbs were rent and dislocated; but she took from her breast the girdle that braced her garment, and having fastened one end of it, made a noose for her neck, and throwing herself from her seat, hung suspended with the whole weight of her body: in her mangled condition the remains of life were soon extinguished. Tacitus relates that, "the famous poet Lucan," when the blood flowed freely from him, and the vital heat had left his hands and feet, repeated the lines, in his own poem, which describe a soldier dying in the same condition. His own verses were the last words he uttered. Some, think the description of Lycidas at the point of death, in the third book of the *Pharsalia* (v. 635), were the lines Lucan repeated. Others contend for the four lines in the ninth book (v. 811).

Lucan died at the early age of twenty-seven. His works are excluded from the *Delphin Classics*, apparently in consequence of their Republican tendency. Blair observes that "Lucan's sentiments are so high, and his fire, on occasions, so great, as to atone for many of his defects; and that passages may be produced from him which are inferior to none in any poet whatever." Racine used to call Lucan "Virgil ivre;" but Corneille preferred him to Virgil. Mr Hallam, in his *History of Literature*, observes that "Lucan was the favourite study of Corneille, and that no reader can admire the one who has not a strong relish for the other."

Voltaire in panegyryzing the actress Clairon, writes, in allusion to Corneille's imitations of Lucan's Roman characters :

Corneille, ce peinteur des Romains majestueux,
T'aurait vue aussi noble, aussi *Romaine*, qu'eux.

Lucan is made a redoubtable champion in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, and he is conspicuous in Strada's celebrated *Prolusion*, of which a description is given in the *Guardian*. That prolusion is described in Numbers 115, 119, and 122. It represents a pageant on the Tiber for the amusement of Leo X., consisting of a floating mountain, made to resemble Parnassus. Lucan and other celebrated Roman poets are introduced, and recite compositions in imitation of the peculiarities of their poetic talents. The exclamations and remarks of the audience, are, in fact, a lively form of literary criticism. Lucan is made to rear higher upon Pegasus than any of the other poets, but the bystanders are in constant alarm lest he should slide off the horse's back. An ancient inscription, purporting to have been dictated by Nero himself in honour of Lucan, is, if it be genuine, a very curious memorial :

M. Annæo . Lucano . Cordubensi . Poetæ.
Beneficio . Neronis . Fama . Servata.

XXII.

LEO X.

(A)

Deliciæ humani generis, Leo Maxime, tecum
Ut simul illuxere, interiere simul.

The refined pleasures of the human race, Great Leo, as they first came to light with you, so with you they are extinguished.

(B)

Sæva sub extrema si forte requiritis horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere, vendiderat.

Leon sans sacramens expire,
Comment les auroit-il reçus ?
Avant sa mort le Maître Sire
Des long-tems les avoit vendus.

The first epigram was inscribed on Leo's tomb in the church of the Vatican. There are numerous Latin epigrams by contemporary poets, both laudatory and condemnatory of Leo. His name (Leo, a Lion), as well as that of his mother, who was of the Orsini family (Ursa, a Bear), gave occasion to very extensive poetical punning. Perhaps there is no poetical encomium extant by which Leo would have preferred being recommended to posterity than by Pope's:

But see each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays.
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live.
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

The *sale* of Indulgences by Leo, as it gave occasion to the first efforts of Luther which ultimately led to the establishment of the Protestant Reformation, impart an historical importance to the second epigram. Roscoe mentions the current report that Leo's last illness was so sudden that there was not time to administer to him the sacrament of extreme unction. There is a curious complimentary poem addressed to Leo by Valeriani, not noticed by Roscoe, from which it appears, by a particular description of the poet, that there was then at Rome a monster very similar to that of the Siamese Twins. This the poet compares to the opposition Council then sitting at Lyons, which had been assembled at the instigation of the Spanish Cardinal Carvajal, and for the purpose of overruling which the Lateran Council was convened at Rome. Valeriani insists that the imbecility of the monstrous union of a Gallo-Spanish assembly is indicated by the monstrous twin-birth of which both the parts were infirm and unhealthy; and which was also prophetic of the Pope, in his capacity of *lion*, destroying every kind of monster.

The three memorable papacies of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X., have been described in a manner that will remind the reader of Dryden's *Secular Masque*, and Addison's *Mythology of English Kings*:

Olim habuit Cypris sua tempora; tempora Mavors
Olim habuit; sua nunc tempora Pallas habet.
Once Venus ruled, next Mars usurp'd the throne,
Now Pallas calls these favour'd seats her own.

XXIII.

POPE ALEXANDER VI.

Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum.

Emerat ille prius ; vendere jure potest.

De vitio in vitium, de flammâ transit in ignem :

Roma sub Hispano deperit imperio.

Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero, Sextus et *Iste* :

Semper sub *Sextis* perdita Roma fuit.

Alexander exposed for sale the Keys, the Communion, Christ himself. A Purchaser of the Papal See, no marvel that he should sell what he had bought.—Tarquin was the *Sixth* King ; Nero the *Sixth Emperor* ; so our Pope assumes the title of the *Sixth*—Rome has always been ruined by *Sixths*.

This is one of the earliest instances of Pasquinades. Pasquin was a tailor, whose shop was the resort of a set of persons who used to banter those who passed by it (as the Greeks were accustomed to do from the public bridges). After Pasquin's death, a mutilated statue, supposed to be the *torso* of Menelaus, was dug up near his shop, and was again erected where it was found. People called it the statue of Pasquin : and it was considered allowable to stick upon it any libel against any body. In these libels Pasquin was often made to address another statue called Manforio, which replied in a manner equally scurrilous. This conversation between statues has been imitated by Andrew Marvel and by Swift. The following is a Pasquinade on Pope Pius VI., whose arms were a double-headed eagle, two stars, a lily, and a boy blowing its leaves.

Redde aquilam imperio, Gallorum lilia regi,

Sidera redde polo, cætera sume tibi.

Give the eagles back to the Emperor, the stars to the sky, the lilies to the French king, and keep the *puff* for yourself.

Adrian VI. ordered Pasquin's statue to be thrown into the Tiber, but revoked the *fallible* order.

Alexander purchased the Papacy by such open bribes, that he sent four mules laden with silver to one cardinal, and presented another with five thousand gold crowns ; of twenty cardinals, only five were not bought. The mules laden with silver may remind the reader not only of *Pope Alexander*, but of *Alexander Pope's* "bulky bribes" and "encumbered villany," for which Paper Credit is a modern substitute. The character of Pope Alexander is thus drawn by Roscoe.

“Were we to place implicit confidence in the Italian historians, no period of society has exhibited a character of darker deformity than that of Alexander VI. Inordinate in his ambition, insatiable in his avarice and his lust, inexorable in his cruelty, and boundless in his rapacity; almost every crime that can disgrace humanity is attributed to him without hesitation, by writers whose works are published under the sanction of the Roman church. He is also accused of having introduced into his territories the detestable practice of searching for state offences by means of secret informers; a system fatal to the liberty and happiness of every country that has submitted to such a degradation. As a pontiff, he perverted his high office by making his spiritual power on every occasion subservient to his temporal interests; and he might have adopted as his emblem that of the ancient Jupiter, which exhibits the lightning in the grasp of a ferocious eagle. His vices as an individual, although not so injurious to the world, are represented as yet more disgusting; and the records of his court afford repeated instances of a depravity of morals, inexcusable in any station, but abominable in one of his high rank and sacred office. Yet, with all these lamentable defects, justice requires that two particulars in his favour should be noticed. In the first place, whatever have been his crimes, there can be no doubt but they have been highly overcharged. That he was devoted to the aggrandizement of his family, and that he employed the authority of his elevated station to establish a permanent dominion in Italy in the person of his son, cannot be doubted; but when almost all the sovereigns of Europe were attempting to gratify their ambition by means equally criminal, it seems unjust to brand the character of Alexander with any peculiar and extraordinary share of infamy in this respect. Whilst Louis of France and Ferdinand of Spain conspired together to seize upon and divide the kingdom of Naples, by an example of treachery that never can be sufficiently execrated, Alexander might surely think himself justified in suppressing the turbulent barons, who had for ages rent the dominions of the church with intestine wars, and in subjugating the petty sovereigns of Romagna, over whom he had an acknowledged supremacy, and who had in general acquired their dominions by means as unjustifiable as those which he adopted against them.”

Sannazarius and Guido Posthumo in their Latin verses, especially their epitaphs on Alexander VI., have loaded the memory of that Pope with accusations of almost every conceivable crime against society, nature, and religion. He is reputed to have died by poison which he took by mistake, but which he had prepared for the supper of a large company of cardinals.

XXIV.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

Qui modo prostratos jactarat cornibus *Ursos*,
 In latebras *Taurus* concitus ecce fugit.
 Nec latebras putat esse satis sibi ; Tibride toto
 Cingitur, et notis vix bene fidit aquis.
 Terruerat montes mugitibus ; obvia nunc est,
 Et facilis cuivis præda sine arte capi.
 Sed tamen id magnum ; nuper potuisse vel *Ursos*
 Sternere, nunc omnes posse timere feras.
 Ne tibi, Roma, novæ desint spectacula Pompæ ;
 Amphitheatrales reddit arena jocos.

The Bull (Cæsar Borgia) who lately tossed the vanquished bears, (the Orsini family and their adherents) behold, now flies into hiding-places : confines himself within the limits of the Tiber, and scarcely deems himself safe under its protection ! Lest Rome should want a novel spectacle for the amusement of its inhabitants, here is an arena in which are exhibited the games of the ancient amphitheatres.

A few days after the election of Pius III. who succeeded Alexander VI., Cæsar Borgia repaired to Rome, when finding himself in imminent danger from the troops of the Orsini, he retreated to the castle of St Angelo. This event is commemorated by Sannazaro in the above lines. As Machiavelli observes, the contests of that period may be regarded by posterity as a combat of wild beasts, in which the strongest and most ferocious animal destroys the rest. After much research among the English lives of Cæsar Borgia for the origin of the appellation, the *Bull*, as applied to him, the author was referred by Mr Hall, the intelligent librarian of the Athenæum, to a passage in Tomasi's *Della Vita Del Duca Valentino*, whereby it appears that Borgia acquired celebrity by cutting off, with one blow of a sword, the neck of a bull : the circumstance is also adverted to in Dumas's *Celebrated Crimes*.

The character of Cæsar Borgia is thus drawn by Mr Roscoe.

"Of this extraordinary character it may with truth be observed, that his activity, courage, and perseverance, were equal to the greatest attempts. In the pursuit of his object he overlooked or overleaped all other considerations ; when force was ineffectual he resorted to fraud ;

and whether he thundered in open hostility at the gates of a city, or endeavoured to effect his purpose by negotiation and treachery, he was equally irresistible. If we may confide in the narrative of Guicciardini, cruelty, rapine, injustice, and lust, are only particular features in the composition of this monster; yet it is difficult to conceive that a man so totally unredeemed by a single virtue, should have been enabled to maintain himself at the head of a powerful army; to engage in so eminent a degree the favour of the people conquered; to form alliances with the first sovereigns of Europe; to destroy or overturn the most powerful families of Italy, and to lay the foundations of a dominion, of which it is acknowledged that the short duration is to be attributed rather to his ill-fortune and the treachery of others, than either to his errors or his crimes. If, however, he has been too indiscriminately condemned by one historian, he has in another met with as zealous and as powerful an encomiast, and the maxims of the politician are only the faithful record of the transactions of his hero. On the principles of Machiavelli, Borgia was the greatest man of the age. Nor was he, in fact, without qualities which in some degree compensated for his demerits. Courageous, munificent, eloquent, and accomplished in all the exercises of arts and arms, he raised an admiration of his endowments which kept pace with, and counterbalanced the abhorrence excited by his crimes. That even these crimes have been exaggerated, is highly probable. His enemies were numerous, and the certainty of his guilt in some instances gave credibility to every imputation that could be devised against him. That he retained, even after he had survived his prosperity, no inconsiderable share of public estimation, is evident from the fidelity and attachment shown to him on many occasions. After his death, his memory and achievements were celebrated by one of the most elegant Latin poets that Italy has produced. The language of poetry is not, indeed, always that of truth; but we may at least give credit to the account of the personal accomplishments and warlike talents of Borgia; although we may indignantly reject the spurious praise, which places him among the heroes of antiquity, and at the summit of fame."

Cæsar Borgia lost all the dominions which he had acquired by treachery, poison, fratricide, and slaughter. He was conveyed as a prisoner out of Italy into Spain: he escaped indeed, but only to engage in the service of the king of Navarre, and in that service to die by a "petty fortress and a dubious hand." He has adorned many tales, besides operas; and our poet Pope, as well as many other writers, has pointed a moral with his name:

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a *Borgia*, or a *Catiline*?

XXV.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Teque meum venero, Cœlestis Borgia, Sydus,
Quâ nullum Hesperio purius orbe micat.
Tu mihi carmen eris, tu lucida callis ad astra,
Qua niveas animas lactens orbis habet.
Adsertæ superis, Juno, Pallasque, Venusque,
Juno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus.
Regna tibi meliora, animique nitentior ardor,
Plusque tua igniferi forma vigoris habet.
Quis neget his cœlum meritis ?

Celestial Borgia ! Thee I venerate as the brightest Star that illumines the nations of the West. You are the theme of my Muse, you my conductress to those starry regions, where the purest spirits revel in the glories of the milky way. If Juno find a seat in Olympus from her power, Pallas from her wisdom, Venus from her beauty—surely Lucretia may challenge a right to the celestial abodes, from her combined pretensions of eminent power, brilliant intellect, and a form which kindles love more intensely than the flambeau of Cupid.

Many similar poems by Strozza eulogistic of Lucretia Borgia, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., the sister of Cæsar Borgia, are encountered by verses of Sannazaro and other poets imputing to her the most horrible vices and crimes. A dissertation on the character of this remarkable woman, whose name occupies a considerable space in the early history of Italy, will be found appended to Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.* It is a vindication of the character of Lucretia against a cloud of alleged calumniators both popish and protestant, including the discriminating Gibbon. Indeed, if the author of the *Historic Doubts* had reason to complain of misrepresentations and perversions which have prejudiced the public mind against King Richard III., those imputations are light as air in comparison of the horrible enormities which in vulgar belief are associated with the name of Lucretia Borgia.

XXVI.

LUTHER.

(A)

Roma orbem domuit, Romam sibi Papa subegit,
 Viribus illa suis, fraudibus iste suis :
 Quanto isto major Lutherus, major et illâ,
 Istum, illamque uno qui domuit calamo !
 I, nunc, Alciden memorato Græcia mendax :
 Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil.

Rome once subdued the world by war,
 By art the Pope crushed her again :
 One Monk excels them both by far,
 For both were vanquished by his pen !
 Go now, thou fabling Greece, and boast no longer
 Alcides' club—for Luther's quill is stronger.

(B)

Occidit omnigena venerandus laude Lutherus,
 Qui Christum docuit non dubitante fide.
 Ereptum deflet vero hunc Ecclesia luctu,
 Cujus erat doctor, verius, imo, pater.
 Occidit Israel præstans auriga Lutherus,
 Quem mecum sanus lugeat omnis homo.
 Nunc luctumque suum lachrymoso carmine prodat,
 Hoc etenim orbatos flere, dolere decet.

Luther ! illustrious name, is now no more ;—
 Let the true Church with streaming eyes deplore
 A Teacher firm in faith,—nay, rather say
 A Father from his children snatch'd away.
 Luther is gone—The Pilot of our course :
 O let the tearful Muse his name rehearse !
 Let all the pious join with me to mourn,
 Orphans should thus bedew a father's urn.

The first Latin Epigram is by Beza, and the latter by Melancthon.
 The translations are from Lawson's autobiography of Luther. He gives

three translations of the first Epigram: but he has omitted, without apparently being conscious of the metrical anomaly, the last line but one of Melancthon's Epigram. Melancthon pronounced the funeral Oration upon Luther in the same church of Wittenberg where his remains now lie by the side of those of his illustrious friend. A translation of Melancthon's éloge is given by Dr Cox in his *Life of Melancthon*.

In a square at Wittenberg stands a statue in bronze of Luther, erected in 1821 by a Prussian artist. It represents in colossal proportions the full-length figure of Luther in the simple drapery of the reformed clergy: he supports on his left-hand the Bible, kept open by the right hand resting on the left page, and pointing to a passage of Scripture. The pedestal on which the statue stands is formed of one solid block of red polished granite, twenty feet high, ten feet wide, and eight feet deep, which is supposed to weigh 650,000 pounds. On each of the sides of the pedestal there is a central tablet, bearing a German inscription, to the effect that "If the Reformation be the work of man, it will fall; if it be God's work, it is imperishable."

XXVII.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PRAYER REPEATED BY HER IMMEDIATELY BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
 In dura catenâ, in misera pœnâ, desidero te!
 Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
 Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
 My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke thy power!
 In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,
 Receive, O Lord, thy Suppliant's parting breath!
 Before thy hallow'd Cross she prostrate lies—
 O hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs!
 Extend thy arms of mercy and of love,
 And bear her to thy peaceful realms above.

XXVIII.

LADY JANE GREY.

Non aliena putes, homini quæ obtingere possunt
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi !

Steel not your heart against feeling for another's woe :
his calamity of to-day may be yours of to-morrow !

These lines derive their only interest from the circumstance of having been written with a *pin* by Lady Jane Grey when confined in the Tower of London. The inscriptions in the Tower of London, and those that were found in the Bastile at Paris, have an interest independent of any poetical merit. With regard to Lady Jane's use of a *pin* to supply the want of writing materials, in an interior cell of the Bastile there was found a feeble inscription on a stone fronting the door, of which the following words only were distinguishable: "Gravé par l'aide d'un *dent* du qui je n'ai point aucune besoin. Le Malheureux De Prie." Sir Thomas More wrote in the Tower his last letter to his daughter with a *coal*.

XXIX.

MILTON.

Cæcus, inops, patriæque superstes tempore iniquo,
Miltonus magnum sedulus urget opus.
Degenerem ætatem placide contemnitis, et altum
Supra fortunæ munera radit iter.
Nox oculos licet æterna caligine obumbret,
Paupertasque gravi vexet acerba manu,
Non minus arrectum studio, ardentemque furore,
Per sacra Musarum devia raptat amor.
Mens ea, quæ Mundi fines processerat extra,
Non erat humanis debilitanda malis.

Poor blind Survivor of his Country's shame,
Still Milton holds his fearless flight to fame ;
His mental eye corruption calm surveys,
And smiles contempt upon degenerate days.

With him Urania still her vigil keeps,
 Inspiring strains of rapture as he sleeps.
 From Siloa's brook, the living stream supplies,
 And pours celestial light in sightless eyes.
 His Spirit soaring in ascent sublime
 Beyond the flaming bounds of space and time.
 Earth's transient ills o'er him have lost their power,
 Whose soul to God's eternal throne shall tower.
 Nor want nor woe that spirit shall subdue,
 Which ranges radiant all creation through.

The Latin and English lines both derive great interest from their authors. The Latin are by the Marquis of Wellesley, the English by Quincy Adams, dated from Washington. No description, however, of Milton's blindness can vie with his own reflections on the subject in the *Paradise Lost*, the *Sampson Agonistes*, and the sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.

XXX.

MILTON COMPARED WITH HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactat sibi Roma Maronem,
 Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Three Poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third she join'd the other two.

The distich was written in honour of Milton, when at Rome, by Selvaggi. The hexastich is that celebrated one of Dryden which was placed beneath the picture of Milton in the fourth edition of the *Paradise Lost*, published under the particular patronage of Lord Somers and Bishop Atterbury, and to which Dryden was a subscriber. Warton observes, that if any other proof were wanting of the high respect and veneration which Dryden entertained of the superior genius of Milton, these six nervous lines will ever remain as a strong and indisputable testimony. Dryden probably had the ideas in his hexastich suggested by Selvaggi's distich; but he exhibits how genius may convert a feeble spark into a brilliant coruscation.

XXXI.

MILTON AND HIS FATHER.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arioni merito sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti
 Cognotas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispartire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Nor you affect to scorn the Aonian Quire,
 Bless'd by their smiles and glowing with their fire.
 You! who by them inspir'd, with art profound
 Can wield the magic of proportion'd sound.
 Through thousand tones can teach the voice to stray,
 And wield to harmony its mazy way—
 Arion's tuneful heir! Then, wonder not
 A poet-child should be by you begot.
 My kindred blood is warm with kindred flame;
 And the Son treads his Father's track to fame.
 Phœbus controls us with a common sway,
 To you commends his lyre,—to me his lay.
 Whole in each bosom makes his just abode,
 And Child and Father own the one though varied God.

In the course of the address of which the foregoing lines are a part, Milton takes a most interesting review of the studies of his youth, and of the care his Father took in his education. He concludes with pouring forth a flood of filial gratitude. The whole poem is translated in the Appendix to Symmons's *Life of Milton*. On the alliance of music and poetry ("the marriage of immortal verse") Milton is, in several parts of his works, enthusiastic in his eloquence; as, particularly, in his sonnet to the musical composer, Lawes:

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee!

In the notes to Milton's poem to his father, in Todd's *Milton*, are some notices of the musical productions of Milton's father. Sir J. Hawkins, and Dr Burney, in their *Histories of Music*, have selected specimens of his skill.

XXXII.

MILTON RUSTICATED, PERHAPS FLOGGED.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles :
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit iste locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi :
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemque recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.

No love of late forbidden scenes now pains
Cam's sedgy banks and Granta's cloister'd fanes.
I like not fields that gasp in vain for shades,
Fields most unfriendly to th' Aonian Maids.
Ill too I bear a Master's threat'ning look,
And *other things* my spirit will not brook.
If this be banishment—all cares aloof—
To live my own beneath a Father's roof—
Still let an idle world condemn or not,
Mine be a truant's name,—an exile's lot.

In Todd's edition of *Milton*, the inferences which have been drawn from Milton's *other things* in the above passage are canvassed. Mr Todd says that the Register of the College proves that Milton did not lose a term before taking his degree. It is notorious that corporal punishment was formerly inflicted at the Universities : in the Paston Letters a mother writes about her son having been *belashed* at Cambridge. Dr Whitgift, the first Vice-Chancellor under the Elizabethan Statutes, procured a decree of the Heads of Colleges, A.D. 1571, condemning all Undergraduates who were convicted upon "probable or sufficient evidence" of having

entered the water, either for the purpose of swimming or of washing, whether by night or by day, in any part of the county of Cambridge, to be whipped publicly on one day in the hall of their College, in the presence of all the Fellows, Scholars, and other members, and, on the following day, in the public schools before the ordinary lecturer and his hearers. (B.A.s for the like offence were to sit in the stocks in their College-halls for an entire day).

The local associations of Cambridge with the memories of many "whom genius gave to shine in every unborn age," are touched upon with poetic enthusiasm in Wordsworth's posthumous poem. As to Milton's reflections on the "reedy Cam," he has spoken of it with more *reverence* in his *Lycidas*; and English poetry may reckon among her choicest *gems* Gray's lines commemorative of those

Brown o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where *willowy* Camus wanders with delight.

XXXIII.

MILTON BURNT.

Haud jam ultra vulgi bibulas illapsa per aures
Dogmata, Principibus multum funesta ciebunt
Irasque, insidiasque, et duri semina belli:
Ardet enim fuis circum undique noxia flammis
Pagina, damnatæque inhonesto funere chartæ.
Quanquam o si simili, quicumque hæc scripserit Author,
Fato succubisset, eodemque arserit igne!
In medio videas flammâ crepitante cremari
Miltonum, (terris cœloque inamabile nomen)
Qui contemptorem regum, populique patronum
Se tulit Angliaci, speciosas texere fraudes
Doctus, et impuris leges obtendere cœptis.
Sed tamen huic magnas animosa in carmina vires
Diva dedit, geniumque implevit dexter Apollo:
Seu bello accingat metuenda cominus hastâ
Luciferum gradientem, et vix Michaelæ minorem:
Seu dicat primum temere jacuisse Parentem
Acclinem violis, et suave rubenti hyacintho.

O Caroli laudes tali si dicere versu
Maluerit, non jam periisset vindice flammâ :
Sed seram famam æternum misisset in ævum,
Unam passurus, mundo flagrante, ruinam.

The public ear, too much inclined to imbibe seditious doctrines, will no longer be abused by opinions injurious to Princes and productive of Civil War—for all books having this tendency are *decreed* to be committed to the flames, and to perish by an ignominious fate. O, if every Author who has penned such compositions were ordered to be burnt on the same funeral pile! We should then behold in the midst of the crackling flames, burning along with his writings, Milton, a name detestable in heaven and upon earth—Milton, the contemner of Kings, the Patron of the People. True it is that his poetic genius seems to have been derived from the very inspiration of Apollo; whether he depicts Lucifer grandly advancing with his formidable spear, and scarcely inferior to the Archangel Michael: or exhibits to us our first Parents in a state of bliss, reposing on banks of violets, and ruby-coloured hyacinths. O, if Milton had devoted his pre-eminent gift of poetry to the celebration of the *praises of King Charles*, he would not have deserved to perish in the avenging fire. Then, indeed, he would have transmitted a Name to posterity, which would have lasted till that great conflagration which shall accomplish the ruin of a World.

The Latin is from *Musæ Anglicanæ*, A.D. 1683, from a poem on the famous *Oxford Decree* passed in that year, against “pernicious books, and damnable doctrines,” anathematizing above twenty propositions, as false, seditious, impious, and heretical. The first of these is that all civil authority is derived originally from the people; the second, that there is a compact, tacit or express, between the king and his subjects. The books containing these doctrines are ordered to be burnt in the court of the schools at Oxford. The Decree itself was publicly burnt by an order of the House of Lords, A.D. 1709. It is with reference to this Decree that Mr Fox, in his *History*, compares the Vice-Chancellor and Doctors of the University of Oxford to Dogberry, Verges, and his followers, in Shakspeare’s play of *Much Ado about Nothing*. Almost within living memory, Dr George, Provost of King’s College, concludes a proposed epitaph for Milton with the line, Rege sub Augusto fas sit laudare Catonem! Cato

was extolled under Augustus; may it therefore be lawful to eulogise Milton under George the Third!

Perhaps the greatest injuries attempted against Milton's fame have been the endeavours to represent him as a plagiarist. Lauder deceived Dr Johnson and a portion of the public on this subject, by publishing extracts from the works of obscure writers of modern Latin, with interpolations of a Latin translation of the *Paradise Lost*. Bishop Douglas exposed this fraud, and Lauder made a contrite confession of his imposture. In the library of the Athenæum there is the copy of Lauder's book addressed to the two Universities, with Dr Johnson's Preface and postscript, that belonged to Mr Bowles; it contains several curious manuscript notes. So late as the year 1844, an attempt has been made by a literary gentleman of the name of Paolo, at Naples, to represent the *Paradise Lost* as a very pilfering plagiarism of a book scarcely known in England, the *Adamo Caduto* of Salandra. (Voltaire had made a similar and unsuccessful attempt in regard to the *Adamo* of Andreini.) The fallacy of Paolo's opinions is exposed with great ability by Mr Spencer Hall, the accomplished librarian of the Athenæum: he has convicted the Neapolitan of bad chronology in regard to the period of Milton's residence in Italy. Paolo argues that Milton must have been familiar with the *Adamo Caduto*, which was first published in 1647, during his abiding among the literati at Rome. Mr Hall shews that he returned to England in 1639.

XXXIV.

SPENSER.

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
 Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.
 Anglica, te vivo, vixit, plaussitque Poesis,
 Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.

Here lies close to Chaucer the famed poet Spenser; as he is next to him in his grave, so was he next to him in his genius. English Poetry during your lifetime, O Spenser, flourished, and reflected on you the renown you conferred on her. Now you are departed, she fears that herself will die.

Spenser was buried, at his particular desire, close to Chaucer's grave. These lines would appear to have been dropt into Spenser's grave, or

fastened to his pall, according to a good old practice of our literary ancestors, and which was retained in our colleges within living memory. The first distich is copied from Sannazaro's epitaph, the last from Raphael's, both of which have been given in this collection. On Spenser's monument, which was erected by the Duchess of Dorset thirty years after his death, the dates both of his birth and death were misstated. Similar mistakes occur on the monuments of Sterne and Goldsmith. Sir J. Denham, in his verses on Cowley's burial among the poets of Westminster Abbey, styles Chaucer the Morning Star, and Spenser the Aurora of English poetry.

XXXV.

NÆVIUS.

Mortales immortales fieri si foret nefas
 Flerent Divæ Camænæ Nævium Poetam;
 Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
 Oblitei sunt Romæ loquier Latina linguâ.

If blest immortals mortals might bemoan,
 Each heavenly Muse would Nævius' loss deplore:
 Soon as his Spirit to the Shades had flown,
 In Rome the Roman tongue was heard no more.

Aulus Gellius has preserved this among other epitaphs of the more ancient Roman poets, apparently written by the poets themselves with a view to their own monuments. They are translated by Beloe and also by Dunlop. That of Nævius is entertaining from being one of the most impudent epitaphs on record. Aulus Gellius observes of it, "that it is full of Campanian arrogance." The remains of Nævius are too insignificant to afford any criterion of his poetical merit. (See Dr Smith's *Biog. Dict. Nævius*). The other epitaphs of Ennius, Pacuvius, and Plautus, have little to recommend them, except as literary antiquities. There are several neat Latin epitaphs on the early Italian poets, as on Crinitus (closely copied from that of Pacuvius), Molza, and others. The most interesting of these, is, perhaps, that of Sannazarius, who implores his friend to collect the broken timbers of his shattered shipwrecked vessel, and to inscribe on his tomb:

Actius hic jaceo.—Spes mecum extincta quiescit:
 Solus de nostro funere restat amor.

I that lie here am Actius. Extinguished Hope is buried in peace along with me: all that lives beyond my grave is Love.

XXXVI.

NIGRINA. A FUNERAL URN.

Cappadocum sævis Antistius occidit oris
 Rusticus, o tristi crimine terra nocens!
 Rettulit ossa sinu cari Nigrina mariti,
 Et questa est longas non satis esse vias:
 Cumque daret sanctam tumulis, quibus invidet, urnam,
 Visa sibi est rapto bis viduata viro.

Far in a savage Cappadocian dell
 By thee, Clime criminal! Antistius fell,
 His bones Nigrina to her bosom prest,
 And all she had of comfort still carest.
 When the rich remnant home she would convey,
 Through the long task she mourned the short'ning way:
 And when intomb'd the sacred urn she left,
 Of her dear lord she seem'd one direr time bereft.

The feelings pourtrayed in the fourth and sixth lines of the epigram in the text, and the sixth and eighth of the weaker translation (Elphinstone's), are exquisitely touching. This dear affection for the funeral urn brings to our recollections the circumstance of a famous Grecian actor, the duty of whose part it was to bear the funeral urn of Orestes, and who produced a rapturous emotion in the audience by the state of feeling into which he had worked himself up, by substituting on the stage the funeral urn of his own son. The whole description of Nigrina will remind the reader of Agrippina bearing the urn of Germanicus, as related by Tacitus.

"Agrippina pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigour of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution. She arrived at the island of Coreyra, opposite to the coast of Calabria. At that place she remained a few days, to appease the agitations of a mind pierced to the quick, and not yet taught in the school of affliction to submit with patience. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family, and most of the officers who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns, some to pay their court, others carried along with the current, pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundisium, the nearest and most convenient port. As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbour, the sea-coast, the walls of the city, the tops of houses, and every place that gave even a distant view, were crowded with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast. In the hurry of their

first emotions, men knew not what part to act: should they receive her with acclamations? or would silence best suit the occasion? Nothing was settled. The fleet entered the harbour, not with the alacrity usual among mariners, but with a slow and solemn sound of the oar, impressing deeper melancholy on every heart.

“Agrippina came forth, leading two of her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes steadfastly fixed upon that precious object. A general groan was heard. Men and women, relations and strangers, all joined in one promiscuous scene of sorrow, varied only by the contrast between the attendants of Agrippina, and those who now received the first impression. The former appeared with a languid air; while the latter, yielding to the sensation of the moment, broke out with all the vehemence of recent grief.”

XXXVII.

ANTONIUS PRIMUS. LIFE DOUBLED.

Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo
 Quindecies actas Primus Olympiadas :
 Præteritosque dies, et tutos respicit annos ;
 Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.
 Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata gravisque :
 Nulla subit, cujus non meminisse velit.
 Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus : hoc est
 Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

At length, my friend, (while time with still career
 Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
 Sees his past days safe out of fortune's pow'r,
 Nor dreads approaching fate's uncertain hour ;
 Reviews his life, and, in the strict survey
 Finds not one moment he could wish away, }
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day. }
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews the race :
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ
 The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.

The translation is by Pope, as appears from a letter to the poet by Sir W. Trumbull. Though Pope could “fix in one couplet more sense” than even Swift, according to the Dean's own acknowledgment, it may be

thought that his version very inadequately expresses the terseness of the two concluding lines of Martial's Epigram, to the effect that a good man amplifies his life, that is to say, he *lives twice*, for he can live over again the past in the pleasures of Memory.

The moral of the Epigram is so edifying, and the manner in which it is expressed so captivating, that we cannot be surprized at both Addison and Dr Johnson adopting from it a motto for their Essays, *Spectator*, No. 94, *Rambler*, No. 41. The rival papers bearing that motto, whilst they will be interesting from the contrast of the manner in which the same subject has been treated by two of our most eminent moral writers, will afford the best possible illustration of the text.

The following extract is from the *Spectator*.

"The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it. How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower."

The next extract is from the *Rambler*.

"The time of life in which memory seems particularly to claim pre-dominance over the other faculties of the mind is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true. We have no longer any possibility of great vicissitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and those who have no hope before them, and to whom their present state is painful and irksome, must of necessity turn their thoughts back to try what retrospect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expences of that time which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired. In youth, however unhappy, we solace ourselves with the hope of better fortune, and however vicious, appease our consciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at last, in which life has no more to promise, in which happiness can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleasure."

XXXVIII.

MARTIAL AND PLINY.

(A)

Dum mea Cæcilio formatur imago Secundo,
Spirat et arguta picta tabella manu ;
I, liber, ad Geticam Peucen, Istrumque tacentem :
Hæc loca, perdomitis gentibus, ille tenet.
Parva dabis caro, sed dulcia, dona sodali :
Certior in nostro carmine vultus erit.
Casibus hic nullis, nullis delebilis annis,
Vivet, Apelleum cum morietur opus.

While for my friend the fond resemblance grows,
And from the Master's hand the canvas glows,
To Peuce, Muse, and peaceful Ister, go,
Where he has laid the haughty nations low :
A present small, but sweet, Cecilius give,
Still in my lays my book shall ever live.
There shall it accident and age defy,
When th' Apellean pencil self shall die.

(B)

Nec doctum satis, et parum severum ;
Sed non rusticulum nimis libellum,
Facundo mea Plinio Thalia,
I, perfer : brevis est labor peractæ
Altum vincere tramitem Suburæ.
Illic Orphea protinus videbis,
Udi vertice lubricum theatri ;
Miranteisque feras, avemque regis,
Raptum quæ Phryga pertulit tonanti.
Illic parva tui domus Pedonis
Cælata est aquilæ minore pennâ.
Sed ne tempore non tuo disertam
Pulses ebria januam, videto.

Totos dat tetricæ dies Minervæ,
 Dum centum studet auribus virorum,
 Hoc, quod secula, posterique possint
 Arpinis quoque comparare chartis.
 Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas.
 Hæc hora est tua, dum furit Lyæus;
 Cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli:
 Tunc me vel rigidi legant Catones.

Go, wanton Muse, but go with care,
 Nor meet, ill-tim'd, my Pliny's ear;
 He, by sage Minerva taught,
 Gives the day to studious thought,
 And plans that eloquence divine, }
 Which shall to future ages shine, }
 And rival, wond'rous Tully! thine. }
 Then, cautious, watch the vacant hour,
 When Bacchus reigns in all his pow'r;
 When crown'd with rosy chaplets gay,
 E'en rigid Catos read my lay.

The following letter of Pliny relative to Martial is very interesting. The first of the two Epigrams is generally considered, as well from the name as from other circumstances, to have reference to Pliny. The expression (*sodali*) "companion," and the sending of Martial's picture, indicate terms of closer familiarity with the Proconsul than might be collected from Pliny's letter. Pliny seems to have underrated Martial's merits, who was as much an Immortal as himself.

"I have just received an account of the death of poor Martial, which much concerns me. He was a man of an acute and lively genius, and his writings abound with an agreeable spirit of wit and satire, conducted at the same time by great candour and good-nature. When he left Rome I made him a present to defray the charges of his journey, which I gave him, not only as a testimony of my friendship, but in return for the verses with which he had complimented me. It was the custom of the ancients to distinguish those poets with honourable and pecuniary rewards, who had celebrated particular persons or cities in their verses; but this generous practice, with every other that is fair and noble, is now grown out of fashion; and in consequence of having ceased to act laudably, we consider applause as an impertinent and worthless tribute. You will be desirous, perhaps, to see the verses which merited this acknowledgment from me; and I believe I can, from my memory, partly satisfy your curiosity, without referring you to his works: but if you are

pleased with this specimen of them, you must turn to his poems for the rest. He addresses himself to his muse, whom he directs to go to my house upon the Esquilæ; but to approach me with respect."

"Do you not think that the poet who wrote in such terms of me, deserved some friendly marks of my bounty then, and that he merits my sorrow now? For he gave me the most he could, and it was want of power only, if his present was not more valuable. But to say truth, what higher can be conferred on man than honour, and applause, and immortality?—And though it should be granted, that his poems will not be immortal, still, no doubt, he composed them upon the contrary supposition. Farewell."

XXXIX.

NERVA.

(A)

Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
 Attritis miserabiles labellis.
 Dicturus Dominum, Deumque non sum :
 Jam non est locus hac in urbe vobis.
 Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
 Et turpes, humilesque, supplicesque
 Pictorum sola basiate regum.
 Non est hic Dominus, sed Imperator,
 Sed justissimus omnium Senator :
 Per quem de Stygia domo reducta est
 Siccis rustica Veritas capillis.

Rome is no longer any place for flattering courtiers. Begone, ye cringing race, to where the high-capped Parthians kiss the feet of their painted kings! I am not going to sing of a *Lord* or of a *God*. There is no one here who arrogates such titles. But we have a Chieftain, and a Senator pre-eminent for justice. He it is who has brought back Truth in a rustic garb, and with unperfumed locks, from the Stygian caves in which she was hid, to dwell again in Rome.

(B)

Contigit Ausoniæ procerum mitissimus aulæ
 Nerva: licet toto nunc Helicone frui.
 Recta fides, hilaris clementia, cauta potestas,
 Jam redeunt: longi terga dedêre metus.
 Hoc populi, gentesque tuæ, pia Roma, precantur:
 Dux tibi sit semper talis, et iste diu.
 Macte animi, quem rarus habet; morumque tuorum,
 Quos Numa, quos hilaris posset habere Cato.
 Largiri, præstare, breves extendere census;
 Et dare, quæ faciles vix tribuêre dei;
 Nunc licet, et fas est: sed tu, sub principe duro,
 Temporibusque malis, ausus es esse bonus.

Nerva, the most mild of Roman Senators, has commenced his reign. We are now admitted to the full enjoyment of Helicon. Fear has vanished, and in its place are substituted Good Faith, Moderation, and Clemency. All who wish well to Rome, wish that we may ever have such an Emperor as Nerva, and that himself may long be indulged to us. Now we may look forward to a grave yet not austere practice of Morals, becoming the dignity of Numa, and the cheerfulness of Cato; and to a system of liberality for which even the Gods can scarcely supply resources. But thou, Great Emperor, wast a pattern of goodness even under a reign of iniquity.

Addison, in his *Dialogue on Medals*, adverts to a coin illustrated by the first of these Epigrams regarding the Parthian caps. He also makes Cynthio (one of the parties to the Dialogue) very indignant at Martial's satirical reflections upon Domitian, whom the poet deluged with flatteries when alive. Ben Jonson, in the speech of *Nobody*, in an entertainment at Alford, indulges in a sarcasm on the *dancing days* of his deceased royal mistress, Elizabeth. Daniel, on the other hand, even in his congratulatory panegyric delivered to King James at Burleigh, purposely digresses to extol Queen Elizabeth, and to tell the King that he could not

without wrong

So soon forget Her we enjoy'd so long.

Dryden and Waller sung the praises both of Cromwell and Charles II. Sir W. Scott observes, that Dryden never recalled his former eulogy on

Cromwell. Waller excused himself to Charles II. for having written so much better a panegyric on Cromwell than on the King, upon the ground that poets succeed best in fiction.

Ben Jonson, in his panegyric on King James, chooses for a motto the line in the text, "Licet toto nunc Helicone frui." Dryden, in the 12th and 13th stanzas of his *Threnodia Augustalis*, has written a charming poetical description of the return of the Muses to England after the Restoration. At Rome, the death of Domitian broke the chains which fettered the Muse of Juvenal, and it exhibited to public view the writing tablets of Pliny. The concluding line of the last Epigram was applied to Sir Randolph Crew, in Mr Hollis's speech on the impeachment of the Ship-money Judges; Sir Randolph had been degraded by Charles I. for giving an opinion adverse to that memorable imposition. Swift, in his *Rhapsody*, thus adverts to the different language used by poets in regard to living, or to dead monarchs.

"A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble Senate this professes:
In all their speeches, votes, addresses:
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze;
His panegyrics then are ceas'd,
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And, lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking-mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory-gate of dreams
Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet! if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your Muse on kings alive;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own:
 For law and gospel doth determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.)
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again."

Nerva reigned only two years. With regard to his declining the titles of *Dominus*, and *Deus* (a circumstance adverted to in the first epigram), Suetonius writes that Nerva's predecessor, Domitian, required his officers of state to adopt in their despatches the form of "Our Lord and God commands." Statius, however, mentions, that, at the Saturnalian banquet given by Domitian to the people of Rome, the appellation *Dominus* was prohibited to be used.

Saturnalia! Domitian! unnumber'd they cry,
 And extol their munificent host to the sky.
 To salute him their '*Lord*' had delighted the crowd,
 But this only indulgence is now not allowed.

(See Dr Hodgson's spirited translation of Statius's description of Domitian's fête).

Augustus would not allow himself to be called *Dominus*; and Tiberius was averse to flattery. Pliny, in his Letters, calls the Emperor Trajan *Dominus*. Nerva was *Deified* after his death. Virgil offered sacrifices on the altar of Augustus during that Emperor's life. Caligula established a priesthood for his own Godhead. The most opulent persons in the city offered themselves as candidates for this honor, and purchased it at immense prices. The victims sacrificed on the altar of God Caligula were flamingos, peacocks, pheasants, and turkeys. In the night he used to invite the Moon when full to his embraces. In the daytime he talked in private to Jupiter Capitolinus; one while whispering to him, and another turning his ear to him: sometimes he would rail aloud at Jupiter, and threaten to banish him; at last, prevailed upon by the entreaties of the God, as he said, and being invited to live with him, he made a bridge by which he joined the Palatium to the Capitol.

XL.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Dum Morus immeritæ submittit colla securi,

Et flent occasum pignora cara patris.

Immo, ait, infandi vitam deflete tyranni ;

Non moritur, facinus qui grave morte fugit.

Whilst More is on the point of submitting his neck to the unmerited axe, and his children are weeping at his cruel execution, he tells them—Lament for the life of a ruthless tyrant: He dies not, who by his death escapes from the perpetration of a grievous crime.

The verses are by a contemporary Italian poet; but there does not seem to be any authority for the language they ascribe to Sir T. More. There is nothing in Roper's Life of Sir T. More to that effect. Neither in the few words which passed between him and his affectionate daughter, (commemorated by Rogers,) when she forced her way to him on the Tower wharf through halberds and battle-axes, nor in the letter he wrote to her with a coal, does any sentiment occur of the kind. On the contrary, when Sir T. Pope informed More that the King had consented that his family might be present at his funeral, he replied, "Oh, how much beholden, then, am I unto his Grace, that upon my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration!" This, and some other sayings to the like effect, are omitted by Lord Campbell; and they, doubtless, would have rendered his entertaining work less agreeable to read. Sir J. Mackintosh preserves the same prudent silence so necessary for popular writers. Erasmus, in relating the verdict of the jury at Sir T. More's trial, writes that the jury delivered "a verdict of *Killim*, that is to say, he was worthy of death." "Qui duodecim viri, quum per horæ quartam partem recessissent, reversi sunt ad principes et judices delegatos, et pronunciarunt *Killim*, hoc est, dignus est morte." Lord Campbell instituted inquiries after Sir T. More's *head*, which, it appears, still remains in a vault of St Dunstan's Church in Canterbury, contained in a box open in front with an iron grating, and placed over the coffin of his beloved eldest daughter, just as she desired it might be laid after her death: she had secretly obtained it from London Bridge, where it had been exposed.

XLI.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS CHILDREN.

Quatuor una meos invisat epistola natos,
 Servat et incolumes a patre missa salus.
 Dum peragratur iter, pluvioque madescimus imbre,
 Dumque luto implicitus sæpius hæret equus.
 Hoc tamen interea vobis excogito carmen,
 Quod gratum, quanquam sit rude, spero fore.
 Collegisse animi licet hinc documenta paterni,
 Quanto plus oculis vos amat ipse suis :
 Quem non putre solum, quem non male turbidus aër,
 Exiguusque altas trans equus actus aquas,
 A vobis poterant divellere, quo minus omni
 Se memorem vestri comprobet esse loco ;
 Nam crebro dum nutat equus, casumque minatur,
 Condere non versus desinit ille tamen.

I desire this letter to reach my four children, and that the health I send in it may preserve them in safety. I write whilst pursuing a journey, drenched with rain, and my horse scarcely able to raise his feet out of the mud. Nevertheless, though in the midst of inconveniences, I manage to write a poem, rude indeed in numbers, but what I hope may touch my children's hearts. It will at least suffice to convince them of my paternal solicitude, and that my love for them exceeds any for my own eyes. The marshy ground, the cutting wind, and the fording of deep streams on a little horse, cannot distract my thoughts from my family: for though my nag stumbles, and threatens me over and over again with a fall, I go on imperturbably stringing together verses that may fill a Father's letter.

The lines in the text are the commencement of a poem by Sir Thomas More, addressed to his daughters Margaret, Elizabeth, Cicely, and his son John, sweetest of children (*dulcissimis liberis*) as he calls them. Like Sir T. More, Erasmus tells us that he composed his celebrated *Encomium* on Folly whilst sitting on his horse. Sir T. More proceeds, in some lines

quoted by Lord Campbell, to remind his children of the gentleness with which, when occasion required, he had flogged them, protesting that the rod he made use of was only a peacock's tail, "*Flagrum Pavonis nil nisi cauda fuit*," and that he had laid it on them sparingly, "*Hanc tamen admovi timideque et molliter ipsam*," for fear of leaving on their persons any impressions of his handy-work, "*Ne vibex teneras signet amara nates*."

XLII.

COKE AND BACON.

Ex dono Auctoris.
Auctori consilium.

Instaurare paras veterum documenta sophorum :
Instaura leges, justitiamque prius.

By the gift of the Author.
Advice to the Author.

You undertake a restoration (*Instauratio*) of ancient philosophy : first restore the laws and justice of your country (which you have infringed and violated).

Bacon's presentation copy of his *Novum Organum*, containing the above lines in Sir Edward Coke's handwriting, is still preserved at Holkham. The book has a device of a ship sailing; over which Sir Edward Coke has written,

It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the ship of fools.

Lord Bacon, on his part, wrote a letter of acrimonious advice to Sir Edward Coke, commencing thus: "Supposing this to be the time of your affliction, that which I have propounded to myself is, by taking this seasonable advantage, like a true friend, though far unworthy to be counted so, to shew you your true face in a glass. First, therefore, behold your errors: in discourse you like to speak too much, &c." In both instances the *advisers* detracted more from their own fame than from that of their ever-to-be-admired *advisees*. The *Novum Organum* was the Second Part of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna* (which title is alluded to in the Epigram), that was intended to be divided into Six Parts. The design of the *Novum Organum* was to suggest a more perfect method of

using the rational faculty, to lay the foundations, and recommend the use of Inductive Philosophy. This, as Voltaire expresses it, was the *scaffold* with which the New Philosophy was to be raised. Coke would not have agreed with the quaint Cowley in styling Bacon *Lord Chancellor of Nature*, as well as of Law. (An analysis and familiar exposition of the *Novum Organum* was published by Dr Hoppus.) Does the reader require a poetical antidote to Lord Coke's venom? he may find one in Ben Jonson's beautiful Ode on Bacon's birth-day.

XLIII.

SIR EDWARD COKE'S DIARY.

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas;
Quod superest ultra sacris largire camœnis.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on Nature fix.

The above is the version to be found in Lord Teignmouth's *Life of Sir W. Jones*. An original MS., with Sir W. Jones's corrections, is written upon a fly-leaf of a copy of Gilbert's Evidence, in the possession of the Author. It is as follows:

“E. C.

be six address'd;

Six hours to sleep allot, to law the same applied;

F Pray feast sweet claim

Pray four ; feast two ;—the rest the Muses claims the rest
the Muse elaims all beside.”

Sir W. Jones's suggested improvement of Sir E. Coke's advice has been productive of some literary mistakes.

In the same fly-leaf of Gilbert, the lines will be found to stand thus:

W. J.

Seven hours to Law, to soothing slumber seven,

Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.

1784.

In Mr Macaulay's critical Essay, in which he reviews Croker's *Life of Johnson*, Sir W. Jones's version is quoted thus:—

“*Six* hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.”

Mr Croker having mentioned that he had difficulty in understanding what Sir W. Jones meant to do with his twenty-fourth hour, Mr Macaulay comments on his dulness of comprehension. He says that the point is a wretched conceit; when you expect the couplet to end with *one* to heaven, you are surprised by the ending '*all* to heaven,' but that the couplet never, before Mr Croker, perplexed man, woman, or child. It is, however, now seen that Mr Croker's perplexity, and Mr Macaulay's strictures on Sir W. Jones's supposed conceit, are altogether founded on a wrong reading of *six* for *seven*,—not the first time that these numbers have been confounded.

There is in the possession of the Right Hon. Sir E. Ryan a very interesting diary kept by Sir W. Jones, from the period of his wife leaving India, up to the very night before his death; and bearing, in the last entries, indications of severe malady. Two of the official clerks of Sir W. Jones are still alive: one of them is an East India Director. There are several interesting anecdotes relating to him that have never been published, and which rest on indisputable authority. Nor, perhaps, was a person of Lord Teignmouth's political views the most fit author to depicture in proper colours the man who, with the learning of the Greeks, imbibed their enthusiastic love of liberty, and who first conveyed to English ears the inspiring answer of one of their patriotic poets to the question, "What constitutes a state?"

Lord Campbell does not appear to have had the *advantage* of reading the Author's work on the *Advantages of a Classical Education*, in which the above details appear, for in quoting the lines of Sir W. Jones, in his *Life of Lord Coke*, his Lordship has fallen into the vulgar error.

The Author remembers being present when Sir Vicary Gibbs was shewn the original portrait of Lord Coke in Trinity College, Cambridge, (the College both of Coke and Bacon), and when, on allusion being made to his filling, like Lord Coke, the office of a Chief Justice, Sir Vicary immediately replied, "So were I equalled with him in renown!"

XLIV.

SIR EDWARD COKE'S KITCHEN.

Jus condire Cocus potuit, sed condere jura
Non potuit; potuit condere jura Cocus.

The Cook who once inhabited this kitchen could make sauce, but he could not make laws: our new Cook (Coke) can supply the deficiency of his Predecessor.

It could have been wished that Lord Campbell, from whose book the distich in the text is taken, (a book most becoming in its subject, and most worthy in its execution of the literary leisure of a great lawyer), had translated it for the edification of the public; the sting seems to turn on the double meaning of the words, *jus* and *cocus*. There is a misprint in Lord Campbell, which the learned reader will detect.

Sir Edward Coke, during his memorable imprisonment in the Tower, was lodged in a low room which had once been a kitchen, where he found an inscription written on the door of it by a wag, "This room has long wanted a Cook" (Coke). Lord Campbell relates an anecdote of King James assigning to the great lawyer another nickname, that of *Captain Coke*, leader of the faction in Parliament. His Lordship cites this anecdote from the *Sloane MSS. in the British Museum*. It had been previously cited from those MSS. by the Author, in his *Oyer of Poisoning*: it is a curious coincidence, that the same needle should be found in the same bottle of hay, by two lawyers, whose visits to the British Museum are probably "rare and far between." (In the Author's *Oyer of Poisoning* will be found numerous private notes of Sir E. Coke, that were seized among his papers, and which had never before been published.)

XLV.

KING JAMES I.

(A)

KING JAMES'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

Dum petit Infantam Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo noster, nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quam nos regis ab ingenio.

While Prince to Spain, and King to Cambridge goes,
 The question is, whose love the greater shows?
 Ours, like himself, o'ercomes, for his wit's more
 Remote from ours than Spain from Britain's shore.

(B)

KING JAMES'S PRESENT OF HIS BASILICON DORON.

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumque objicis, hospes?
 Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

Do not set up the Vatican or the Bodleian against our Library:—we have a single Book which is worth any Library in the world.

These Epigrams were composed by Herbert, the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, whom the King used to call the jewel of that University, and were recited to the King whilst dining at Newmarket. The meaning of the conceit in the first Epigram appears to be, that King James shewed greater affection or condescension in visiting Cambridge, than Prince Charles shewed in visiting the Infanta at Madrid. Why? Because we Cantabs are farther *distant* from the King in *intellect*, than Prince Charles was from the Infanta in *space*. Both the Epigrams are curious specimens of the perverted taste and political servility of the times.

 XLVI.

COWLEY.

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem,
 Et Famâ æternum vivis, Divine Poeta,
 Hic placida jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
 Cana Fides, vigilantque perenni lampade Musæ,
 Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit
 Sacrilega turbare manu Venerabile Bustum.
 Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulcis
*Coulei*j cineres, servetque immobile saxum.

While through the world thy labours shine
 Bright as thyself, thou Bard divine;

Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be
A partner with eternity.

Here in soft peace for ever rest,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breast :)
Let hoary Faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful Muses, mourn.

For ever sacred be this room ;
May no rude hand disturb thy tomb,
Or sacrilegious rage or lust
Affront thy venerable dust.

Sweet Cowley's dust let none profane,
Here may it undisturb'd remain :
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this stone for ever live.

This is the epitaph on Cowley in Westminster Abbey, wherein he is styled the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of the English nation. The monument was erected by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the *Zimri* of Dryden, whose death-bed is immortalized by Pope, and whose biography deserves to be investigated with greater attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it. The Latin is attributed to Dr Knipe. Not sufficiently, perhaps, read and appreciated in the present day, Cowley was extolled by his contemporaries for the vices, as much as for the excellencies of his poetry, beyond all the poets of his day, including Milton. Lord Clarendon, in the interesting details he gives regarding his early friends, observes that "Ben Jonson was the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules for poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with or before him, or since: *if Mr Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men*, with that modesty yet, to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson."

Addison in his poem on the Greatest English Poets, felicitously expresses some of the peculiarities of Cowley's poetry.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press,
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise
As in the milky way.—

Addison, in the remaining lines, may be thought to lavish too much praise on Cowley's Pindarics, and not to do adequate justice to the ex-

quisite touches of sentiment, and the vein of sprightliness which distinguish several of his minor poems. Pope, indeed, dwells on his *pensive vein* as that most likely to survive the memory of his once-admired conceits.

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play.
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

A passage in Cowley's lines on his friend Harvey's death, are beautifully applied by Curran:

"And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life, from the remembrance of those attic nights and those refectons of the gods which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us;—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, when the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man;—when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose,—when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return; for

'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine:
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.'"

XLVII.

COWLEY ON HIS OWN DEATH.

Hic, O Viator ! sub lare parvulo
Couleius hic est conditus. Hic jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque vitâ.

Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inertis nobilis otio,
Vanoque delectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit !
Exempta sit curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

Here, passenger ! beneath this shade
Lies Cowley, though entomb'd, not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all the impertinence of life ;

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great !
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small cell confin'd ?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave.

Strew roses here as on his hearse,
And reckon this his fun'ral verse :
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's urn.

XLVIII.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Felix, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris,
Ipsa domus puerum, quem videt ipsa senem,
Qui baculo nitens in quâ reptavit arenâ
Unius numerat secula longa casæ.
Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles :
Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
Adspectu fruitur liberiore Poli :
Frugibus alternis, non Consule computat annum.
Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat :
Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,
Metiturque sui rusticus orbe diem :
Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,
Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.
Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,
Benacumque putat littora rubra lacum.
Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis,
Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.
Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos ;
Plus habet hic vitæ ; plus habet ille viæ.

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground :
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth :
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get ;
He never dangers either saw or fear'd ;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard :

He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
 Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar :
 No change of Consuls marks to him the year :
 The change of seasons is his calendar :
 The cold and heat winter and summer shews,
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows :
 He measures time by landmarks, and has found
 For the whole day the dial of his ground :
 A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees :
 He's only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame :
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake :
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 Thy voyage, Life, is longest made at home.

This beautiful piece of Claudian has been translated by many hands, of whom Cowley, whose version is that in the text, is the most celebrated. The last line in the original would seem to convey a pun between the words *viteæ* and *viciæ*, which occasions the translations to be somewhat nonsensical: and it is almost impossible to convey to English ears the beauties of the lines

Qui baculo nitens in quâ reptavit arenâ.

Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.

A staff enables him to hobble over that ground on which he crawled when a child.—When he looks upon his grove, he calls to mind that its trees were small when he was small, and have grown with his growth, and have become old along with his old age.

XLIX.

CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Cur, Coryate, tibi calcem Phœbeia Daphne
 Cinxerit, et nudæ laurea nulla comæ?
 Verius at capitis pleni, Coryate, miserta,
 In calces imos Musa rejecit onus.

Why does Daphne cover with her laurel your feet, and leave your hairs bare? It is, I presume, because the Muse knew how full your head was, and therefore in pity laid her load upon your heels.

The verses are written under a device of a pair of shoes covered with laurel. The introduction to Coryat's *Crudities*, is a most entertaining relic of literary wit. It consists of a laughable character of the author by Ben Jonson, and a large collection of mock panegyrics, in every language, upon Coryat, particularly in regard to his having travelled through Europe with only *one pair of shoes*. Most of the authors of the day contributed their quota of ingenious ridicule, at the instigation, or for the amusement of Prince Henry, son of James I. Coryat introduced forks into England: his Travels in Europe, and his very curious sojourn in India, would have, probably, raised him in much higher estimation with his contemporaries than he appears to have enjoyed, but for the eccentricities of his pen and tongue: for as Ben Jonson writes, "He is a great and bold carpenter of words, or, to express him in one like his own, a *Logodaedale*. He is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where, though he might sit as a guest, he will be rather served in as a dish, and is loth to have anything of himself kept cold against the next day."

Inigo Jones joined the throng of wits who made mirth of Coryat's *Crudities*. His contribution ends with an allusion to the *benefit of clergy*.

This work who scorns to buy, or on it looke,
 May he at sessions crave, and want his booke!

L.

SCORPUS THE CHARIOTEER.

Ille ego sum Scorpus, clamosi gloria Circi,
 Plausus, Roma, tui, deliciæque breves :
 Invida quem Lachesis raptum trieteride nona,
 Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem.

Erewhile I set the Circus in a roar,
 O Rome ! thy Favourite, and Delight no more.
 When envious Lachesis my triumphs told,
 Though only three times nine, she thought me old.

The point or conceit in this Epigram has been often adopted in English poetry. Ben Jonson thus recounts the premature death of a youthful actor, one of those children of the royal chapel, whom Shakspeare designates as "an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapt for it."

Years he numbered scarce thirteen,
 When fates turned cruel,
 Yet three filled Zodiacs had been
 The stage's jewel.
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old men so duly,
 As, soothe, the Parcæ *thought him one*,
 He played so truly.

Suckling writes of a person in one year outliving Methusalem ; and Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, sings

"Methusalems may die at twenty-one."

Lord Bacon observes, that "a man may be young in years, though old in hours." Habington, in an Elegy on a son of the Earl of Ayr, pushes the conceit to a greater length :

'Tis *false arithmetic* to say thy breath
 Expir'd too soon, or irreligious death
 Profan'd thy holy youth ; for, if thy years
 Be numbered by thy virtues, or our tears,
 Thou didst the old Methusalem outlive.

Drummond may be thought to have expressed all that is good in the idea, without the conceit of it :

Fame, Registrar of Time!
Write in thy scroll, that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime,
And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die.

Some verses on the subject *Passer* in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and several ingenious French Epigrams are founded on the same idea.

LI.

PARIS THE PANTOMIME.

Quisquis Flaminiam teris, viator,
Noli nobile præterire marmor.
Urbis deliciæ, salesque Nili,
Ars et gratia, lusus et voluptas,
Romani decus, et dolor theatri,
Atque omnes Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Hoc sunt condita, quo Paris, sepulchro.

Passing the Flaminian Way,
Pass not this noble tomb, but stay :
Here's Rome's delight, and Nile's salt treasure,
Art, graces, sport, and sweetest pleasure ;
The grief and glory of the stage,
And all the Cupids of the age,
And all the Venuses lie here,
Interr'd in Paris' sepulchre.

This Epitaph on Paris is closely imitated in that upon Voiture :

Etruscæ Veneres, Camænæ Iberæ ;
Hermes Gallicus, et Latina Syren,
Risus, Deliciæ, Joci, Lepores,
Et quidquid fuit elegantiarum,
Quo Vecturius hoc jacent sepulchro.

It may be thought also to have furnished the point of an Epitaph on Moliere :

Sous ce tombeau gissent Plaute et Terence ;
Et cependant le seul Molière y gît.
Leurs trois talens ne formoient qu'un esprit,
Dont le bel art réjouissoit la France.
Ils sont partis, et j'ai peu d'esperance
De les revoir, malgré tous nos efforts.
Pour un long temps, selon toute apparence,
Terence, et Plaute, et Molière sont mors.

Marullus's Epitaph on Pope Innocent VIII. is manifestly a parody of that on Paris :

Spurcities, gula, avaritia, atque ignavia deses
Hoc, Octave, jacent, quo tegeris, tumulo.

Filth, gluttony, avarice, indolence, all lie, O Innocent VIII., under the same tomb that covers you.

Paris is the hero of Massinger's play of the *Roman Actor*. Domitian's speech after killing the Actor is at variance with Suetonius's account, that the Emperor had a pupil of Paris's put to death for resembling him : and that he had inflicted death on several persons who had strewn flowers on the spot where Paris fell. Massinger has also invented the manner of the Roman Actor's death, though following history in the occasion of it, the Emperor's jealousy in regard to his wife Domitia.

There are various particulars concerning Paris in Suetonius's life of Domitian ; and he is mentioned in several Satires of Juvenal. It has been represented by some writers, that Juvenal was banished in consequence of the invective against Paris, contained in his seventh Satire ; he is stated by Juvenal to have relieved the pecuniary necessities of Statius, the author of the *Thebaid*, by purchasing from him a tragedy of his composition : a relation which Dr Johnson has parodied in the lines in which he holds forth as prospects of literary merit "a patron and a jail."

LII.

LATINUS THE MIME.

Dulce decus scenæ, ludorum fama, Latinus
Ille ego sum ; plausus deliciæque tuæ :
Qui spectatorem potui fecisse Catonem,
Solvere qui Curios Fabriciosque graves.
Sed nihil a nostro sumpsit mea vita theatro,
Et mirâ tantum scenicus arte feror.

Nec poteram gratus domino sine moribus esse :

Interius mentes inspicit ille deus.

Vos me laurigeri parasitum dicite Phœbi,

Roma sui famulum dum sciat esse Jovis.

Soul of the scene, unrivall'd in renown,

I was th' applause, and darling of the town.

I could command a Cato to attend ;

A Curius, or Fabricius, to unbend.

But, from the stage my life assum'd no part :

A player did I play alone in art.

Me Phœbus' parasite let all record,

So Rome acclaim me minion of her Lord.

Latinus was a celebrated player of Mimes, and also a spy of Domitian. The actors of Mimes did not wear masks, nor the cothurnus, nor the sock. Whereas the actors of pantomimes did not speak, and wore masks. Very strange instead was the custom for mimes to attend the funerals of the Romans, and to mimic the manners of the deceased! Thus, at the funeral of the stingy Vespasian, Suetonius relates that Fævo, the Arch-mime, representing his person, and imitating his behaviour both in speech and gesture, asked aloud of the Procurators, "how much will my funeral pomp cost?" And, being answered, "ten millions of sesterces," he cried out, "Give me but a hundred thousand sesterces, and you may throw my body into the Tiber, if you will!"

Suetonius mentions a circumstance which shews that Latinus had familiar access to Domitian, and is a curious example of that tyrant's enormous cruelty :

"Nothing however so much affected him as an answer given him by Ascleulario the astrologer, and a subsequent disaster. This person had been informed against, and did not deny his having spoken of some future events, of which, from the principles of his art, he confessed he had a fore-knowledge. Domitian asked him, what end he thought he should come to himself? to which he replying, 'I shall in a short time be torn to pieces by dogs,' he ordered him immediately to be slain, and, to demonstrate the vanity of his art, to be carefully burnt. But during the preparations for executing this order, it happened that the funeral pile was blown down by a sudden storm, and his body, half-burnt, was torn to pieces by dogs; which being observed by the mime Latinus, as he chanced to pass that way, he told it, amongst other occurrences of the day, to the emperor at supper."

Martial (Lib. iii. Ep. 86) tells a Roman matron, that after witnessing Latinus acting with Panniculus, it would be hypocrisy to have scruples

about reading his book. In another place (Lib. i. Ep. 5) he begs the emperor to read his book in the same humour that he looks at Latinus when acting with his wife Thymele. In Lib. ii. Ep. 72, Martial speaks of Latinus slapping Panniculus's face. Juvenal, Sat. 1, speaks of Latinus sending his wife Thymele to avert the displeasure of another *Delator*.

One of the most eloquent elegies written on an actress, is that by Voltaire, on Clairon, whom the "churlish priests" would not allow to be buried in consecrated ground:

Que direz vous, Race future !
 Lorsque vous apprendrez la flétrissante injure
 Qu'a ces arts desolés font des hommes cruels ?
 Ils privent de la sépulture
 Celle qui dans la Grèce aurait eu des autels.
 Quand elle étoit au monde, ils soupiraient pour elle ;
 Je les ai vu soumis, autour d'elle empressés :
 Sitôt qu'elle n'est plus elle est donc criminelle !
 Elle a charmé le monde, et vous l'en punissez !
 Non, ces bords désormais ne seront plus profanes :
 Ils contiennent ta cendre ; et ce triste tombeau
 Honoré par nos chants, consacré par tes mânes,
 Est pour nous un temple nouveau.
 Voilà *mon* Saint-Denys ; oui, c'est là que j'adore
 Tes talens, ton esprit, tes grâces, tes appas ;
 Je les aimai vivans ; Je les encense encore,
 Malgré les horreurs de trepas,
 Malgré l'erreur, et les ingrats
 Que seuls de ce tombeau l'opprobre déshonore.

LIII.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.
 Tu nova ne veteres obscurant acta triumphos
 Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis,
 Magne, times : te jam series ususque laborum
 Erigit, impatiensque loci fortuna secundi.
 Nec quenquam jam ferre potest, Cæsarve priorem
 Pompeiusve parem. Quis justius induit arma
 Scire nefas : magno se judice quisque tuetur :

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
 Nec coiere pares : alter vergentibus annis
 In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu
 Dedidicit jam pace ducem : famæque petitor
 Multa dare in vulgus : totus popularibus auris
 Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri :
 Nec reparare novas vires, multumque priori
 Credere fortunæ. Stat magni nominis umbra.
 Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
 Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans
 Dona ducum : nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
 Pondera fixa suo est : nudosque per aera ramos
 Effundens, trunco, non frondibus efficit umbram :
 At quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
 Tot circum sylvæ firmo se robore tollant,
 Sola tamen colitur.

Sed non in Cæsare tantum
 Nomen erat, nec fama ducis : sed nescia virtus
 Stare loco : solusque pudor non vincere bello.
 Acer, et indomitus : quo spes, quoque ira vocâsset,
 Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro.
 Successus urgere suos : instare favori
 Numinis : impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
 Obstaret : gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.

The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
 Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame, }
 And emulation fans the rising flame.

Thee, Pompey, thy past deeds by turns infest,
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast ;
 Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade ;
 His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes
 Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.
 Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight ;
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
 Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.

Justly to name the better cause were hard,
While greatest names for either side declar'd :
Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field ;
One to increasing years began to yield.
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down ;
Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himself with popular applause ;
With gifts and liberal bounty sought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name ;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
Careless of future ills that might betide, }
No aid he sought to prop his failing side, }
But on his former fortune much relied. }
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place ;
But stood the shadow of what once he was.
So, in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
Uprears some ancient oak his reverend head ;
Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the first vigour of his root now gone,
He stands dependent on his weight alone ;
All bare his naked branches are display'd,
And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade ;
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blast would heave him from his seat ;
Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him rise ;
Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, was more
Than past renown and antiquated power ;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals seen ;
But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
Which no success could sate, nor limits bind ;

'Twas shame, a soldier's shame, untaught to yield,
 That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;
 Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
 And made the most of fortune and the gods;
 Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.

Blair, in his *Belles Lettres*, observes, that the characters which Lucan draws of Cæsar and Pompey are "masterly," and the comparison of Pompey to the aged decaying oak is "highly poetical." The line in the character of Pompey,

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni,

has exercised the wits of several of our poets, who have attempted, it may be thought unsuccessfully, to express it as sententiously in English, as in the original. Roscommon renders it thus :

The gods were pleas'd to choose the conquering side;
 But Cato thought he conquer'd when he died.

Stepney's lines are, perhaps, better than those "owned by a lord :"

The gods and Cato did in this divide,
 They chose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

Granville, Lord Lansdowne, in his poetical *Essay on Translated Poetry*, writes with reference to this memorable line :

The Roman wit who impiously divides
 His Hero and his Gods to different sides,
 I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
 Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
 How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
 Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!
 The Gods permitting traitors to succeed,
 Become not parties to an impious deed:
 And, by the Tyrant's murder we may find,
 That Cato and the Gods were of a mind.

In a note upon this passage, his Lordship observes,

"The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the gods than men, would have chosen

any party in opposition to those gods whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that this hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause. But to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero : neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine. Success implies permission, and not approbation ; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness : to judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action ; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation. Lucan was a determined republican ; no wonder he was a free-thinker."

The inference drawn by his Lordship, at the end of his remarks, is illiberal. Neither is Providence to be judged of, as he appears to insinuate, by any results in this world. The sentiment of Lucan is surely a noble one, that Cato was not led by interest or superstition to follow the successful party, though weaker-minded people inferred that success was owing to the favour of the gods : but he clung to the losing side, because he deemed it the side of justice, of liberty, and of enlightened religious duty.

LIV.

C A T O.

Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore
 Cæsariem, duroque admisit gaudia vultu :
 (Ut primum tolli feralia viderat arma,
 Intonsos rigidam in frontem descendere canos
 Passus erat, mœstamque genis increscere barbam.
 Uni quippe vacat studiisque odiisque carenti,
 Humanum lugere genus) nec fœdera prisci
 Sunt tentata tori : justo quoque robur amoris
 Restitit. Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
 Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam :
 Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
 Huic epulæ, vicisse famem : magnique penates,
 Submovisse hyemem tecto : pretiosaque vestis,

Hirtam membra super Romani more Quiritis
Induxisse togam : Venerisque huic maximus usus,
Progenies : Urbi pater est, Urbique maritus.
Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator honesti :
In commune bonus : nullosque Catonis in actus
Subrepsit, partemque tulit sibi nata voluptas.

(For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm ;
Regardless quite of every other care,
Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair ;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
No stings of private hate his peace infest,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breast :
But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leisure to lament mankind).
Nor could his former love's returning fire, }
The warmth of one connubial wish inspire, }
But strongly he withstood the just desire. }
These were the stricter manners of the man,
And this the stubborn course in which they ran ;
The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view ;
Religiously to follow nature's laws,
And die with transport in his country's cause,
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of use to all mankind.
To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress ;
And home-spun garments were his costly dress :
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky :
He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace :
That took up all the tenderest parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice's righteous lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant ;

And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Cato's character, to which the sublimest homage was paid by Horace, even in the servile court of Augustus, is almost deified by the later Roman writers. But shortly after his death, it was severely attacked by Julius Cæsar, in a work called *Anticato*, in answer to a panegyric upon Cato, by Cicero. The praises of Cato, after being reiterated by almost every Roman writer of genius who lived subsequent to him, acquired for Addison, among his contemporaries at least, a very high meed of fame; both Tories and Whigs of his day laying claim to Cato as one of their party. Pope writes, "Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as he is of Britain in ours. The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other. After all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth into his box, and presented him with fifty guineas in acknowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator;" alluding to the Duke of Marlborough, who had been soliciting a patent to appoint him Captain-General for life.

LV.

EPICURUS.

Humana ante oculos fœde quom vita jaceret
In terreis, oppressa gravi sub Religione,
Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat,
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans;
Primum Graius Homo mortaleis tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque obsistere contra.
Quem neque fama Deum, nec fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit cœlum; sed eo magis aerem
Irritat animi virtutem, effringere ut arcta
Naturæ primus portarum claustra cupiret.
Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi;
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.

Long time men lay oppress'd with slavish fear;
Religion's tyranny did domineer,

And being plac'd in heav'n look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject spirits with her frown.
At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' assert the nat'ral liberty of man
By senseless terrors, and vain fancies led
To slav'ry: straight the conquer'd phantom fled!
Not the fam'd stories of the Deity,
Not all the thunder of the threat'ning sky,
Could stop his rising soul; through all He past
The strongest bounds that pow'rful nature cast:
His vigorous and active mind was hurl'd
Beyond the flaming limits of this world,
Into space infinite; and there did see
How things begin, what can, what cannot be.

Dugald Stewart observes, that it is the image of mental energy bearing up against the terrors of overwhelming power, which gives so strong a poetical effect to the description of Epicurus in Lucretius, and also to the character of Satan as conceived by Milton. In these cases, Stewart thinks that the sublimity of energy is only a reflection from the sublimity of power.

Lucretius commences his third book with another eulogy on Epicurus, and in some lines in which he contemptuously declaims against the complaints of death by men whose whole lives have been of as little utility as if they had spent them in winding sheets, he observes, that even the great Epicurus was compelled to bow to the law of humanity. It is in speaking of him there he uses the line which is adopted as an inscription on the statue of Newton, in Trinity College Chapel: "His genius surpassed that of the human race, (*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit*)."

Lucretius passed also eloquent eulogiums on Ennius and Empedocles. In a poem, like that of Lucretius, containing 7416 lines, we are indebted to Creech for a synopsis of each book, especially as upwards of 7000 lines may be thought to consist of elaborate and exploded nonsense. But the Oases of this desert, such as the exordium to Venus; the View of the Tempest of Human Desires and Passions from the rock of philosophy, of which passage Lord Bacon has availed himself; the philosophical explanation of the fabled punishments of Tartarus, from the Greek orator, Æschines; the Athenian Dirge; the Lamentations of the Mother of the Sacrificed Heifer, and a few more brilliant or touching passages and lines, will, perhaps, be considered unrivalled in the whole range of ancient poetry. It is curious that a controversy exists concerning Cicero's opinion of Lucretius, arising out of discordancy of manuscripts, some inserting, others omitting, the word "not," in a letter of Cicero to his

brother Quintus : "The poems of Lucretius, as you observe, are written (*not*) with much brightness of wit, yet, notwithstanding, with a great deal of art." Dugald Stewart remarks of Lucretius, that his sublimity depends on the lively images he presents of the attributes against which he reasons, and that he makes the sublimest descriptions of Almighty Power form a part of his argument against Divine Omnipotence.

LVI.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

Multas per gentes, et multa per æquora vectus,
Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis,
Et mutum nequidquam alloquerer cinerem :
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum :
Heu miser indigne frater ademte mihi !
Nunc tamen interea prisco quæ more parentum
Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
Accipe, fraterno multum manantia fletu :
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave, atque vale !

Brother, I come o'er many seas and lands
To the sad rite which pious love ordains,
To pay thee the last gift that death demands ;
And oft, though vain, invoke thy mute remains :
Since death has ravish'd half myself in thee,
Oh wretched brother, sadly torn from me !
And now ere fate our souls shall re-unite,
To give me back all it hath snatch'd away,
Receive the gifts, our fathers' ancient rite
To shades departed still was wont to pay ;
Gifts wet with tears of heartfelt grief that tell,
Thus ever, brother, bless thee, and farewell !

Catullus has lamented his Brother's death, in two other poems, addressed to Hortalus, and Manlius, wherein his feelings on the subject are

expressed in verses than which there is nothing more touching in ancient poetry. It appears, from one of these poems, that his Brother's remains were interred at the Rhætean Promontory, in the region of Troas. The undertaking a long journey by sea and land, for the purpose of performing funeral rites over the ashes of a Brother, after, probably, the ordinary ceremonies at the pile and upon sepulture, had taken place, is an interesting transaction, and is related by the poet with simplicity and genuine feeling. The ordinary ceremonies at funerals are enumerated in charming poetry by Tibullus, in reference prospectively to his own obsequies. The minute details will be found in the Appendix to Bekker's *Gallus*. Round the funeral pile of the son of Regulus, the Delator, were slain all his pet animals, viz. little coach- and saddle-horses, dogs of various kinds, parrots, blackbirds, and nightingales.

LVII.

CATULLUS AND CICERO.

Disertissime Romuli nepotum
Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tulli !
Quotque post aliis erunt in annis ;
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium poëta :
Tanto pessimus omnium poëta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

Tully, most eloquent, most sage
Of all the Roman race,
That deck the past or present age,
Or future days may grace.

Oh ! may Catullus thus declare
An overflowing heart ;
And, though the worst of Poets, dare
A grateful lay impart ?

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpast
All others in thy line ;
For, far as he in *his* is last,
Art thou the first in *thine*.

These lines were thus imitated by Smart, after dining with Lord Mansfield :

O thou of British orators the chief,
That were, or are in being, or belief;
All eminence and goodness as thou art,
Accept the gratitude of poet Smart.
The meanest of the tuneful train as far,
As thou transcend'st the brightest at the bar.

Catullus's letters to Julius Cæsar are so far more revolting than the flowers of Billingsgate, that they are not inserted in this collection, (a modest version of them, very unlike the original, will be found in Lamb's Catullus, whence the version in the text is taken.) They are, however, remarkable as libels on Cæsar in the height of his power, which the dictator did not resent. Cicero mentions that they were read to Cæsar after his bath, and that he made no remark upon them whatever, nor changed countenance. The circumstance is mentioned in the 23rd No. of the *Spectator*, and Cæsar's conduct is there compared with that of Cardinal Mazarine on a similar occasion.

Niebuhr *lays it down* that "Catullus was the greatest poet Rome ever had." This insufferable dogmatism on a subject on which a dissent from the opinion of ages ought to be hazarded with the utmost deference, may appear as unfounded as it is coxcombical. In the same presumptuous and ridiculous vein he asserts that Virgil is a remarkable instance of a man mistaking his vocation, his real calling being lyric poetry: and that it never occurred to him to place Virgil among Roman poets of the first order, for that his most complete work, the *Æneid*, was a total failure.

LVIII.

YOUNG TORQUATUS.

Torquatus, volo, parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiente labello.

And next to be completely blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise,

Who, laughing on his mother's breast,
 To his known sire shall turn his eyes.
 Outstretch his infant arms the while,
 Half ope his little lips, and smile.

The English verses are introduced by Sir W. Jones into an Epithalamium, on the marriage of Lord Spenser. He pronounces the original, which he has imitated, a picture worthy the pencil of Domenichino.

LIX.

QUINTILIAN AND MARTIAL.

Quintiliane, vagæ moderator summe juventæ,
 Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane, togæ;
 Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis,
 Da veniam: properat vivere nemo satis.
 Differat hoc, patrios optat qui vincere census,
 Atriaque immodicis arctat imaginibus.
 Me focus, et nigros non indignantia fumos
 Tecta juvant, et fons vivus, et herba rudis.
 Sit mihi verna satur: sit non doctissima conjux:
 Sit nox cum somno: sit sine lite dies.

O Thou, who rul'st with uncontrolled renown
 The wave of youth, thou glory of the gown!
 That I, who boast not yet my wine or oil,
 Nor quite disabled by fell time to toil,
 Should haste (who makes sufficient haste?) to live:
 Such oddity, my generous friend, forgive.
 This joy let him delay, who deems th' extent
 Penurious of his affluent father's rent:
 Whose full sufficiency answers not his calls,
 Who crowds with ancient images his halls.
 Mine be the roof no envy can provoke:
 Warm'd by the fire, yet fearless of the smoke;
 A fount of crystal gently bubbling by;
 A bed of greens luxuriance to supply:
 A sated servant, *not a learned wife*;
 Nights drown'd with rest, and days unknown to strife.

Martial has a small poem addressed to Juvenal of the like tenor. It does not appear that he and Statius, though they write on the same passing events, had any literary communication. It is not proposed, in the present volume, to examine into the philosophy of the Romans, or the details of their domestic life. For this reason, the opinions of Martial in these two pieces, and in another in which he gives a summary of his views of a Happy Life (*Vita Beata*, a subject on which Seneca and Lactantius have written books), are reserved for consideration on a future occasion. On such occasion it may be proper to discuss also the details of Martial's various invitations to Supper, and to compare them with what is to be found on the subject among the ancients, and in Ben Jonson, Milton, and Pope, among the moderns. But it may here be interesting to notice the particular terms in which Quintilian is addressed in the first two lines; and, with regard to Martial's prayer, that he might not be allotted too learned a wife, to cite the opinion of Juvenal on the same subject:

Odi

Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitque Palæmonis artem,
 Servatâ semper lege, et ratione loquendi,
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
 Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amicæ
 Verba. Solæcismum liceat fecisse marito.

For my part, I cannot endure a woman who is always poring over some book of Grammar; who talks by rule, obeys laws of speech, and every now and then brings out some word which I never heard of before. She is constantly correcting the cacology of some country cousin. Surely a husband ought to have the right of committing a solæcism.

Ancient writers give more favourable pictures of Roman Wives, and do not appear to have had the like horror of learned Wives. Statius's poem to his Wife, in his *Silvæ*, which has been translated by Dr Hodgson, is one of his most engaging compositions. Ausonius has several interesting poems to or on his Wife. The following may be thought a pleasing specimen, founded on a wish of Martial, that a wife may not appear old even when she is so; a thought which is beautifully expanded and illustrated by Dugald Stewart, in his chapter on the Association of Ideas.

Uxor, vivamus quod viximus, et teneamus
 Nomina quæ primo sumpsimus in thalamo!
 Nec ferat ulla Dies ut commutemur in ævo,
 Quin tibi sim juvenis, tuque puella mihi.
 Nectore sim quamvis provectior, æmulaque annis
 Vincas Cumanam tu quoque Deiphoben.
 Non ignoremus quid sit matura senectus,
 Scire ævi incertum, non numerare, decet.

Pliny writes the following letters of and to his wife, Calphurnia :

“As you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular, whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of resentment ; and have not only shewn the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter ; you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books ; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even in getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause ? How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over ? While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but Love, the best instructor, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs ; it is my reputation and my glory of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions ; who was early familiarised under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me ? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy, presaging of me from that early period all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewell.”

“You kindly tell me, my absence is greatly uneasy to you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, instead of their author, which you frequently place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these tender amusements ! In return, I entertain myself with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had just received them ; but alas ! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence ; for how amiable must *her* conversation be, whose letters have so many charms ? Let me receive them, however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is still a mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me. Farewell.”

LX.

COTTA.

(WHO NEVER KNEW A DAY'S ILLNESS.)

Sexagesima, Martiane, messis
 Acta est, et, puto, jam secunda Cottæ;
 Nec se tædia lectuli calentis
 Expertum meminit die vel uno.
 Ostendit digitum, sed impudicum,
 Alconti, Dasioque, Symmachoque.
 At nostri bene computentur anni,
 Et, quantum tetricæ tulere febres,
 Aut languor gravis, aut mali dolores,
 A vitâ meliore separentur:
 Infantes sumus, et senes videmur.
 Ætatem Priamique, Nestorisque
 Longam qui putat esse, Martiane,
 Multum decipiturque, falliturque.
 Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.

Cotta has liv'd full sixty years and more,
 And yet (my Martian) never felt the sore
 Affliction of a fever one short bout:
 Thence, in derision, holds his finger out
 Against Alcantes, Dacus, Symmachus.
 But if our years were well computed thus:
 Take off the hours to pain and grief assign'd,
 To fevers, and to agony of mind,
 And separate them from each happier day;
 We are but boys in years, and yet seem grey.
 He that conceives (my Martian) Priam's age,
 Or Nestor's to be long on the world's stage,
 Is much deceiv'd, much out: For I thee tell,
 To be, is not call'd life, but to be well.

One of the most beautiful gems in the *Greek Anthology* is a hymn to Health, of which a prose translation is given by Dr Johnson in the *Rambler*, No. 48. It has been frequently translated into English Poetry. The text furnishes a motto for that number of the *Rambler*, and also

for a paper by Steele in the *Spectator*, No. 143. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living*, has some important reflections on the religious uses of sickness, and the following letter of Pliny contains some valuable remarks of a heathen on the same subject:

“The lingering disorder of a friend of mine gave me occasion lately to reflect that we are never so virtuous as when opprest with sickness. Where is the man, who under the pain of any distemper, is either solicted by avarice or enflamed with lust? At such a season he is neither a slave of love, nor the fool of ambition; he looks with indifference upon the charms of wealth, and is contented with ever so small a portion of it, as being upon the point of leaving even that little. It is then that he recollects that there are Gods, and that he himself is but a man: no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration, or his contempt; and the reports of slander neither raise his attention, nor feed his curiosity: his imagination is wholly employed upon baths and fountains. These are the subjects of his cares and wishes: while he resolves, if he should recover, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and tranquillity, that is, in innocence and happiness. I may therefore lay down to you and myself a short rule, which the philosophers have endeavoured to inculcate at the expence of many words, and even many volumes; that ‘we should practise in health those resolutions we form in sickness.’ Farewell.”

Erskine stated in the House of Lords, that during the twenty-seven years he practised at the Bar, he was on no occasion prevented from attending to his business in Court by indisposition. Pope, on the other hand, writes to Arbuthnot,

Friend to my life! (which, did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.)

And again:

The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
And help me through this *long disease, my life*.
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

The version in the text is by Fletcher, a little modified. The terseness and neatness of the original almost defies imitation. There is one point in it which is not easily translatable, viz. that Cotta holds out a finger, as a patient might do, to the three physicians of most practice in Rome, but it is that finger, which among the Romans, was called the finger of contempt or derision.

LXI.

SABIDUS.

(DISLIKED, WITHOUT KNOWING WHY.)

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas,
 Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
 Je sais seulement une chose,
 C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Sheridan, in a parliamentary debate, is reported to have said, "These Gentlemen shew us no such acts; they seem as if they considered the Ministers, now the drudgery of signing the treaty of Peace is done, as *functi officiis*, and as if they ought to go out; as if one was a mere goose-quill, and the other a stick of sealing-wax, which are done with, and ought to be thrown under the table. We know that Touchstone says, as a good ground for quarrel, 'that he don't like the cut of a certain courtier's beard.' Perhaps this capricious dislike cannot be better exemplified than by the sentiment expressed in the well-known epigram of Martial. The English parody may be more applicable to these Gentlemen:

I do not like thee, Dr Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell:
 But this, I'm sure, I know full well,
 I do not like thee, Dr Fell.

"It is fair, Sir, to say, that this English parody, so unfavourable to the Doctor, proceeds from the mouth of a fair lady, who has privileges to like and dislike, which would ill become a Member of this House."

Martial has another epigram on undefinable predilections and antipathies:

Difficilis, facilis; jucundus, acerbus es, idem.
 Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.
 In all thy humours, whether grave, or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

There are two lines of Catullus which have been much admired, that are founded on the same kind of indescribable feelings, or causes of feeling:

Odi, et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris?
 Nescio. Sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.
 I hate and love—ask why? I can't explain;
 I feel 'tis so, and feel it racking pain.

Lamb's translation may be thought not to convey the entire spirit of the original, which it would be difficult to transfer into another language. The English reader cannot be expected to acquiesce in the high praises which the original has elicited. Fenelon writes, "Catulle, qu'on ne peut nommer sans avoir horreur de ses obscenités, est au comble de la perfection pour une simplicité passionnée;" then, after quoting the lines in the text, he continues, "Combien Ovide et Martial, avec leurs traits ingénieux et façonnées, sont ils au dessous de ces paroles négligées, ou le cœur saisi parle seul dans une espèce de desespoir."

LXII.

SULPICIA.

(THE MODEL OF "GRACE" FOR MILTON'S EVE.)

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

"A concealed Grace fashions her every action, and closely attends on her every footstep."

The following translations are to be found in the Appendix to Spence's *Anecdotes*:

If she but moves, or looks, her step, her face
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

Or,

Whate'er she does, where'er she bends her course,
Grace guides her steps and gives her beauty force.

Or,

Whate'er she does, where'er she moves, a Grace
Slides in to give it form, and marks the trace.

Or,

A secret trace attends her charms inbred,
Work in each action, in each footstep tread.

Or,

In every motion, action, look, and air,
A secret grace attends, and forms the fair.

Or,

With every motion, every careless air,
Grace steals along, and forms my lovely fair.

The first of these poetic versions is by Horace Walpole, who writes, "I have translated the lines, and send them to you, but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than of shewing you how readily I complied with your request." He adds, "There are twenty little literary variations that may be made, as *move* or *look*, *air* instead of *step*, *steal* and *adopt* instead of *by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. Was not Milton's paraphrase, 'Grace was in all her steps, &c.' even an improvement on the original? It takes the thought, gives it a noble simplicity, and don't screw it up into so much prettiness." Perhaps Milton may be thought to imitate Tibullus more closely in the lines,

Forth she went
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning graces waited still.

Tibullus' whole poem on Sulpicia's birthday, consisting only of twenty-four lines, is quite worthy of companionship with the two lines in the text. Perhaps the line, (*Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet*), "Thus Vertumnus, in Olympus, has a thousand ornaments; a thousand which all become him," may be thought, at least as it is expressed in Latin, not inferior in neatness to those which have been cited. In pathos and tenderness, indeed, the poem is very far below Tibullus' first Elegy to Delia, as may perhaps appear from the following lines translated by Dr Hodgson:

At my last hour thy features may I see,
And hang with dying tenderness on thee!
Thou'lt weep, my Delia, when thy lover lies
On the black pile, where mournful flames arise.
Thou'lt shed the dew of pity o'er my bier,
And mix with many a kiss the bursting tear.
Yes, thou wilt weep, no iron heart is thine,
But softness all.—

And yet, good as this translation is, how very inadequately does the English in the second line express Tibullus' exquisite *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*!

LXIII.

ZOILUS.

(UNFAVOURABLE PHYSIOGNOMY.)

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,
Rem magnam præstas, Zoïle, si bonus es.

Red-hair'd, black-faced, club-footed, and blear-eyed
Zoilus, 'tis much if thou art good beside.

Many celebrated persons have been remarkable for deformity. Among the ancients, Plato and Xenophon seem to have found amusement in ridiculing the flat nose, broad nostrils (more capacious, as they said, for taking in smells on all sides), and goggle eyes of their preceptor Socrates; and Martial observes of a statue of that philosopher, that it might well pass for the statue of a satyr. In a *Life of Æsop*, by a monk in the 4th Century who collected the fables attributed to him, he is represented as a monster of ugliness; but there is no authority for this popular modern opinion in ancient writers. The Athenians caused Ly-sippus to erect a statue to him (adverted to by Phædrus in a passage quoted by Sir R. Walpole, in his memorable speech on the Peerage Bill), which may not appear an appropriate honour to a very deformed person. Both Tacitus and Suetonius remark the fiery visage of Domitian, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never colour his cheek; a peculiarity by which, it will be recollected, that Chancellor Jefferies was detected in a public-house, though he had shaven his eye-brows. And Pliny, in his panegyric on Trajan, has drawn a most graphic picture of Domitian, in which the redness of his face is a prominent feature. According to Plutarch, Cato the *Censor* was *no beauty*; he had red hair, greenish gray eyes, which, with a stentorian voice ever prone to bitter invectives, gave occasion to a Greek Epigram to the effect, that Proserpine would object to his admission among the shades below.

Lord Bacon wrote an *Essay On Deformity*, which is inferior to most of his Essays: though he makes some illiberal remarks on deformed people, he admits that "in a great wit deformity is an advantage to rising." Lord Byron felt the infirmity of his lameness a powerful stimulus to mental exertion in early life. Mrs Shelley, on the fly-leaf of her copy of Byron's drama, *The Deformed Transformed*, observes that a sense of his physical infirmity had an influence upon everything he wrote. In the play just mentioned Byron seems to have express reference to the circumstance which he never forgot, of his mother having called him a deformed brat:

Bertha. Out, Hunchback.

Arnold. I was born so, mother!

An opinion of the connexion between ugliness or deformity, and moral depravity, has derived some force in this country from Shakspeare's description of Richard III. : (Lines which Gray thought "could not be put into the tongue of modern dramatics") :

I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.

Sir T. More, in his History, states that Richard was little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, hard favoured of visage, with his left shoulder much higher than his right, and that he was brought into the world with his feet foremost, and toothed. The author of the *Historic Doubts*, who very properly urged the temptation for Lancastrian Historians to calumniate Richard, admits his inequality of shoulders ; a defect which he appears to have had in common with Alexander the Great :

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high.

Atterbury called Pope's intellect "*Mens curva in corpore curvo*;" but would, probably, have been the first to admit that this smart saying was only applicable to Pope in a very curved view of his genius. Pope was sensitive to any reflection by others of his own personal defects : but he took a share in that series of papers in the *Spectator* relating to the Ugly Club. In No. 108 of the *Spectator*, Pope thus describes himself under the appellation of Dick Distich :

"Dick Distich by name, we have elected president : not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough ; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs ; a spider is no ill emblem of him ; he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But, indeed, what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work, in short verse, to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus—
A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire—

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus."

May, in his *History of the Parliament*, notices that Lord Strafford at his impeachment excited by his eloquence universal sympathy among the female part of his audience, notwithstanding his personal appearance was unfavourable; and he quotes the example of Ulysses, as applicable to Strafford :

Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses,
Et tamen æquoreas torsit amore Deas.

Madame de Sévigné said of Pelisson, "qu'il abusoit de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids." Cumberland relates that Soame Jenyns had been cast by nature in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays; he had a protuberant wen between one eye and his nose, and both his eyes were protruded like the eyes of a lobster who wears them at the end of his feelers. After mentioning peculiarities of dress, Cumberland adds, "Such was the man who was the charm of every circle, and gave a zest to every company into which he entered." In Warton's *Essay on Pope* (Epistle to Arbuthnot), various particulars are collected respecting the personal appearance of the Italian and English poets. Warton observes that many of the English poets have been remarkably handsome.

Scarron, who captivated Mademoiselle D'Aubigny, afterwards the celebrated Madame Maintenon, when she was at the age of sixteen, and whose attached wife she was for nine years, gives the following description of his own personal appearance :

"Lecteur qui ne m'as jamais vu, et qui peut-être ne s'en soucie guère, à cause qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup à profiter à la vue d'une personne faite comme moi, sache que je ne me soucierois pas aussi que tu me visses, si je n'avois appris que quelques beaux esprits factieux se réjouissent aux dépens du misérable, et me dépeignent d'une autre façon que je ne suis fait : les uns disent que je suis cul-de-jatte; les autres, que je n'ai point de cuisses, et que l'on me met sur une table, dans un étui, où je cause comme une pie borgne; et les autres, que mon chapeau tient à une corde qui passe dans une poulie, et que je le hausse et baisse pour saluer ceux qui me visitent. Je pense être obligé en conscience de les empêcher de mentir plus long-temps. J'ai trente ans passés : si je vais jusqu'à quarante, j'ajouterai bien des maux à ceux que j'ai déjà soufferts depuis huit ou neuf ans. J'ai eu la taille bien faite, quoique petite; ma maladie l'a raccourcie d'un bon pied. Ma tête est un peu grosse pour ma taille. J'ai le visage assez plein pour avoir le corps décharné; des cheveux assez pour ne point porter perruque. J'en ai beaucoup de blancs en dépit du proverbe. J'ai la vue assez bonne, quoique les yeux gros; je les ai bleus : j'en ai un plus enfoncé que l'autre, du côté que je penche la tête : j'ai le nez d'assez bonne prise. Mes dents autrefois perles quarrées sont de couleur de bois, et seront bientôt de couleur d'ardoise; j'en ai perdu une et demie du côté gauche, et deux et demie du côté droit, et deux un peu égrignées. Mes jambes et mes cuisses

ont fait premièrement un angle obtus, et puis un angle égal, et enfin un aigu. Mes cuisses et mon corps en font un autre, et ma tête se penchant sur mon estomach, je ne rassemble pas mal á un Z. J'ai les bras raccourcis aussi bien que les jambes, et les doigts aussi bien que les bras : enfin, je suis un raccourci de de la misère humaine. Voilà à-peu-près comme je suis fait. Puisque je suis en si beau chemin, je te vais apprendre quelque chose de mon humeur ; j'ai toujours été un peu colère, un peu gourmand, et un peu paresseux. J'appelle souvent mon valet sot, et un peu après, monsieur. Je ne hais personne, Dieu veuille qu'on me traite de même. Je suis bien aise quand j'ai de l'argent, je serois encore plus aise si j'avois de la santé. Je me réjouis assez en compagnie ; je suis assez content quand je suis seul, et je supporte mes maux assez patiemment."

It is related that two ladies of the French court who had engaged in a most violent quarrel, were recommended to refer their differences to the Duke of Roquelaure. His Grace, before accepting the arbitration, enquired if either of them had called the other ugly : upon being answered, "non," he replied, "Eh bien, je me charge de les reconcilier."

LXIV.

LIGURINUS THE TABLE-TALKER.

Fugerit an mensas Phæbus, cœnamque Thyestæ,
 Ignoro : fugimus nos, Ligurine, tuam.
 Illa quidem lauta est, dapibusque instructa superbis :
 Sed nihil omnino, te recitante, placet.
 Nolo mihi ponas rhombum, nullumve bilibrem :
 Nec volo boletos, ostrea nolo : tace.

I cannot say for certainty, whether the story be true of Apollo absconding from the table of Thyestes : but I am quite sure, O Ligurinus, we make ourselves scarce at yours. Yours is doubtless a sumptuous board, and its delicacies are of the most *recherché* description.—We however don't care so much for your turbot, or your mullet weighing two pounds, or your mushrooms, or your oysters, as we should care if you would give us a little less of your talk.

The practice of recitations among the ancients, as it is to be collected from numerous letters of Pliny, from Martial, and from Catullus, is a

curious feature in literary history. Perhaps a Martial is not more wanted in the present day, for any reform of society, than to impose a partial silence on table-talkers. Let a man be somewhat superior to the general, either in rhetoric, or multifarious information, or ready or prepense wit, Æsop's lantern would be wanted to find such an one, who will not, whenever he has opportunity, build up for himself a fancied column of fame at dinner-tables. Like Aaron's serpent, his talk will swallow up that of every other guest, without his reflecting that it is diversity more than intensity, both in the substance of information and in the manner of imparting it, which is the charm of colloquial conversation. He reads books, not for the purpose of digesting them, but of *bringing them up*. He rides every one's hobbies as well as his own to death, being particularly ambitious of a reputation for having, as the French say, *une selle à chaque cheval*. Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, neither of whom were deficient in rhetoric, rather than talk overmuch themselves at their own tables, kept in their services an official character to fill up any vacuum in conversation: in modern society, the cap and its bells, and the bauble, have been transferred from the heads and hands of professed fools, to those of persons conspicuous for the ostentation of wisdom. It would indeed be a prudent precaution, if the practice among our continental neighbours of commencing dinner with eating oysters were generally adopted, provided their shells were available for an ostracism that might banish petty tyrants from the republic of the board. Such despotism no longer consists in arrogating the surname of "the just," but in claiming a monopoly for setting the table in a roar, or for transforming it, like harlequins, from its appropriate uses, into a lecture-room, or the pit of a theatre, or the gallery of a House of Commons. Learning, and wit, and flowers of speech, have their legitimate provinces at a dinner-table, but it is when their possessors unmistakably exhibit that quality, which, as Horace intimates, is the true criterion of a *Gentleman*, viz. *parentis viribus atque extenuantis eas consulto*; the purposely forbearing to put forth intellectual strength in hours dedicated not to listening, but to conversing. We may, perhaps, conjecture that Prior's *Lysander*, who seems to have acquired the *gift of the gab* by reducing the society in which he mixed to the condition of monks of La Trappe, was a brilliant *Table-Talker*, but no *Gentleman*.

Lysander talks extremely well;

On any subject let him dwell,

His tropes and figures will content ye:

He should possess to all degrees,

The art of talk he practises,

Full fourteen hours in four and twenty.

LXV.

CANIUS THE LAUGHER.

Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus ?
 Utrumne chartis tradit ille victuris
 Legenda temporum acta Claudianorum ?
 An quæ Neroni falsus adstruit scriptor ?
 An æmulatur improbi jocos Phædri ?
 Lascivus elegis, an severus herois ?
 An in cothurnis horridus Sophocleis ?
 An otiosus in scholâ poetarum
 Lepore tinctos Attico sales narrat ?
 Hinc si recessit, porticum terit templi ;
 An spatia carpit lentus Argonautarum ?
 An delicatæ sole rursus Europæ
 Inter tepentes post meridiem buxos
 Sedet, ambulatve liber acribus curis ?
 Titine thermis, an lavatur Agrippæ,
 An impudici balneo Tigillini ?
 An rure Tulli fruitur, atque Lucani ?
 An Pollionis dulce currit ad Quartum ?
 An æstuantibus jam profectus ad Baias
 Piger Lucrino nauculatur in stagno ?
 Vis scire, quid agat Canius tuus ? ridet.

Say, O Muse, what my friend Canius is about ? After suggesting a variety of occupations, such as various species of composition, and the solution of literary *queries*, recitations, walks in the Porticos, sitting under the shade on favourite public seats, bathing in popular public baths, enjoying the quiet and coolness of country villas, indulging in the warm springs of Baïæ, taking a sail on the Lucrine Lake, Martial observes that which of these pleasures he is taking may be uncertain, but one thing *is* certain, that Canius is *laughing*.

In another epigram, Martial says, that it would not be so surprising that a person should turn a deaf ear to the Sirens in the midst of their song, as that any one should voluntarily leave a room in which Canius was

telling a story. In a third epigram he compares Canius to the laughing statue of Pan.

The details of Canius's supposed whereabouts, and his literary lucubrations, afford matter for interesting inquiry. Several of the localities are illustrated, both as to their ancient and present condition, in Mr Whiteside's *Vicissitudes of the Eternal City*. For example, the grove of the Portico of Europa may be supposed to have occasioned the name of a Church which now stands on its site, called S. Salvatore in *Lauro*. The ancient and modern state of the Baths of Agrippa and Titus are also there reviewed. The Portico of the Temple was that annexed to the Temple of Isis. The Portico of the Argonauts was adorned with paintings of their fabulous history by Agrippa. Addison observes, that the Lucrine Lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains which have fallen upon them. The controversy concerning the authenticity of writings attributed to Nero, is illustrated by Suetonius, who examined Nero's writing tables, on which were several of his poetical compositions, with interlineations, all in his own hand. This subject, among others, Martial conjectures that Canius would put in a ludicrous point of view.

Catullus has an epigram on a laughing friend, Egnatius, who used to smile in the midst of the most pathetic discourses of orators, and even at funerals: but this was to exhibit his white teeth. Catullus tells him that if there is one thing more silly than another in the world, it is a silly laugh, (*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.*) Martial, adverting to Ovid's advice to a young lady, to "smile if she be wise," recommends a contrary system of tactics to an elderly lady, with teeth not quite unobjectionable, to "weep if she be wise." The motto, "Laugh if you be wise," (*Ride si sapis,*) has been adopted in *The Guardian*, No. xxix., in which the various species of laughers are enumerated, as Dimplers, Smilers, Grinners, Horse-laughers, and the various kinds of laugh, as the Sardonic, Ionic, Chian, and Syracusan. In *The Spectator*, No. 630, there is a notice of a "rattling pew" occupied by laughers. Aristotle, in reference to comic writers, says, that the ridiculous consists in some fault or turpitude, not attended with great pain, and not destructive. Hobbes writes, that the passion of laughter is nothing else, but sudden glory, arising from comparison. Addison observes, that, according to Hobbes's account, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud: he notices that beasts do not laugh; it is a characteristic of human nature. Dr Beattie, in an elaborate *Essay on Laughter*, concludes that the "Quality in things, which makes them provoke that pleasing emotion or sentiment whereof laughter is the external sign, is an uncommon mixture of relation and contrariety, exhibited, or supposed to be united in the same assemblage." Beattie excludes from his consideration unnatural, malevolent, and mere animal laughter, and confines his definition to *sentimental laughter*.

*Chrysippus, Philemon, and Zeuxis, are related to have died in fits of laughter, the last at one of his own jokes. Democritus has a reputation, like that of Canius, for taking a comical, though philosophical, view of human transactions, similar to that inscribed, with questionable propriety, on Gay's tomb, according to the following request: "I desire, my dear Mr Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, to see these words put upon it, with what else you may think proper:

Life's a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

The following epitaph on Democritus has been applied to Rabelais:

Accipe Democritum, Pluto, precor, una sit, ut quæ
Tot flentes inter rideat umbra tibi.

O Pluton, Rabelais reçoy,
Afin que toi qui es le Roy
De ceux qui ne rient jamais,
Tu ais un rieur desormais.

LXVI.

ACON AND LEONILLA.

(EACH BEAUTIFUL, EACH ONE-EYED.)

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Acon his right, Leonilla her left eye
Doth want; yet each in form, the Gods out-vie.
Lend her thine eye, sweet boy, and she shall prove
The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love.

The conceit in this epigram has enjoyed considerable popularity. It is said to have been composed in reference to Louis de Maguiron, a French Adonis, and favourite of Henry III. of France: he lost an eye at the siege of Isoire. The lady was the princess Eboli, who was equally singular for her beauty and one eye. To complete the figure of Polyphemus, the Cyclops, as a model of ugliness, the poets gave him *one eye* in the middle of his forehead.

LXVII.

LAIS, (HER LOOKING-GLASS).

Lais anus Veneri speculum dico ; dignum habeat se
 Æterna æternum forma ministerium.
 At mihi nullus in hoc usus, quia cernere talem
 Qualis sum, nolo ; qualis eram, nequeo.

Venus ! take my votive glass !
 Since I am not what I was.
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus ! let me never see !

The original is in the Greek of Plato. The Latin is by Ausonius. It is matter of pride that Prior's version is so superior to that of Ausonius ; nor is the style that in which many English poets excel. Perhaps Waller is the only other English poet who has left us similar *gems*.

LXVIII.

GLAUCIA, (HIS PREMATURE DEATH).

Non de plebe domûs nec avaræ verna catastræ,
 Sed domini sancto dignus amore puer.
 Munera cum posset nondum sentire patroni,
 Glaucia libertus jam Melioris erat.
 Moribus hoc formæque datum ; quis blandior illo ?
 Aut quis Apollineo blandior ore fuit.
 Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus,
 Quidquid amas, cupias non placuisse nimis.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy !
 My sin was too much hope of thee, my boy !
 Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
 O could I lose all father now ! for why
 Will man lament the state he should envy ?

To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage ;
 And if no other misery, *yet age*.
 Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say, Here doth lie
 Ben Jonson his best piece of poesy.
 For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves, may never like too much.

Instead of a translation of Glaucia's epitaph, the reader is presented with Ben Jonson's epitaph on his first-born son. Martial's composition is interesting only from the two remarkable lines with which it concludes, the last of which is imitated by Ben Jonson.

The propriety of the sentiment expressed in the last line of Glaucia's epitaph was the subject of a literary controversy between Pelisson and the Count de Bussi. Pelisson translates the passage thus, "Voulez vous être heureux ? souhaitez en aimant, que ce que vous aimez ne soit pas trop aimable." The Count argued that it was impossible to love, without wishing the beloved object to be perfectly loveable.

The last line but one of Martial's epitaph is applied to King Edward VI., by Cardan, in his memoirs relating to his royal pupil. He writes, "Alas ! how prophetically did he once repeat to me, *Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.*" This line is adopted by Cowley as a motto for his elegiac verses on his friend Harvey. The sentiment is commented on in Bayle's Dict., Art. *Lucrece*, where it is expressed, "Telle est la loix du ciel, nul excès n'est durable ; s'il passe le commun, il passe promptement." Marcellus, and Prince Henry, son of James I., by their extraordinary promise and early deaths, contributed to encourage this *vulgar error*, if it be such. Shakspeare says :

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

Nevertheless, there have been remarkable exceptions to the fatality of early genius. Haller, who lived to the age of seventy, was considered a prodigy at thirteen. Mozart, indeed, died at the age of thirty-six, but not before he had established a lasting reputation : his musical genius was exhibited when he was four years old ; he composed a concerto when he was five, and by the time he was eight, he had excited the wonder of the principal courts of Europe. Bishop Monk, in his *Life of Dr Bentley*, relates several particulars concerning Wooton, who maintained a respectable literary reputation, but not a very high one, after leaving college. He took his degree of A.B. at only thirteen years of age, when he was conversant with twelve languages. On his admission to Catharine Hall before the age of ten, the master of his college made a special entry in the college books: *Gulielmus Wooton, infra decem annos, nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus*. "W. Wooton, under ten years of age, second neither to Hammond nor Grotius." Dr Johnson says of Pope, who "lisp'd in numbers," that, in the style of fiction, it might be related of him, as of Pindar, that, when he lay in the cradle, the bees swarmed about his mouth.

LXIX.

LASCARIS.

Lascaris in terrâ est aliena hic ipse sepultus,
 Nec nimis externum quod quereretur erat ;
 Quam placidam ille hospes reperat, sed deflet Achæis
 Libera quod nec adhuc patria fundat humum.

In a strange land here Lascaris remains,
 Nor yet that it was strange to him complains ;
 For it receiv'd him as an honoured guest,
 And with protection's kindest comforts blest.
 But sadly he deplores, that still a slave,
 His country to the Greeks denies a grave.

Lascaris was the most noble in birth and profound in learning of all the Greeks who fled for refuge to Italy after the taking of Constantinople. He was one of the first restorers of Greek literature in Italy, and published the first Greek Grammar that was ever printed in Europe.

LXX.

AUGUSTUS.

Ut ille victor orbis, et patriæ pater
 Confectus annis et dolore morbido,
 Augustus, horas jam supremas duceret ;
 Gravata ad auras vix levavit lumina,
 Circumque flentes, cuique protendens manum,
 Interrogavit voce sollicitâ suos ;
 " Ecquid putatis, partem ut æquus histrio
 Mimumque vitæ me tulisse commodè ?"
 Qui cum faventes " optime " una dicerent ;
 Hæc ille " fiat : vos valet et plaudite !"

When Augustus, the World's victor, and Father of his Country, was worn away by age and disease, and his last

hour was at hand, he raised, and scarcely was able to raise his eyes, and cast a look upon the friends who were weeping around him.—He stretched out his hand to each, and asked them if he had acted his part in life like a good Mime, with due regard to all the proprieties of the character assigned to him.—Every one present joined in an exclamation, that he had been an incomparable Actor.—Then said he—“ Farewell all, and all applaud !”

The expression, *Vos valete et plaudite!* was the common conclusion to be found at the end of all Roman plays. It is quoted as such by Dr Pangloss, who finishes his part by saying, “*Vos valete et plaudite! Terence, hem!*” Nero’s last dying speech was an expression of regret, that so good a *singer* was about to be lost to the world. “Even in our ashes live our wonted fires,” writes Gray, but not originally. It is related that the courtier-archbishop Fenelon said on his death-bed, “*Si j’aurai l’honneur de voir Dieu, je ne manquerai guères de lui recommander bien l’ame du Roi de France.*” This is much to the same effect as the last words of Pope’s courtier, “If—where I’m going—I could serve you, Sir!” The ruling passion or foible strong in death has not been more strikingly exemplified than in the lines on Narcissa:

“Odious! in woollen! ’twould a saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.”

LXXI.

A GRAMMARIAN OF GHENT.

Grammaticam scivi, multos docuique per annos,
Declinare tamen non potui tumulum.

I was skilled in Grammar, and taught it for many years; nevertheless I was totally unable to *decline* the tomb.

This Epitaph appears in Coryat’s *Crudities*. The French have conveyed much wit and satire, and ingenious turns of expression, through

the medium of epitaphs. A few specimens may be thought entertaining:

ROUSSEAU.

Cy-gît l'illustre et malheureux Rousseau;
Le Brabant fut sa tombe, et Paris son berceau;
Voici l'abrégé de sa vie,
Qui fut trop longue de moitié.
Il fut trente ans digne d'envié,
Et trente ans digne de pitié.

PIRON.

Ci-gît Piron, que ne fut rien,
Pas même academicien.

MONTMAUR

(famous alike for his good memory, and bad judgment).

Sous cette casaque noir
Repose bien doucement
Montmaur d'heureuse memoire,
Attendant le jugement.

LA RIVIERE, BISHOP OF LANGRES,

(who left a hundred crowns for his epitaph: Prior left £500 for his monument, with an epitaph inclusive).

Ci-gît tres grande personage,
Qui fut d'un illustre lineage,
Qui posseda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours fort sage:
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

AN ABBÉ

(who ruined himself by gambling).

Le bon Prelat qui gît sous cette pierre
Aima le jeu plus qu'homme de la terre.
Quand il mourut il n'avoit pas un liard,
Et comme perdre étoit cher lui coutume,
S'il a gagné Paradis, on presume
Que c'est un coup de hazard.

ABLANCOURT

(a translator of the Classics).

Dans ses fameux écrits toute la France admire
Des Grecs et Romains les précieux trésors.
A son trépas on ne peut dire
Qui perd le plus, des vivans ou des morts.

TURENE.

Turene a son tombeau parmi ceux de nos rois,
 C'est le prix glorieux de ses fameux exploits.
 Louis vouloit ainsi signaler sa vaillance,
 Afin d'apprendre aux siècles à venir,
 Qu'il ne met point de différence
 Entre porter le sceptre, et le bien soutenir.

MAUPERTUIS.

Ce globe mal connu, qu'il a su mesurer,
 Devient un monument où sa gloire se fonde.
 Son sort est de fixer la figure de monde,
 De lui plaire, et de l'éclairer.

A rich collection of poetical Latin epitaphs in England (for even some humble and rustic families have still a pride, as they express it, in being *buried in Latin*), will be found in Hearne's *Collection of Curious Discourses*, especially in Numbers LXIV, LXXV, LXXVI, XCII; the last is by Camden. See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, and Daly's *West-monasterium*.

LXXII.

NICHOLAS. AN EGOTIST.

Dicere Nicoleon non audeo: noverat unum
 Unus Nicholeos dicere Nicoleon.

Ci-gît Augustin Nicholas,
 Auteur de la première classe;
 Reformateur de Vaugelas;
 Rival de Virgile et Horace;
 Castillan plus que n'étoit Garcillas;
 Toscan plus que n'étoit Bocace;
 Digne favori de Pallas;
 Et grand dragoman du Parnasse;
 Instruit des affaires d'état,
 Au conseil et dans le sénat
 Il meritoit le rang suprême;
 C'étoit un homme enfin — “Hola!
 De qui savez-vous tout cela?”
 De qui je le sais? — De lui-même.

LXXIII.

HOBSON.

Complures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobsonus alebat
In stabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos ;
Hac lege, ut foribus staret qui proximus, ille
Susciperet primas, solus et ille, vices.
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sua pars sit cuique laboris ;
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sit sua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda togato ;
Proximus hic foribus, proximus esto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc usque retenta est ?
Tam bona cur unquam lex abolenda fuit ?
Hobsoni veterem normam revocare memento ;
Tuque iterum Hobsoni, Granta, videbis equos.

It is a tradition at Cambridge, that Hobson kept a large number of horses in a long stable, and that it was the rule of his stable, that the horse which stood next the door should take the *first turn* of service—every horse must participate equally in labour, equally in rest. Gownsmen well knew the law; the horse next the door must be taken, or none at all.—Why should *Hobson's Choice* ever have been suffered to become obsolete?—Restore it, O Granta, if you consult your own interests; for then in the place of modern Rozinantes your Cantabs will ride again Hobson's steeds.

A particular account of Hobson and his *choice* will be found in *The Spectator*, No. 509, and in the notes to Todd's *Milton*. Hobson's Inn at London was the Bull Inn in Bishopsgate Street. He died on January 1, 1630, when the plague was raging in London, which prevented him from taking his usual journeys as a carrier and conveyer of letters between Cambridge and the Metropolis. Among Archbishop Sancroft's MSS. in the Bodleian, are some verses written by him on Hobson's death. Milton, who was a Cantab at the time Hobson died, wrote two punning epitaphs upon him, in which the following lines occur :

Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death ;
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;

Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too *long vacation* hasten'd on his *term*.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for *heaviness* that his cart went *light*.
 Here lieth one, who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die, while he could *move*.
 His letters are delivered all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

LXXIV.

FOX'S VALE TO ETON.

Poscimus : at, nobis si rite precantibus olim
 Dixeris optatum, Musa, rogata melos,
 Nunc quoque et emerito præsens succurre poetæ ;
 Dona ferens adeat sic tua fana cliens.
 Tuque, per Aoniis loca si celebrata Camenis
 Sæpe tuâ erravi, Pegase, vectus ope,
 Decurso prope jam stadio, metamque sub ipsam,
 Ne lassa infami membra pudore trahas.
 Gentis amore Maro Latium canit : o mihi talis
 Spiritus accedat, (non minor urget amor)
 Ut patriæ, (neque enim ingratus natalia rura
 Præposui campis, mater Etona, tuis)
 Ut patriæ carisque sodalibus, ut tibi dicam
 Anglice supremum Quinctiliane vale !
 Si quid id est, veteres quod Musa imitata, Latinis
 Luserit aut Graiis, non aliena, modis,
 Omne tuum est ; mihi Pieridum de fonte sororum
 Pura ministeriis contigit unda tuis.
 Teque precor (levitas olim vesana fidelis
 Respuit oblatam si monitoris opem,
 Acrior aut si me commôrit lingua, meisve
 Moribus aut famæ virga ministra meæ)
 Ne tot consumptos tecum feliciter annos
 Infelix animo deleat hora tuo.
 Care vale, valeas et mater Etona, supremum
 Museâ recinit tristis alumnus ope.

Prataque, et aerio splendentes vertice turre,
Silvaque carminibus concelebrata meis ;
Vosque adeo indigenæ quæ rivi in margine Musæ
Castalias Thamesi posthabuistis aquas,
Extremum concede mihi, sacra turba, laborem ;
Sic beet emeritum non inhonesta rudis.

I am called.—But if ever, O Muse, before now, you have hearkened to my invocations, and inspired my lays, afford present aid to your Poet, whose occupation will so soon be gone ! And you, my Pegasus, as you have often transported me over classic regions consecrated to the Deities of Song, so do not now, when my race is almost run, when I am on the point of attaining its goal, disgrace me by your lassitude and tardiness.—Maro celebrates Latium with a passion which argues his love of the place. O that I were equal with him in genius ; not even he can surpass me in affection ! I might then bid to my country (for my natal spot has not juster claims than Eton upon my gratitude), might bid to my dear Companions, might bid to thee, O Quintilian of England, a Farewell in unison with my own feelings, and worthy of the present occasion ! That I have been permitted to so close an intimacy with the Muses of Greece and Rome as to be enabled to imitate their sublime strains, that I have been allowed to taste the pure waters of the Castalian spring, is, my Quintilian, your entire gift. And, if my thoughtless levity has at times revolted at the proffered assistance of the kindest of Preceptors ; if I have occasionally merited your just censure, or if to preserve my morals, and prevent the blasting of my future fame, you have outstretched the hand of Correction, O let not my inconsiderate conduct obliterate in your mind all memory of one who has passed so many happy years under your tutelage. Dear Preceptor, farewell ! Farewell, Alma Mater Eton ! Farewell to your surrounding meadows, and your crowning and antique towers, and your groves which have so often been the burden of my lays. And you, O Muses, who haunt those neighbouring banks of the Thames, in preference even to the foun-

tains of Castalia, smile, O Sacred Band, on this the last of my wonted labours. Thus, O thus, like as among the Romans a gladiator who had earned the favour of the public, was presented with a wand, as a token that he might quit the arena for ever amidst the applauses of the audience, so may I exchange the occupations of my boyhood for the duties of a man, with the consciousness of having passed at least one period of my life with approbation and honour.

CHAPTER III.

PLACES AND NATURAL PHENOMENA.

I.

VENICE.

VIDERAT Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari.
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, arces
Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis, ait.
Sic pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem Aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hunc posuisse Deos.

When Neptune saw in Adrian's surges stand
Venice, and give the Sea laws of command :
Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol
And Mars' proud walls : This were for to extol
Tyber beyond the Main : Both towns behold,
Rome Men, thou'lt say, Venice the Gods did mould.

Coryat, in his *Crudities*, transcribes several curious pieces of Latin poetry concerning Venice, and he mentions, that the Venetian Senate conferred on Sannazarius a hundred crowns for each of the above six verses: he adds, "I would to God, my poetical friend, *Mr Benjamin Jonson*, were so well rewarded for his poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as these of Sannazarius." Howell, (from whom the version in the text is taken,) in his interesting letters, writes that Sannazarius had 100 zechins for every line, and that the sum amounted to about £300. The reader will probably think them overpaid, and will be glad to turn from them to the more poetical description of Venice by Byron:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Look'd to the winged lion's marbled piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:
 And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms respond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The following description is by Rogers:

There is a glorious City in the Sea.
 The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
 Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No track of men, no foot-steps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
 Invisible; and from the land we went,
 As to a floating City—steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome

Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
 By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
 The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

II.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

O Tu, severi Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certe fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas
 Præsentio rem et conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;
 Quam si repostus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu,)
 Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.
 Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
 Fortuna sacra lege silentii
 Vetat volentem, me resorbens
 In medios violenta fluctus :
 Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
 Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu ;
 Surripias, hominumque curis.

O thou ! the Genius of this awful spot,
 How shall I fitly name thee ? for I deem
 Less than a Godhead's presence haunteth not
 This antique forest, and this native stream :

And we behold more near the visible God
Midst these shagg'd cliffs, these rude hill-solitudes,
These rocks, which foot of man hath never trod,
This dash of waters, and this night of woods,
Than if beneath a citron arch he shone,
Fashion'd in molten gold by Phidias' hand—
Hail!—if invoked aright, look gracious on!
Here let my wearied youth glide calm to land.
Or should hard Fate's rebuff, e'en while I yearn
For these endear'd retreats, this holy reign
Of silence, with the reflux swell return
Me to the tossing midmost waves again :
Sire ! (shall I call thee ?) be the boon allow'd
To share thy freedom in my drooping age ;
Then steal me from the cares that vex the crowd,
And safe receive me from their restless rage.

Gray, in one of his highly interesting letters to West, gives the following description of his journey to the Grande Chartreuse :

"In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining : not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day; you have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time."

In a letter to his mother, Gray writes :

"We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow, (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads) we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse : it is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a

torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld: add to this the strange views made by the craggs and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below; and many other particulars impossible to describe; you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side."

Dugald Stewart observes, that the sublime effect of rocks and cataracts, of huge ridges of mountains, of vast and gloomy forests, of immense and impetuous rivers, of the boundless ocean, and, in general, every thing which forces on the attention the idea of Creative Power, is owing, in part, to the irresistible tendency which that idea has to raise the thoughts towards heaven. The influence of some of these spectacles in awakening religious impressions, is nobly exemplified in Gray's Ode, written at the Grande Chartreuse; an Alpine scene of the wildest and most awful grandeur, where every thing appears fresh from the hand of Omnipotence, inspiring a sense of the more immediate presence of the Divinity.

III.

SIRMIO.

Pæninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus !
Quam te libenter, quamque lætus, invisio !
Vix mi ipse credens, Thyniam atque Bithynos
Liquisse campos, et videre te in tuto,
O ! quid solutis est beatius curis ?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto ;
Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
Salve, o Venusta Sirmio ! atque hero gaude :
Gaudete vosque, Lydiæ lacus undæ :
Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

Sweet Sirmio ! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreathed by Neptune's smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly :
Still doubting, asking—Can it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee ?

Oh ! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past,
When, anxious long the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last :

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.

This, this it is that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track.—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back !

And thou, fair Lake, whose waters quaff
The light of heaven like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me !

The version is by Moore. The piece has been translated by several hands. It is quoted by Gray in a letter to West.

The Peninsula of Sirmio projects into the Lago di Garda or Benaco, and is two miles in circumference. The vestiges of Catullus's villa are still shewn there. Close by its side there is a precipitous fall of the ground, which is supplied by rows of vaults placed over each other. On the summit was a spacious terrace, commanding a view of the lake. Part of the ruins of this terrace, and of a portico which was erected on it, are still to be seen. Behind the villa, the promontory rose into a hill covered with olives. The views from Catullus's Villa are described by Eustace as delightfully varied. The shores of the lake are sometimes shelving in gentle declivity, at others breaking in craggy magnificence; the sight resting at one time on cultivated scenery, and, at another, bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake, and the recesses of the Alps. The lake Benaco is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. It has waters of the finest sea-green. It is described by Virgil as it was excited by a storm; and Addison saw it in that state, when he represents it as exhibiting all the grandeur and agitation of the ocean. Benacus is the subject of the most celebrated of Bembo's Latin poems.

In the year 1797, Buonaparte, when commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, visited Sirmio, on his journey from Milan, to conclude the treaty of Campo Formio, turning out of his direct route for the purpose. He gave a *Fête Champêtre* in honour of Catullus. Anelli, a famous Improvisatori, paid on the occasion poetical tributes to the memory of the Bard of Sirmio. And, out of respect for Catullus, the town of Sirmio was relieved from a detachment of soldiers which had been quartered upon it.

The poet Frascatoro in lamenting the untimely death of a poetic friend, who died at Sirmio, represents the shade of Catullus as nightly wandering amidst the scenes of his once favourite peninsula. Among the works of the modern Latin poets of Italy, there are many pleasing addresses to their villas, composed in imitation of Catullus's Ode to Sirmio. No other poem of antiquity can, perhaps, be indicated which contains such an agreeable description of *home* feelings.

In England we have a very well-known popular song of "Home,

sweet Home!" And we have a very interesting school-boy Latin poem, called *Dulce Domum*, said to have been composed, about a hundred and fifty years ago, by a Winchester scholar, who, for some offence, was forbid by his master from going home at the Whitsuntide holydays. A translation of the poem first appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1796. The whole poem and translation will be found in Hone's *Every-Day Book*. The two concluding stanzas may possibly excite curiosity to search for the rest.

Heus! Rogere, fer caballos;
 Eia, nunc eamus!
 Limen amabile,
 Matris et oscula,
 Suaviter et repetamus.
 Domum, domum, dulce domum.
 Concinamus ad Penates,
 Vox et audiatur;
 Phosphore! quid jubar,
 Signius emicans,
 Gaudia nostra moratur.
 Domum, domum, dulce domum.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
 Panting for the wide champaign,
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.
 O what raptures, O what blisses,
 When we gain the lovely gate!
 Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
 There, our bless'd arrival wait.
 Greet our household Gods with singing!
 Lend, O Lucifer! thy ray;
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promis'd joys delay?

The translation wants the simplicity, and the practical turn of the original.—Hollo! Roger, bring the ponies! quick, let us scamper off! Our *jolly* homes, our Mothers' kisses! Sha'n't we sing, "Home, sweet Home!" Let us cheer loud, that our voices may reach to the *governor's* ears! Sun! sun! how slow you are rising! Why don't you come, and put an end to this delay of *jolliness*? Hark! We all call for you with the song of "Home, sweet Home!"

IV.

VESUVIUS.

Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesvius umbris :
 Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
 Hæc juga, quam Nysæ colles, plus Bacchus amavit :
 Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
 Hæc veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi :
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
 Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favillâ :
 Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
 Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of Wine ;
 Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
 And his own native Nisa less admir'd :
 Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
 The frisking Satyrs on the summits danc'd ;
 Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
 Nor lov'd her fav'rite Lacedæmon more.
 Now piles of ashes spreading all around,
 In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
 The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
 And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

The version is by Addison : he does not seem to have apprehended the point in the last line, which appears to have reference to the memorable and then recent saying of Nero concerning the extent of his power (*quantum sibi liceret*), referred to in the previous illustrations of the epigram on Lucan. Picturesque descriptions of Vesuvius and of the Bay of Naples are given by Addison and Eustace, and by Statius in his interesting invitation of his wife to Naples ; a poem of upwards of a hundred verses, which has been translated into harmonious English verse by Dr Hodgson, provost of Eton : these lines occur :

Thy rage, Vesuvius, and thy streams that flow
 In flaming horror o'er a waste of snow,
 Drive not my daring countrymen away,
 Their crowded cities still oppose his sway.
 Here spread majestic o'er the busy coast
 The world's great port, Italia's proudest boast :

Here many a lofty tow'r, and glittering dome,
 The work, the care of heav'n, thy rivals, Rome!
 I call thee, Claudia! to this balmy shore!
 Yes, thou wilt come with voluntary haste,
 And thus anticipate the wish I waste.
 Absent from me, before my Claudia's eyes,
 Rome will in vain spread out her luxuries.
 A mournful desert will the city seem,
 And royal Tiber roll a sordid stream.

Tacitus, in describing the island of Capreæ with reference to the memorable retirement there of the Emperor Tiberius, observes that the view of the Bay of Naples, as seen from the island, had lost much of its beauty, in consequence of the fiery eruptions of Mount Vesuvius having, between the time of Tiberius and the date of his *Annals*, changed the aspect of the scenery. Addison notices that Martial's epigram is an interesting commentary on Tacitus. And he observes that the view of the Bay of Naples, when Tacitus wrote, must have been more striking than at present, in consequence of its being anciently encompassed with so long a range of buildings, as to appear to those who looked at it from a distance, but as one continued city. Virgil wrote his *Georgics* principally at Naples, and has occasionally taken its scenery from its beautiful bay.

The first eruption of Vesuvius, which is remarkable in history, is that which is the subject of the epigram in the text. It occurred A.D. 79, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus, and it destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii: the first of these Cities of the Dead was discovered A.D. 1713, and the latter about ten years afterwards, the former from seventy to one hundred and twelve, the latter from ten to twelve feet, under the surface of the ground. The number of recorded eruptions prior to that of A.D. 1794, is said to have been thirty. The eruptions of *Ætna* acquired classical celebrity from Pindar and *Æschylus*. Virgil has sung of them. The Marquis of Wellesley, in a Latin poem, has given an animated description of an eruption of *Ætna*, in which the following lines occur:

Atra ruit vastæ nubes præsaga ruinæ,
 Tartareo ad superum vortice missa polum.
 Jam tempestates cinerum, terræque tremoris
 Flammarumque inter saxa voluta globos,
 Totaque sulphureis suffecta vaporibus aura,
 Fulguraque, et subita condita nocte dies.
 Atque alta *Ætneis* suspiria tracta cavernis,
 Ceu mons ex imo lugeat ipse sinu,
 Dant signum—liquidusque ignis, Phlegethontis imago,
 Torrenti effervens flumine inundat agros:
 Per nemora, et vites, per pulchra palatia, et hortos,
 Involvens humili templa, domosque casâ,

Ad mare diluvio ardenti, et flagrantibus undis,
Cum luctu, et lacrymis, et nece, vastat iter.
Jungitur ignis aquæ; et stridens durescit eundo;
Objicit et pulso saxea claustra mari,
Fit pelagi rupes.

This description (according to an unpublished copy of the Marquis of Wellesley's Latin poetry) is taken from Brydone's *Tour in Sicily*, Vol. I. p. 175, which describes more particularly the great eruption, A.D. 1669, that destroyed the possessions of near 30,000 people. Brydone calculates that volcanic stones have been discharged from *Ætna* to a height of 7000 feet.

Pliny's two letters to Tacitus on the subject of the eruption of Vesuvius, commemorated in the text, will always be read with deep interest.

"Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgements; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents: in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings, and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which de-

creased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner: it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so high the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger not only of being a-ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him, *Fortune, said he, befriends the brave; Carry me to Pomponianus.* Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it

is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I who were at Misenum—But as this has no connexion with your history, so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose: for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell."

"The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to

know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former letter broke off:

Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger: we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness: *If your brother and your uncle, said he, is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: Why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?* We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the

utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the Island of Caprea, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which as I was young I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on: she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed while we had yet any light to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was), than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh, or expression of fear, escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter: for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. How-

ever, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some account from my uncle.—

“And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and, indeed, you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear not to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell.”

V.

MOUNT ST BERNARD.

Hæc ubi saxa vides Bernardi in monte, Viator
Pennini quondam templa fuere Jovis:
Hospitium vetus, et multis memorabile sæclis;
Nunc colitur veri sanctior ara Dei.
Scilicet hic olim voluit sibi ponere sedem
Religio, et notis gaudet adesse jugis.
Utque prius blanda venientes voce salutat,
Deque viâ fessis alma ministrat opem.
Et fractas reparat vires, reficitque medelâ
Et fovet Alpino membra perusta gelu.
Aut, quos obruerit subita nix lapsa ruinâ
Eripit ex alta mole, vetatque mori.
Temperat et Boreæ rabiem, mollesque pruinas,
Et facit æterno vere tepere nives.

Where these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,
Once heavenwards sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,
An ancient shrine of hospitable Love,
Now burns the altar to the Christian's God.
Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod
The waste; still keeps her vigils; takes her rest;
Still, as of yore, salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each wayworn limb—or oft will start,
Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,
Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart,
Chafe his stiff limbs, and bid him not to die.

So tasked to smoothe stern Winter's drifting wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal spring.

It may be regretted that the *St Bernard Dogs* have not an honourable place in this beautiful description, of which the Latin and English lines are taken from the *Oxford Anthology*. The Dogs of St Bernard are not unsung, as may be seen in the following description by Rogers :

Night was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climbed among the clouds,
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from Heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door
So near the summit of the GREAT ST BERNARD;
That door which ever on its hinges moved
To them that knocked, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering Spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanour welcomed me,
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
While I alighted.

Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe, contemplating
That house, the highest in the Ancient World,
And placed there for the noblest purposes.
'Twas a rude pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
But to endure the shocks of Time and Chance;
Yet shewing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on for ever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men—when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in conflict.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;
The vesper-bell, for 'twas the vesper-hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant—move your lips in prayer!"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be called, so near to heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;

A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'Twas a scene
Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As though all worldly ties were now dissolved;—
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in shadow
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as having wandered from their way,
Had perished miserably. Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;
Their features full of life, yet motionless,
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the barred windows, barred against the wolf,
Are always open!

But the *Bise* blew cold;
And bidden to a spare, but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine,
And through the floor came up, an ancient matron
Serving unseen below; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls of native fir,)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime,
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as I saw them,
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone, in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentle impulses, to pleasure, mirth;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk,
Music; and gathering news from them that came,
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean-billows,
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed; and, sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up
A dog howls loud and long, and now, observe,
Digs with his feet how eagerly! A man,
Dying or dead, lies buried underneath!

Let us to work! there is no time to lose!—
But who descends Mont Velan? 'Tis La Croix.
Away, away! if not, alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering and falling, and but half awakened,
Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse. *

VI.

THE ALPS.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;

But hoary winter unadorn'd and bare,
 Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there ;
 There she assembles all her blackest storms,
 And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms ;
 Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
 And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
 That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
 And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

The Latin is by Silius Italicus, the English by Addison. The authorities and controversial writers on the subject of the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, are referred to in Dr Smith's *Dictionary*. The writer of the article concurs with Niebuhr and Arnold, in inferring that Hannibal crossed by the pass of Little St Bernard, whilst French writers generally are in favour of that by Mont Genève or Mont Cenis. Hannibal was fifteen days in crossing the Alps, and when he arrived in the valley of the Po, had only 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse. Hannibal's use of vinegar for the purpose of *softening* the Alps, seems credited by Livy, Juvenal, and Silius, but Polybius treats it with silence, as does Cornelius Nepos. In poetry, however, no one can willingly part with any line or word of *Juvenal's Hannibal*. Some of the sublimest description of Alpine scenery, in English verse, (as particularly of the mountain of the Jungfrau), occurs in Byron's *Manfred*. The following is the description of the Alps in Rogers' *Italy* :

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
 Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
 Still where they were, stedfast, immovable ;
 Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
 Of Mountains, stretching on from east to west,
 So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
 As to belong rather to Heaven than Earth—
 But instantly receives into his soul
 A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
 A something that informs him 'tis a moment
 Whence he may date henceforward and for ever ?

To me they seemed the barriers of a World,
 Saying, Thus far, no farther ! and as o'er
 The level plain I travelled silently,
 Nearing them more and more, day after day,
 My wandering thoughts my only company,
 And they before me still, oft as I looked,
 A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er me,
 A wonder as at things I had not heard of !
 Oft as I looked, I felt as though it were

For the first time!

Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to Rome
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared ; and the towered elephant
Upraised his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

Now the scene is changed ;
And o'er Mont Cenis, o'er the Simplon winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides ;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it were another, not the same,
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy-course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before.

Not such my path !
Mine but for those, who, like Jean Jaques, delight
In dizziness, gazing and shuddering on
Till fascination comes and the brain turns !
Mine, though I judge but from my ague-fits
Over the Drance, just where the Abbot fell,
The same as Hannibal's.

But now 'tis past,
That turbulent Chaos ; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness !
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair ITALY.

VII.

FÆSULÆ.

(A)

Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro ;
 Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis :
 Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus incita venis
 Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos.
 Talia Fæsuleo lentus meditabar in antro,
 Rure suburbano Medicûm, qua mons sacer urbem
 Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
 Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
 Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
 Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis.

Here whisper the tall pines I hold so dear,
 Here through the cypress boughs the zephyrs sigh,
 Here from the earth the bubbling fountain springs,
 And rolls pellucid o'er its chequer'd bed.

Thus pensive mus'd I, in the lonely grots
 Of Fæsulæ, great Medici's retreat
 From pomp and care, where on Florentia's towers,
 And on fair Arno winding through the vale,
 The sacred hill looks down : Lorenzo there
 His guests receives, and tranquil quiet seeks ;
 Lorenzo, happy prince ! the favour'd son
 Of Phœbus, and the Muses' firm support.

(B)

Oh Fæsulæ amœna

Frigoribus juga, nec nimium spirantibus auris !
 Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
 Esse dedit, glaucaque sua canescere sylvâ !
 Non ego vos posthac Arni de valle videbo
 Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
 Villarum longe nitido consurgere dorso,
 Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre cupressus
 Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

Oh Heights of Fæsulæ, cooled by refreshing and yet not tumultuous breezes; to whom Minerva has vouchsafed to be the glory of the Tuscan Apennines, and to be conspicuous for the peculiar verdure of your groves! I shall no longer behold you from the valley of the Arno, crowned with porticos and villas, or that ancient Cathedral, or those venerable cypresses, or those edifices that overhang edifices below.

The first piece is by Politian, the second by Gray. Fæsulæ is the most conspicuous and attractive object in the immediate vicinity of Florence. It is thus described by Eustace:

“Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence, it looks down on the vale of the Arno, and commands Florence with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands, are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey, founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyricized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo.”

It was from the top of Fæsulæ that Milton represents Galileo descrying the wonders of his newly-invented telescope:

Like the Moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of *Fæsulæ*,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.

VIII.

B A I Æ.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
 Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
 Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni,
 Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
 Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
 Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.
 Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
 Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus!
 Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
 Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
 I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
 Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
 And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
 You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
 The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
 And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
 And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
 Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
 Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell,
 In winter you may all the world despise,
 But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

The version of Martial's epigram is by Addison.—Baiaë was the winter retreat of the Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Baian Suns (*Baiani Soles*). The face of the country about Baiaë has been changed by earthquakes: the sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, the ruins of which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day at a considerable distance from the land, though the present bay of Baiaë is lined with the ruins of villas and baths. Horace notices a prevailing taste for building in the waters and encroaching on the sea in this very locality. The vicinity of Baiaë was considered by the Romans as under the peculiar favour of Venus, who had a celebrated temple there, the ruins of which are still visible. The ancient amusements of Baiaë are represented in a very agreeable as well as learned point of view

in the seventh scene of Bekker's *Gallus*, entitled 'A Day in Baiæ.' The smiling features and delicious climate of Baiæ afford a melancholy contrast between the beauties of nature and the crimes which have been perpetrated in that neighbourhood by those monsters of our species, Nero, Tiberius and Caracalla. Anstey took for the motto of his *Bath Guide* a line from Horace in praise of Baiæ, with a slight variation—"No place in the world is more attractive than the pleasant *Bath*."

Nullus in orbe sinus (locus) Baiis præluet amœnis.

IX.

A FORMIAN VILLA.

O temperatæ dulce Formiæ litus,
 Vos, cum severi fugit oppidum Martis,
 Et inquietas fessus exuit curas,
 Apollinaris omnibus locis præfert.
 Non ille sanctæ dulce Tibur uxoris,
 Nec Tusculanos, Algidosve secessus,
 Præneste nec sic, Antiumve miratur.
 Non blanda Circe, Dardanisve Cajeta
 Desiderantur, nec Marica, nec Liris,
 Nec in Lucrina lota Salmacis venâ.
 Hic summa leni stringitur Thetis vento;
 Nec languet æquor: viva sed quies Ponti
 Pictam phaselon adjuvante fert aurâ;
 Sicut puellæ non amantis æstatem
 Mota salubre purpurâ venit frigus.
 Nec sera longo quærit in mari prædam,
 Sed a cubili lectuloque jactatam
 Spectatus alte lineam trahit piscis.
 Si quando Nereus sentit Æoli regnum,
 Ridet procellas tuta de suo mensa.
 Piscina rhombum pascit, et lupos vernas;
 Natat ad magistrum delicata muræna.
 Nomenculator mugilem citat notum,
 Et adesse jussi prodeunt senes nulli.
 Frui sed istis quando Roma permittit?

Quot Formianos imputat dies annus
Negotiosis rebus urbis hærenti?
O janitores, villicique felices!
Dominis parantur ista; serviunt vobis.

O delightful shore of temperate Formia! Apollinaris, when he is able to fly from the city of ruthless Mars, and can lay aside for a time his wearisome cares, prefers you to every spot on earth. Tibur, Tusculum, Algidum, Prænestè, Antium, Mount Circe, the promontory of Gætæ, the grove of Lænia, the river Lyris, or Salmacis by the Lucrine lake, these are summer-retreats extolled by many; but Apollinaris prefers Formia to them all. Here the sea is not tost by storms, but its surface is placidly rippled by the Zephyrs. The air however is not so languid but that it gently wafts on its course the painted galley. The air may be compared to that raised by the fan of a damsel seeking to create an artificial coolness in the heat of the day. Do you wish to enjoy the amusement of fishing, you are not obliged to put out to sea to enjoy it: but, whilst you recline on your couch, you may see the fishes as they hook themselves to your line. If ever a storm, though rare, be raised, it is a pleasure to watch it in safety from your table. You have a fishpond stocked with turbots and pike, and the choicest delicacies of gastronomy. Lampreys swim to their master when he calls them. A Nomenclator cites your familiar mullets, and, aged servants as they are, they obey his call. But how rarely does Rome allow of such enjoyments! How few Formian days can any one who is immersed in the business of the city promise himself! Happy swains, and country domestics, these rural luxuries are prepared for your Masters, but, in truth, they wait upon You.

Martial has given several other descriptions of Roman Villas, as the Baian Villa of Faustinus, and Martialis's Villa which commanded a view of the seven hills of Rome, from which a motto is frequently taken for maps of Rome, and to which Pope appears to have been indebted for the expression, "And yours, my friends!" which may be seen inscribed over the door of a splendid mansion in Somersetshire. Roman villas are

placed in a lively and at the same time learned point of view in the fifth scene of Bekker's *Gallus*, entitled 'The Villa.' And they are adorned and peopled by the imagination of Sir Edward Lytton, in his *Last Days of Pompeii*. Rogers, in his *Italy*, notices the villas in that City of the Dead, and particularly adverts to the hospitable invitation conveyed in the word *Ave*, inscribed over the doors of villas, the import of which is more fully expressed by Pope,

Through this wide-opening gate
None come too early; none return too late.

The following descriptions by Pliny of two of his own villas, will give the reader a life-like representation of rural and literary enjoyment among the Romans.

"You are surprised, it seems, that I am so fond of my Laurentinum, or (if you like the appellation better) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder, when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive prospect of the sea-coast. It is but seventeen miles distant from Rome; so that having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth mile-stone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are in some parts sandy, which makes it something heavy and tedious if you travel in a coach, but easy and pleasant to those who ride. The landscape on all sides is extremely diversified, the prospect in some places being confined by woods, in others extending over large and beautiful meadows, where numberless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has drove from the mountains, fatten in the vernal warmth of this rich pasturage. My villa is large enough to afford conveniences, without being extensive. The porch before it is plain, but not mean, through which you enter into a portico in the form of the letter D, which includes a small, but agreeable area. This affords a very commodious retreat in bad weather, not only as it is inclosed with windows, but particularly as it is sheltered by an extraordinary projection of the roof. From the middle of this portico you pass into an inward court extremely pleasant, and from thence into a handsome hall which runs out towards the sea; so that when there is a south-west wind it is gently washed with the waves, which spend themselves at the foot of it. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides, as it were of three different seas: from the back part you see the middle court, the portico and the area; and by another view you look through the portico into the porch, from whence the prospect is terminated by the woods and mountains which are seen at a distance. On the left-hand of this hall, something farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, and beyond that, a second of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising, and another to the setting sun:

this has likewise a prospect of the sea, but being at a greater distance, is less incommoded by it. The angle which the projection of the hall forms with this drawing-room, retains and increases the warmth of the sun, and hither my family retreat in winter to perform their exercises: it is sheltered from all winds except those which are generally attended with clouds, so that nothing can render this place useless, but what at the same time destroys the fair weather. Contiguous to this, is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so placed as to receive the sun the whole day: in the walls are contrived a sort of cases, which contain a collection of such authors whose works can never be read too often. From hence you pass into a bed-chamber through a passage, which being boarded and suspended as it were over a stove which runs underneath, tempers the heat that it receives and conveys to all parts of this room. The remainder of this side of the house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freedmen; but however most of the apartments in it are neat enough to entertain any of my friends, who are inclined to be my guests. In the opposite wing is a room ornamented in a very elegant taste; next to which lies another room, which, though large for a parlour, makes but a moderate dining-room; it is exceedingly warmed and enlightened not only by the direct rays of the sun, but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this, is a bed-chamber together with its anti-chamber, the height of which renders it cool in summer, as its being sheltered on all sides from the winds makes it warm in winter. To this apartment another of the same sort is joined by one common wall. From thence you enter into the grand and spacious cooling room belonging to the baths, from the opposite walls of which two round basins project, large enough to swim in. Contiguous to this is the perfuming-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that the furnace which conveys the heat to the baths: adjoining are two other little bathing-rooms, which are fitted up in an elegant rather than costly manner: annexed to this, is a warm bath of extraordinary workmanship, wherein one may swim, and have a prospect at the same time of the sea. Not far from hence stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you ascend a sort of turret, which contains two entire apartments below; as there are the same number above, besides a dining-room which commands a very extensive prospect of the sea and coast, together with the beautiful villas that stand interspersed upon it. At the other end, is a second turret, containing a room which faces the rising and setting sun. Behind this, is a large room for a repository, near to which is a gallery of curiosities, and underneath a spacious dining-room, where the roaring of the sea, even in a storm, is heard but faintly: it looks upon the garden, and the *gestatio*, which surrounds the garden. The *gestatio* is encompassed with a box-tree hedge, and where that is decayed, with rosemary; for the box in those parts which are sheltered by the buildings, preserves its verdure perfectly well; but where by an open situation it lies exposed to the

dashing of the sea-water, though at a great distance, it entirely withers. Between the garden and this *gestatio* runs a shady walk of vines, which is so soft that you may walk barefoot upon it without any injury. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry-trees, to which this soil is as favourable, as it is averse to all others. In this place is a banqueting-room, which though it stands remote from the sea, enjoys however a prospect nothing inferior to that view: two apartments run round the back part of it, whose windows look upon the entrance of the villa, and into a very pleasant kitchen-garden. From hence an inclosed portico extends itself, which by its grandeur you might take for a public one. It has a range of windows on each side, but on that which looks towards the sea they are double the number of those next the garden. When the weather is fair and serene, these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the side the wind sits are shut, while the others remain unclosed without any inconvenience. Before this portico lies a terrace perfumed with violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which as it retains the rays, so it keeps off the north-east wind; and it is as warm on this side, as it is cool on the opposite: in the same manner it is a defence against the south-west; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds from what point soever they blow. These are some of the winter-advantages of this agreeable situation, which however are still more considerable in the summer; for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during all the forenoon, as it defends the *gestatio*, and that part of the garden which lies contiguous to it, from the afternoon sun, and casts a greater or less shade, as the day either increases or decreases; but the portico itself is then coolest when the sun is most scorching, that is, when its rays fall directly upon the roof. To these advantages I must not forget to add, that by setting open the windows, the western breezes have a free draught, and by that means the enclosed air is prevented from stagnating. On the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached building in the garden, which I call my favourite; and in truth I am extremely fond of it, as I erected it myself. It contains a very warm winter-room, one side of which looks upon the terrace, the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. Through the folding-doors you see the opposite chamber, and from the window is a prospect of the enclosed portico. On that side next the sea, and opposite to the middle wall, stands a little elegant retired closet, which by means of glass doors and a curtain, is either laid into the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: As you lie upon this couch, from the feet you have a prospect of the sea; if you look behind, you see the neighbouring villas; and from the head you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either distinctly from so many different windows in the room, or blended together in one confused prospect. Adjoining to this, is a bed-chamber, which neither the voice of the servants, the murmur of the sea, nor even the roaring of a tempest can reach; not

lightning nor the day itself can penetrate it, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity is occasioned by a passage, which divides the wall of this chamber from that of the garden, and thus by means of that void intervening space every noise is drowned. Annexed to this, is a small stove-room, which by opening a little window, warms the bed-chamber to the degree of heat required. Beyond this, lies a chamber and anti-chamber, which enjoys the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden-apartment, I fancy myself a hundred miles from my own house, and take particular pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia, when, by the license of that season of joy, every other part of my villa resounds with the mirth of my domestics: thus I neither interrupt their diversions, nor they my studies. Among the pleasures and conveniences of this situation, there is one disadvantage, and that is, the want of a running stream; but this defect is in a great measure supplied by wells, or rather I should call them springs, for they rise very near the surface. And indeed the quality of this coast is pretty remarkable; for in what part soever you dig, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of pure water, not in the least salt, though so near the sea. The neighbouring forests afford an abundant supply of fuel; as every other convenience of life may be had from Ostia: to a moderate man, indeed, even the next village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would furnish all common necessities. In that little place there are no less than three public baths; which is a great conveniency if it happens that my friends come in unexpectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is beautifully diversified by the joining or detached villas that are spread upon it, which whether you view them from the sea or the shore, have a much more agreeable effect, than if it were crowded with towns. It is sometimes, after a long calm, good travelling upon the coast, though in general, by the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea produces any very extraordinary fish; however it supplies us with exceeding fine soles and prawns: but as to provisions of other kinds, my villa pretends to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk; for thither the cattle come from the meadows in great numbers, in pursuit of shade and water. Tell me now, have I not just cause to bestow my time and my affection upon this delightful retreat? Surely you are unreasonably attached to the pleasures of the town, if you have no inclination to take a view of it; as I much wish you had, that to so many charms with which my favourite villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your presence to recommend it. Farewell."

"The kind concern you expressed when you heard of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany, and your obliging endeavours to dissuade me from going to a place which you think unhealthy, is extremely agreeable to me. I confess, indeed, the air of that part of Tuscany, which lies towards the coast, is thick and unwholesome: but

my house is situated at a great distance from the sea, under one of the Apennine mountains, which, of all others, is most esteemed for the clearness of its air. But that you may lay aside all apprehensions on my account, I will give you a description of the temperature of the climate, the situation of the country, and the beauty of my villa, which I am persuaded you will hear with as much pleasure as I shall relate. The winters are severe and cold, so that myrtles, olives, and trees of that kind which delight in constant warmth, will not flourish here; but it produces bay-trees in great perfection; yet sometimes, though indeed not oftener than in the neighbourhood of Rome, they are killed by the sharpness of the seasons. The summers are exceedingly temperate, and continually attended with refreshing breezes, which are seldom interrupted by high winds. If you were to come here and see the numbers of old men who have lived to be grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and hear the stories they can entertain you with of their ancestors, you would fancy yourself born in some former age. The disposition of the country is the most beautiful that can be imagined: figure to yourself an immense amphitheatre; but such as the hand of nature could only form. Before you lies a vast extended plain bounded by a range of mountains whose summits are covered with lofty and venerable woods, which supply variety of game; from hence, as the mountains decline, they are adorned with underwoods. Intermixed with these are little hills of so strong and fat a soil, that it would be difficult to find a single stone upon them; their fertility is nothing inferior to the lowest grounds; and though their harvest indeed is something later, their crops are well matured. At the foot of these hills the eye is presented, wherever it turns, with one unbroken view of numberless vineyards, which are terminated by a border, as it were, of shrubs. From thence you have a prospect of the adjoining fields and meadows below. The soil of the former is so extremely stiff, and upon the first ploughing it rises in such vast clods, that it is necessary to go over it nine several times with the largest oxen and the strongest ploughs, before they can be thoroughly broken; whilst the enamelled meadows produce trefoil, and other kinds of herbage as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up, being continually refreshed by never-failing rills. But though the country abounds with great plenty of water, there are no marshes; for as it is a rising ground, whatever water it receives without absorbing, runs off into the Tiber. This river, which winds through the middle of the meadows, is navigable only in the winter and spring, when it transports the produce of the lands to Rome: but its channel is so extremely low in summer, that it scarce deserves the name of a river: towards the autumn, however, it begins again to renew its claim to that title. You could not be more agreeably entertained, than by taking a view of the face of this country from the top of one of our neighbouring mountains: you would imagine that not a real, but some painted landscape lay before you, drawn with the most exquisite beauty and exactness; such an harmonious and

regular variety charms the eye, which way soever it throws itself. My villa is so advantageously situated, that it commands a full view of all the country round; yet you go up to it by so insensible a rise, that you find yourself upon an elevation without perceiving you ascended. Behind, but at a great distance, stand the Apennine mountains. In the calmest days we are refreshed by the winds that blow from thence, but so spent, as it were, by the long tract of land they travel over, that they are entirely divested of all their strength and violence before they reach us. The exposition of the principal front of the house is full south, and seems to invite the afternoon sun in summer (but something earlier in winter) into a spacious and well-proportioned portico, consisting of several members, particularly a porch built after the manner of the ancients. In the front of the portico is a sort of terrace, embellished with various figures, and bounded with a box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box answering alternately to each other, into a lawn overspread with the soft, I had almost said, the liquid acanthus: this is surrounded by a walk inclosed with tonsile evergreens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the gestatio laid out in the form of a circus, ornamented in the middle with box cut in numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the shears from running up too high: the whole is fenced in with a wall covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. On the outside of the wall lies a meadow that owes as many beauties to nature, as all I have been describing within does to art; at the end of which are several other meadows and fields interspersed with thickets. At the extremity of the portico stands a grand dining-room, which opens upon one end of the terrace; as from the windows there is a very extensive prospect over the meadows up into the country, from whence you also have a view of the terrace and such parts of the house which project forward, together with the woods inclosing the adjacent hippodrome. Opposite almost to the centre of the portico stands an apartment something backwards, which encompasses a small area, shaded by four plane-trees, in the midst of which a fountain rises, from whence the water running over the edges of a marble basin gently refreshes the surrounding plane-trees and the verdure underneath them. This apartment consists of a bed-chamber free from every kind of noise, and which the light itself cannot penetrate; together with a common dining-room that I use whenever I have none but familiar friends with me. A second portico looks upon this little area, and has the same prospect with the former I just now described. There is besides, another room which being situated close to the nearest plane-tree, enjoys a constant shade and verdure: its sides are incrustated half way with carved marble, and from thence to the ceiling a foliage is painted with birds intermixed among the branches, which has an effect altogether as agreeable as that of the carving; at the basis of which is placed a little fountain, that playing through several small pipes into a vase, produces a most pleasing

murmur. From a corner of the portico you enter into a very spacious chamber opposite to the grand dining-room, which from some of its windows has a view of the terrace, and from others of the meadow, as those in the front look upon a cascade, which entertains at once both the eye and the ear; for the water falling from a great height, foams round the marble basin, which receives it below. This room is extremely warm in winter, being much exposed to the sun, as in a cloudy day the heat of an adjoining stove very well supplies his absence. From hence you pass through a spacious and pleasant undressing room into the cold-bath-room, in which is a large gloomy bath: but if you are disposed to swim more at large, or in warmer water, in the middle of the area is a wide basin for that purpose, and near it a reservoir from whence you may be supplied with cold water to brace yourself again, if you should perceive you are too much relaxed by the warm. Contiguous to the cold-bath is one of a middling degree of heat, which enjoys the kindly warmth of the sun, but not so intensely as that of the hot-bath, which projects farther. This last consists of three several divisions, each of different degrees of heat; the two former lie open to the full sun, the latter, though not so much exposed to its heat, receives an equal share of its light. Over the undressing room is built the tennis-court, which by means of different circles admits of different kinds of games. Not far from the baths, is the staircase which leads to the inclosed portico, after having first passed through three apartments: one of these looks upon the little area with the four plane-trees round it, the other has a sight of the meadows, and from the third you have a view of several vineyards; so that they have as many different prospects as expositions. At one end of the inclosed portico, and indeed taken off from it, is a chamber that looks upon the hippodrome, the vineyards, and the mountains; adjoining is a room which has a full exposure to the sun, especially in winter: from hence runs an apartment that connects the hippodrome with the house: and such is the form and aspect of the front. On the side is a summer inclosed portico which stands high, and has not only a prospect of the vineyards, but seems almost to touch them. From the middle of this portico you enter a dining-room cooled by the wholesome breezes which come from the Apennine valleys: from the windows in the back front, which are extremely large, there is a prospect of the vineyards, as you have also another view of them from the folding-doors through the summer portico: along that side of this dining-room where there are no windows, runs a private staircase for the greater conveniency of serving at entertainments: at the farther end is a chamber from whence the eye is entertained with a view of the vineyards, and (what is equally agreeable) of the portico. Underneath this room is an inclosed portico something resembling a grotto, which enjoying in the midst of summer-heats its own natural coolness, neither admits nor wants the refreshment of external breezes. After you have passed both these porticos, at the end of the dining-room stands a third, which as the day is more or less ad-

vanced, serves either for winter or summer use. It leads to two different apartments, one containing four chambers, the other three, which enjoy by turns both sun and shade. In the front of these agreeable buildings lies a very spacious hippodrome, entirely open in the middle, by which means the eye, upon your first entrance, takes in its whole extent at one view. It is encompassed on every side with plane-trees covered with ivy, so that while their heads flourish with their own green, their bodies enjoy a borrowed verdure; and thus the ivy twining round the trunk and branches, spreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Between each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind these, bay-trees, which blend their shade with that of the planes. This plantation, forming a strait boundary on both sides of the hippodrome, bends at the farther end into a semicircle, which being set round and sheltered with cypress-trees, varies the prospect, and casts a deep and more gloomy shade; while the inward circular walks (for there are several) enjoying an open exposure, are perfumed with roses, and correct by a very pleasing contrast the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a strait walk, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box-hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another the box is cut into a thousand different forms; sometimes into letters, expressing the name of the master; sometimes that of the artificer: whilst here and there little obelisks rise intermixed alternately with fruit-trees: when on a sudden, in the midst of this elegant regularity, you are surprised with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature; in the centre of which lies a spot surrounded with a knot of dwarf plane-trees. Beyond these is a walk interspersed with the smooth and twining acanthus, where the trees are also cut into a variety of names and shapes. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines, supported by four small Carystian pillars. From this bench the water gushing through several little pipes, as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons who repose themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine polished marble basin, so artfully contrived, that it is always full without ever overflowing. When I sup here, this basin serves for a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl. Corresponding to this, is a fountain which is incessantly emptying and filling; for the water which it throws up a great height, falling back again into it, is by means of two openings returned as fast as it is received. Fronting the alcove (and which reflects as great an ornament to it, as it borrows from it) stands a summer-house of exquisite marble, whose doors project and open into a green inclosure; as from its upper and lower windows the eye is presented with a variety of different verdures. Next to this is a little private closet (which though it seems distinct, may be laid into the same room) furnished with a couch; and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys

a very agreeable gloominess, by means of a spreading vine which climbs to the top, and entirely overshades it. Here you may lie and fancy yourself in a wood, with this difference only, that you are not exposed to the weather; in this place a fountain also rises and instantly disappears: in different quarters are disposed several marble seats, which serve no less than the summer-house, as so many reliefs after one is wearied with walking. Near each seat is a little fountain; and throughout the whole hippodrome several small rills run murmuring along, wheresoever the hand of art thought proper to conduct them, watering here and there different spots of verdure, and in their progress refreshing the whole. . . .

"I have now informed you why I prefer my Tuscan villa to those which I possess at Tusculum, Tiber, and Præneste. Besides the advantages already mentioned, I here enjoy a more profound retirement, as I am at a farther distance from the business of the town, and the interruption of troublesome avocations. All is calm and composed; which contributes, no less than its clear and unclouded sky, to that health of body and cheerfulness of mind which I particularly enjoy here: both of which I keep in proper exercise by study and hunting. And indeed there is no place which agrees better with all my family in general; I am sure, at least, I have not yet lost one (and I speak it with the sentiments I ought) of all those I brought with me hither: and may the gods continue that happiness to me, and that honour to my villa! Farewell."

Besides these villas, Pliny, Lib. ix. Ep. 7, gives an account of two of his villas at Baia, one commanding a view of the lake from an eminence, the other situated on its margin; the first he called *Tragedy*, the other, *Comedy*. Pliny describes his mode of passing his time at his villas, in Lib. ix. Ep. 36 and 40. In Lib. iii. Ep. 5, he describes the manner in which the elder Pliny passed his time.

X.

A TIBURTINE VILLA.

Cernere facundi Tibur glaciale Vopisci
 Si quis, et inserto geminos Aniene penates;
 Aut potuit sociæ commercia noscere ripæ,
 Certantesque sibi dominum defendere villas.
 Illum nec calido latravit Sirius astro,
 Nec gravis aspexit Nemées frondentis alumnus.
 Talis hyems tectis, frangunt sic improba solem
 Frigora, Pisæumque domus non æstuat annum.

Visa manu tenera tectum scripsisse Voluptas.
Tunc Venus Idaliis unxit fastigia succis,
Permulsitque comas, blandumque reliquit honorem
Sedibus, et volucres vetuit discedere natos.
O longum memoranda dies! quæ mente reporto
Gaudia? quam lassos per tot miracula visus?
Ingenium quam mite solo? quæ forma beatis
Arte manus concessa locis? non largius usquam
Indulsit natura sibi, nemora alta citatis
Incubuerè vadis, fallax responsat imago
Frondebùs, et longas eadem fugit umbra per undas.
Ipse Anien (miranda fides) infraque superque
Saxeus hic tumidam rabiem, spumosaque ponit
Murmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci,
Pieriosque dies, et habentes carmina somnos.
Littus utrumque domi: nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit; alternas seruant prætoria ripas
Non externa sibi, fluviumque obstare queruntur.
Sestiacos nunc fama sinus, pelagusque natatum
Jactet, et audaci junctos delphinas Ephæbo.
Hic æterna quies, nullis hic jura procellis,
Nusquam fervor aquis: datur hic transmittere visus,
Et voces, et pæne manus; sic Chalcida fluctus
Expellunt fluvii, sic dissociata profundo
Brutia Sicanium circumspicit ora Pelorum.
Quid primum, mediumve canam? quo fine quiescam?
Auratasne trabes? an Mauros undique postes?
An picturata lucentia marmora venâ
Mirer? an emissas per cuncta cubilia lymphas?
Huc oculis, huc mente trahor; venerabile dicam
Lucorum senium? te quæ vada fluminis infra
Cernis? an ad sylvas quæ respicis, aula, jacentes?
Qua tibi tota quies, offensaque turbine nullo
Nox silet, et nigros imitantia murmura somnos.
An quæ graminea suscepta crepidine fumant
Balnea, et impositum ripis argentibus ignem?
Quique vaporiferis junctus fornacibus annis
Ridet anhelantes vicino flumine Nymphas?
Vidi artes, veterumque manus, variisque metalla
Viva modis: labor est auri memorare figuras,

Aut ebur, aut dignas digitis contingere gemmas.
Quicquid et argento primum, vel in ære Myronis
Lusit, et enormes manus est experta Colossos.
Dum vagor aspectu, visusque per omnia duco,
Calcabam nec opinus opes ; nam splendor ab alto
Defluus, et nitidum referentes aëra testæ
Monstravere solum, varias ubi picta per artes
Gaudet humus, suberantque novis Asarota figuris.
Expavere gradus ; quid nunc ingentia mirer ?
Aut quid partitis distantia tecta trichoris ?

Si la curiosité de quelqu'un le porte à voir le frais séjour de Tivoli, où demeure l'éloquent Vopiscus, et les deux Châteaux que separe le Teverone, il pourra connoître la liaison des deux rives amies, et l'un et l'autre appartement qui s'efforce à l'envi de deffendre son Maistre des incommoditez du chaud, quand le Chien celeste nous persecute de ses abbois, et que la constellation du Lion de Nemée nous regarde pour nous mettre en sueur, tant l'Hyver se plaist en ce lieu là. Le froid y rompt la force des rayons du Soleil : et jamais on ne s'y apperçoit de cette ardeur boüillante qui regne dans les campagnes de Pise, quand on celebre les jeux Olympiques. On diroit que la Volupté mesmes a peint cette maison de sa main delicate : que Venus y a répandu ses parfums d'Idalie, qu'elle en a peigné toutes les avenües ; qu'elle l'a honorée quelques-fois de son séjour : et qu'elle a defendu à ses Enfans qui sont si legers de l'abandonner jamais. O que je me souviendray long-temps du jour que je vis une si belle maison ! Quelles furent les agreables images que j'en rapportay en mon esprit ? De combien de miracles mes yeux se trouverent-ils remplis ? Que ce climat est doux ! et que l'art en ce lieu-là se trouve heureusement joint aux beautez de la Nature ! Certes elle ne paroist point ailleurs si liberale de ses dons. Les hauts arbres se tiennent doucement suspendus sur le canal du fleuve. L'image trompeuse des feüillages s'y represente dans l'eau, et l'ombre s'enfuit avec elle durant un fort long espace. Le Teverone qui est pierreux au dessus et au dessous, (chose presque incroyable) quitte en ce lieu là ses murmures et son impetuositè,

comme s'il avoit peur de troubler le repos du paisible Vopiscus passant les jours et les nuicts à mediter quelque bel ouvrage ou chef-d'œuvre de Poësie. L'un et l'autre bord du doux fleuve se trouve dans le logis, et il ne s'y divise point, non plus que l'edifice qui se joint sur les deux rives par l'arcade d'un Pont; de sorte qu'on ne sçauroit se plaindre que le fleuve le separe. Que la Renommée se glorifie maintenant de ce qu'elle a conté du détroit de Seste, de la Mer traversée à la nage, et des Daufins qui favorisèrent autrefois l'audace d'un jeune garçon. Il se trouve icy un eternel repos. Les tempestes n'ont point icy de pouvoir: Il n'y a point de colere des eaux. La veuë s'y porte aisement d'une rive à l'autre, on s'y entend parler, et l'on s'y touche presque de la main. Ainsi les flots de l'Euripe separent Chalcis de la Beotie. Ainsi la Brutze separée de la Sicile par un détroit de Mer, void le Promontoire de Pelore. Par où commenceray-je à parler d'une si belle chose? Et par où cesseray-je d'en parler? En decouvriray-je les poutres dorées, ou les lambris d'yvoire et de cedre? Ou admireray-je plustost les marbres luisans qui representent tant de figures differentes? Ou les eaux qui rejaillissent autour des chambres pour les rafraischir? Ce beau lieu arreste mes yeux et toutes mes pensées. Diray-je quelque chose de la venerable vieillesse de ces bois sacrez? De toy, grand Salon qui vois la riviere au dessous de tes fenestres? Ou de cét autre qui regarde les bois, où regne le silence; de sorte que le repos et la nuict y sont sans trouble avec un doux murmure qui n'a pas plus de violence, que celui du Sommeil? Ou parleray-je des Bains qui fument le long de la coste tapissée de verdure? Parleray-je du feu qui se fait sentir auprès de la glace, où le fleuve couvert par des voûtes fumeuses se mocque des Nymphes qui se mettent hors d'haleine dans le canal de son voisin. J'y ay vû des ouvrages artistes de la main des Anciens, et des métaux animez de manieres diverses. J'aurois de la piene à raconter toutes les figures que j'ay veuës dans l'or. Je ne sçauois représenter ny les yvoires, ny les pierres precieuses dignes d'estre portées aux doigts, qui s'y offrent aux yeux des regardans; ny tout ce que la main de Miron y a fait en or et en cuivre par des

jeux d'esprit, où il a aussi éprouvé son industrie sur de prodigieux Colosses de cuivre. Tandis qu'en me promenant, je portois ma veuë de tous costez, je marchois sans y penser sur des tresors de grand prix : car la splendeur qui tomboit d'enhaut, et les coquillages polis qui representoient parfaitement la netteté de l'air, montroient la partie d'enbas, où le plancher sembloit se glorifier de toutes les figures agreables, dont il estoit diversifié, quoy qu'elles fussent mises sous les pieds, et difficiles à ballier. Je n'osois marcher sur un pavé si precieux. Après cela comment est-ce que je pourrois marquer mon étonnement touchant les grandes choses ? Ou de quels termes me pourrois-je servir pour depeindre les trois grands corps de logis de ce rare bastiment ?

The version is in the antiquated French of Marolles. The *Silvæ* of Statius, far more interesting, it is conceived, to a modern reader than his *Thebaid*, have never been translated into English. Statius's description of the Tiburtine Villa is extended to fifty more lines. And his *Silvæ* contain a description in a hundred and fifty-four lines of a *Surrentine* villa belonging to Pollius.

Tivoli is rendered classic ground by several delightful associations of description and sentiment in the *Odes* of Horace, being the spot which he must have often frequented in his visits to Mæcnas, and which he longed for as the retreat of his old age, if, indeed, he had not a villa there, which is matter of controversy. Catullus also wrote a poetical letter of thanks to his Tiburtine Villa for recruiting his spirits after suffering from the effects of a tedious *recitation* at Rome. He tells his villa, that every one who wanted to plague him called it a Sabine Villa, but all who courted his favour called it a Tiburtine Villa. Here Mæcnas had a villa, to which he repaired by the advice of his physician, in order that he might overcome the sleeplessness, which was a principal symptom of his malady, by the distant sounds of falling water. The ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli have been a mine of treasures of ancient art. The peculiarities of the scenery at Tivoli have been described by Gray in a letter to West. The following description is by Eustace :

“But the pride and ornament of Tivoli are still, as anciently, the fall and the windings of the Anio, now *Teverone*. This river having meandered from its source through the vales of Sabina, glides gently through Tivoli, till coming to the brink of a rock it precipitates itself in one mass down the steep, and then boiling for an instant in its narrow channel, rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below. The first fall may be seen from the windows of the inn or from the

temple; but it appears to the greatest advantage from the bridge thrown over the narrow channel a little below it. From this bridge also you may look down into the shattered rock, and observe far beneath the writhings and agitation of the stream struggling through its rocky prison. To view the second fall, or descent into the cavern, we went down through a garden by a winding path into the narrow dell, through which the river flows after the cascade, and placing ourselves in front of the cavern, beheld the Anio in two immense sheets tumbling through two different apertures, shaking the mountain in its fall, and filling all the cavities around with spray and uproar."

XI.

DOMITIAN'S FISHPOND.

Bajano procul a lacu monemus,
 Piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
 Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ,
 Qui norunt Dominum, manumque lambunt
 Illam, qua nihil est in orbe majus.
 Quid, quod nomen habent, et ad magistri
 Vocem quisque sui venit citatus?
 Hoc quondam Libys impius profundo,
 Dum prædam calamo tremente ducit,
 Raptis luminibus repente cæcus
 Captum non potuit videre piscem:
 Et nunc sacrilegos perosus hamos,
 Bajanos sedet ad lacus rogator.

Fisherman! I caution you to hasten away from the Baian lake, lest you depart with a load of crime. The fishes that swim in these waters are sacred. They know their Lord, they kiss the hand than which there is nothing more powerful in the whole world. Would you believe it possible, it is a fact that these fishes have all proper names, and when *absence is called*, (a word to Etonians) every fish answers to his name? A certain African had once the temerity to fish in this pond; but whilst he was dragging

his prey out of the water, he was struck with sudden blindness, and never saw what he had taken. The man to this day goes on execrating the sacrilegious hook, as he sits close to this very Baian lake imploring alms.

It is probable that Martial alludes to some wretch whose eyes may have been put out by order of Domitian for fishing in his pond, and who may have been afterwards compelled to act the part of a scarecrow. The tractability of fishes under the tuition of the Romans, is noticed in Martial's description of the Formian Villa in this collection. Ælian, in his chapters upon Animals, relates several remarkable anecdotes of Roman fish, as particularly a lamprey, belonging to Crassus, which was adorned with female ornaments, and honoured with a splendid funeral. Pliny relates some wonderful particulars concerning the familiarity between a Dolphin and a boy, who used to swim on the fish's back. The author has in his possession a Tarentine coin, about the period B. C. 400, representing Taras, son of Neptune, on a Dolphin's back. The story of Arion seems to have reference to a tradition of this nature. Shakspeare applies the tradition to the Dauphin of France, and the designs of Catharine de Medicis to marry him to Queen Elizabeth, a passage very curious in an historical point of view. It occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a *Mermaid* on a *Dolphin's* back.

The Brahmins of India have established a considerable familiarity with the finny tribe, and with pet crocodiles, in some of the sacred ponds attached to their pagodas.

XII.

THE HOT SPRINGS NEAR CICERO'S ACADEMY.

Quo tua, Romanæ vindex clarissime linguæ,

Silva loco melius surgere jussa viret,

Atque Academiæ celebratam nomine villam

Nunc reparat cultu sub potiore Vetus :

Hic etiam adparent lymphæ non ante repertæ,

Languida quæ infuso lumina rore levant.

Nimirum locus ipse sui Ciceronis honori

Hoc dedit, hâc fontes cum patefecit ope,

Ut quoniam totum legitur sine fine per orbem,

Sint plures, oculis quæ medeantur, aquæ.

Father of Eloquence in Rome !
The Groves that once pertained to thee,
Now with a fresher verdure bloom
Around thy fam'd Academy.

Vetus at length this favour'd seat
Hath with a tasteful care restor'd ;
And newly at thy lov'd retreat
A gushing fount its stream has poured.

These waters cure an aching sight ;
And thus the Spring that bursts to view
Through future ages shall requite
The fame this spot from Tully drew.

The Latin lines are interesting as having been written by a freedman of Cicero. The elder Pliny, in his *Natural History*, quotes the above verses with applause, and mentions the occasion of them, which was the bursting forth of a fountain, very wholesome for the eyes, near Cicero's villa, called the Academy, shortly after his death. The English version, by Elton, does not well express the point in the original, that a remedy for the eyes was a gift of nature very appropriate to the place whence had emanated writings on which so many eyes throughout the world were poring.

Addison, in his *Travels in Italy*, mentions that the locality contains many baths in which sulphur abounds ; and that there is scarce a disease that has not a bath adapted to it. One bath still was called the Bath of Cicero. Some writers reckon up eighteen villas of Cicero, besides little inns or baiting-places. Dr Middleton has given a description of Cicero's principal villas. The Tusculan was the nearest to Rome, and the most adorned, for here Cicero spent the greatest share of his leisure. His best collection of books was in his villa at Antium, about thirty miles from Rome. His villa called the Academy, mentioned in the text, was built after the plan of the Academy at Athens, with a grove and portico for philosophical conferences. Here Cicero composed the last of his dialogues, that upon *Fate* ; and here afterwards Hadrian died.

XIII.

THE PO, WITH ITS MYTHOLOGY.

— Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus :
Fultaque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anhelii.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cynique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans,
Clara noti convexa rigat.—

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffused a yellow light :
No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head :
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set the unhappy Phaëton to view :
The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
And the whole fable in the mantle glowed :
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,

Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
 And in the constellations wrote his tale.
 A swan in memory of Cynus shines ;
 The mourning sisters weep in watery signs ;
 The burning chariot, and the charioteer,
 In bright Boötes and his wain appear :
 Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
 That washed the body of his blasted son.

The description is from Claudian. Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, and Frascatoro, have immortalized the river Po. It has been called the king of Italian rivers ; it receives thirty tributary streams, includes in its windings a course of three hundred miles, and bathes the walls of fifty towns and cities. As in the time of Claudian, the principal ornament of the banks of the Po, according to Eustace, consists of groves of forest-trees, that shade its margin, and as they hang over it, and sometimes bathe their branches in its waves, enliven it by the reflection of their thick and verdant foliage. Among these, the poplars, into which the sisters of Phaeton are fabled to have been metamorphosed, are predominant, and by their height and spreading form add considerably to the beauty of the scenery. Neither Addison nor Eustace make any mention of *swans*, though a classical traveller might be supposed to strain his eyes to search in the Po for a representative of Cynus.

XIV.

THE PO FROZEN.

Qui Phaetonteos extinxit plurimus ignes
 Pene gelu absumptis nunc Padus aret aquis,
 Atque repentinos Borealia frigora pontes
 Struxere, et sicco pervia lympha pedi est.
 Quâque rates variis oneratæ mercibus ibant,
 Nunc plaustri junctos cernimus ire boves.
 Ad nova concurret spectacula vulgus, et audax
 Turba per insuetum fluminis errat iter.
 Mira quidem sunt hæc ; sed te mirabile Princeps
 Optime, nil ætas protulit ulla magis.

The Po which extinguished the conflagration kindled by Phaëton is now dry by means of the Ice which has

bound all its waters.—The Northern frosts have suddenly constructed bridges across it, and it may now be traversed with a dry foot.—Where ships laden with merchandizes sailed through the waters, now you may see oxen drawing the waggons to which they are yoked. The vulgar crowd rush to behold the novel spectacle, and take a pride in shewing how boldly they can walk over the top of a river.—These phenomena are miraculous indeed; but the exceeding good Prince of this land is a more astonishing miracle even than the congelation of the Po.

Among the rare tracts published by the Percy Society is a collection relative to the freezings of the Thames, with engravings and songs. There is extant a paper, in which Charles II. and his family printed their names on the Thames, on January 31, 1684. It appears that from the beginning of December, 1683, to the 4th of February, there was a street of booths on the Thames. Like phenomena occurred previously in the years 1092, 1281, 1564, 1608, 1675, and subsequently in 1715, 1739, 1814, which last continued from the 27th of December to the 5th of February. The frost of A.D. 1675 is the subject of a poem in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, entitled *Thamesis Vincit*: it commemorates the boiling and roasting on the Thames:

Undantia flammis

Ordine ahena locant, verubusque immania figunt
Terga boum.

Gay, in his *Trivia*, thus commemorates the freezure of 1715, which lasted from the latter part of November to the 9th of February:

O roving Muse! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziars crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide:
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair;
Doll every day had walked these treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cried; but death her voice confounds;
And pip—pip—pip—along the ice resounds.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 247, alludes to the tongue of the apple-woman, said to have cried "pippins" after her head was cut off. It is a paper upon the subject of female tongues, where he cites a description from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, of the tongue of a woman being cut out and thrown upon the ground, when "it could not forbear muttering even in that *posture*."

XV.

BUILDING ACCOUNT BETWEEN DOMITIAN AND JUPITER.

Quantum jam superis, Cæsar, cœloque dedisti,
 Si repetas, et si creditor esse velis;
 Grandis in æthero licet auctio fiat Olympo,
 Coganturque Dei vendere quidquid habent:
 Conturbabit Atlas, et non erit uncia tota,
 Decidat tecum qua pater ipse Deûm.
 Pro Capitolinis quid enim tibi solvere templis,
 Quid pro Tarpejæ frondis honore potest?
 Quid pro culminibus geminis Matrona Tonantis?
 Pallada prætereo: res agit illa tuas.
 Quid loquar Alciden, Phœbumque, piosque Laconas?
 Addita quid Latio Flavia templa polo?
 Exspectes, et sustineas, Auguste, necesse est:
 Nam tibi quod solvat, non habet arca Jovis.

If thou shouldst challenge what is due to thee
 From Heav'n, and Heav'n's creditor would be:
 If public sale should be cried through the spheres,
 And the Gods sell all to satisfy arrears,
 Atlas will bankrupt prove, nor one sous be
 Reserved for Jupiter to treat with thee.
 What can'st thou for the Capitol receive?
 Or for Tarpeian fane's immortal wreath?
 Or what will Juno give thee for her shrine?
 Pallas I pass, she waits on thee and thine.
 Alcides, Phœbus, Pollux, I pass by,
 And Flavia's Temple neighbouring to the sky.
 Cæsar thou must forbear, and *trust* the Heaven,
 Jove's chest has not enough to make all even.

Suetonius mentions that Domitian rebuilt the Capitol, which had been destroyed by fire, for the third time, and that he restored other edifices, but all in his own name, without any mention of the original founders: that he likewise erected a new Temple in the Capitol to Jupiter Custos, and a Forum, a Stadium, an Odeum, and Naumachia, and the Temple of the Flavian family. To crown the pyramid of magnificent edifices that adorned the Capitoline Hill, rose the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with the plunder of the world. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left side, and Minerva on his right, sat Jupiter the Thunderer, on a throne of gold, in one hand wielding the sceptre of the Roman Empire, and, in the other, grasping a thunderbolt. The threshold of the temple was of bronze, the valves of its portals of gold. The pediment, the sides, and the summit of the roof, presented images of gods, heroes, horses and chariots, the Roman Eagle, and its attendant Victory, all of bronze, silver, or gold. The gilding alone is related to have cost Domitian 12,000 talents; wherefore Plutarch observed of that Emperor, that he was like Midas, desirous of turning every thing into gold. Of the ancient glory of the Capitol, nothing is now remaining but the solid foundation, which, according to the prediction of the poet, continues immoveable, *Capitoli immobile saxum*.

Perhaps no epigram, even of Martial, exceeds that in the text for impious adulation. Waller's verses on the re-building of Somerset House, and of St Paul's, contain bold flights of English adulation in the same line of sycophancy, in regard to royal architecture. Of the first, Waller writes to the Queen:

But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This, like the first creation, shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Of St Paul's, as rebuilt after the fire of London, he sings:

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend;
The King built all, but Charles the western end:
So proud a fabric to devotion given,
At once it threatens and obliges heaven.

Waller's compliments to Charles II. on his improvements in St James's Park are in the same style, but varied by an eulogy on the King's skill at trap-ball:

No sooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 't were shot!

XVI.

THE PALATINE MOUNT.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti
Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat, et summi sentit fastigia juris.
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris,
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis. Juvat infra tecta Tonantis
Cernere Tarpeiâ pendentes rupe Gigantes,
Cælatasque fores, mediisque volantia signa
Nubibus, et densum stipantibus æthera templis,
Æraque vestitis numerosâ puppe columnis
Consita, subnixasque jugis immanibus ædes,
Naturam cumulante manu ; spoliisque micantes
Innumeros arcus. Acies stupet igne metalli,
Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro.

To Palatine's high mount see homage flows ! . . .
No other residence was ever made
For those whose pow'rs the universe pervade ;
Such noble dignity no hill displays,
Nor equal magnitude of empire sways.
The lofty palace tow'ring to the sky,
Beholds below the courts of justice lie ;
The num'rous temples round, and ramparts strong,
That to th' immortal deities belong ;
The Thund'r'er's domes ; suspended giant race
Upon the summit of Tarpeian space ;
The sculptur'd doors, in air the banners spread ;
The num'rous tow'rs that hide in clouds their head ;
The columns girt with naval prows of brass ;
The various buildings rais'd on terreous mass ;
The works of Nature joining human toils,
And arcs of triumph deck'd with splendid spoils.
The glare of metal strikes upon the sight,
And sparkling gold o'erpow'rs with dazzling light.

The original is by Claudian, the translation by Hawkins; another English version is given by Addison, in his *Travels in Italy*. Eustace writes: "We then ascended the Palatine Mount. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas, and a convent. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the Universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans, or their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace which looked towards the west, some apartments remain vaulted, and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins as to be now subterranean."

XVII.

COLISÆUM.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis,
 Assiduus jactet nec Babylona labor;
 Nec Triviæ templo molles laudentur honores,
 Dissimuletque deum cornibus ara frequens:
 Aëre nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea,
 Laudibus immodicis Cares in astra ferant.
 Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor Amphitheatro:
 Unum præ cunctis fama loquatur opus.

Why sing the wonders of th' Egyptian shore?
 Let far-fam'd Babylon be prais'd no more,
 Let not Ionia vaunt Diana's fane,
 Nor Libya of her horned-God be vain.
 Nor let the Carian town extol so high
 Its Mausoleum, hanging in the sky;
 In Cæsar's Amphitheatre are shown
 These rival glories all combined in one:
 Let Fame henceforth her clam'rous tongue confine
 To sing the beauties of that dome divine.

The Colosseum was commenced by the Emperor Vespasian, and finished by Titus. The opening of it was celebrated by the slaughter of 9000 wild beasts in the arena. It was capable of containing about 87,000 spectators; it covers altogether five acres of ground. Where it is perfect, the exterior is an hundred and sixty feet high. (Concerning the

modern excavations, see Mr Whiteside's *Vicissitudes of the Eternal City.*) Claudian thus describes a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre :

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
 Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
 Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
 Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
 Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
 Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.

So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
 That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
 His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
 Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
 His angry keeper goads him to the fight,
 Bent on his knee: the savage glares around,
 Scar'd with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound;
 Then, rearing on his hinder paws, retires,
 And the vast hissing multitude admires.

Martial has a whole book of epigrams concerning the diversions of the amphitheatre—as Europa carried to the sky on a bull's back, the sports of a lion and a hare, the elephant which fell on his knees to the Emperor, (notwithstanding Lord Coke's comparison between that animal and the unbending parliament-man, the subject of one of Swift's poems), the wild-beast, that brought forth young at the moment of receiving its death-wound, (an epigram which furnished Lord Bacon with a compliment to King James), and the lion that killed its keeper. The ancient story of the meeting on the arena between Androcles and his old friend the lion, whom he had cured from a wound by a thorn in Africa, is related in the *Guardian*.

The Colosseum has been celebrated by several English poets. Addison writes :

An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight;
 That, on its public shows, *unpeopled* Rome,
 And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb.

And Lord Byron:

But here, where murder breathed her bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise,
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
 Alas! develop'd, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls—the world." From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times.

XVIII.

NERO'S GOLDEN HOUSE, TITUS'S BATHS, AND CLAUDIAN'S
PORTICO.

Hic, ubi sidereus propius videt astra Colossus,
 Et crescunt mediâ pegmata celsa viâ;
 Invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis,
 Unaque jam totâ stabat in urbe domus.
 Hic, ubi conspicui venerabilis Amphitheatri
 Erigitur moles, stagna Neronis erant.
 Hic, ubi miramur velocia munera, thermas;
 Abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.
 Claudia diffusas ubi porticus explicat umbras,
 Ultima pars aulæ deficientis erat.
 Reddita Roma sibi est; et sunt, te præside, Cæsar,
 Deliciæ populi, quæ fuerant domini.

Here, where that high Coloss the stars surveys,
 And lofty engines swell up in the ways,
 The envied Courts of Nero shined : And one,
 One only House this City filled alone.
 Here, where the Amphitheatre's vast pile
 Is now erected, were his Pools erewhile.
 Where we admire the Baths, that swift-form'd gift,
 The proud field from poor men their dwellings shrift.
 Where Claudia's Walk extends its ample shade,
 Was erst the postern of his palace made.
 Rome's to itself returned ; and in thy name,
 What once was Cæsar's, now the People claim.

The translation, a little modified, is by Fletcher ; he construed *velocia*, *running* ; the epithet seems to relate to the circumstance, mentioned by Suetonius, of the expeditious formation of Titus's Baths.

As Martial relates, the Colisæum covered only a portion of the site of Nero's palace, and its pleasure-grounds. This palace, from the gold which shone in profusion on every side of it, was called (*Domus Aurea*), the Golden House. Suetonius gives the following details of this enormous edifice : " In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height. There were three porticos, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars. The garden resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, pasture-grounds for herds, paddocks for wild beasts. There was a lake, on the banks of which rose several edifices that resembled towns. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were adorned with ivory pannels, so contrived as to scatter flowers and shower perfumes on the guests. The principal banquetting room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens ; the baths were supplied with salt-water from the sea, and mineral water from Salfatara."

With regard to the colossal figure of the Sun, mentioned by Martial, this was no other than Nero's colossus of himself, of which Vespasian struck off the late Emperor's head, and substituted that of Apollo, encircled with twelve golden rays. A pasquinade is mentioned by Suetonius to have been composed with reference to Nero's golden house :

Roma domus fiet ; Veios migrate Quirites !

Si non et Veios occupat ista domus.

Rome will be all *one House* ; to Veii fly !

If that House move not thither by and by.

Titus's Baths were inferior in extent to those of Caracalla and Diocletian, but had an advantage over them in being erected before the

decay of the arts. They now constitute a subterranean museum, whose walls and vaults are adorned with stuccoes perfectly preserved, and covered with arabesques and paintings. The group of the Laocoon was discovered among the ruins of Titus's Baths, as the Farnese Hercules and Farnese Bull were discovered in those of Caracalla. The public baths, besides containing spacious halls for bathing, with many hundred marble seats, had apartments for reading and recitations, and porticos and gymnasiums for exercise. They were adorned with paintings and statues, and surrounded by plantations. Temples were sometimes attached to them. Even in the rude age of Lucilius, the business of the bath consisted of numerous details:

Scabor, suppilor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expolior, pingor.

I scratch myself, pluck out my superfluous hairs, rub off my scales, pumice my skin, adorn, polish, and paint myself.

With regard to the Claudian *Portico*, Pitiscus in his *Lexicon* has given a complete list of all the Porticos of Rome. Mention of Porticos occurs in numerous epigrams of Martial, who describes them as the resorts of men of business, and those of literary leisure (Stoics or Peripatetics), of loungers, and of supper-hunters. They seem to have resembled in this respect our *Paul's Walk* mentioned in our ancient dramatists and in Bishop Hall's *Satires*, where serjeants-at-law had their pillars, and where Duke Humphrey was supposed to have entertained at dinner those who could not get invited elsewhere. The Piazza at Covent Garden, when theatres flourished in England, partook of the character of a Roman portico. A magnificent description is given by Propertius of the opening of a portico by Augustus called the Palatine Portico, dedicated to Apollo. It was supported by pillars of Numidian marble, embellished with paintings and statues, and emblazoned with brass and gold. It enclosed the library and temple of Apollo so often alluded to by the writers of the Augustan age. Groves and fountains were luxuries attached to several of the porticos. Paintings of Apelles and Zeuxis were affixed to the portico of Hercules. That of Gordian, in the Campus Martius, was a mile long, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns: that of Gallienus extended near two miles along the Via Flaminia. The portico mentioned in the text was shaded by a vine of extraordinary luxuriance; probably the prototype of the vine at Hampton Court.

XIX.

CONCOURSE OF ALL NATIONS AT ROME.

Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara, Cæsar,
 Ex qua spectator non sit in urbe tua ?
 Venit ab Orpheo cultor Rhodopeius Hæmo,
 Venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo ;
 Et qui prima bibit deprensi flumina Nili,
 Et quem supremæ Tethyos unda ferit.
 Festinavit Arabs, festinavere Sabæi ;
 Et Cilices nimbis hic maduere suis.
 Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri,
 Atque aliter tortis crinibus Æthiopes.
 Vox diversa sonat : populorum est vox tamen una ;
 Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater.

What conflux issuing forth, or entering in !
 Prætors, Proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting, and on return, in robes of state ;
 Lictors and rods, and ensigns of their power.
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
 Or Embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadows both ways fall,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,
 The realm of Bacchus, to the black-moor sea ;
 From the Asian kings, and Parthians, among these
 From India, and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane ;
 Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed ;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west.
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool,—
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay.

The English lines were suggested apparently by Martial's epigram, but
 how improved by Milton ! They are taken from the inimitable tableaux of

Athens and Rome sketched by the Tempter on the Mount, in the *Paradise Regained*. Juvenal's complaint that, besides Rome being infested by a profligate horde of Greeks, the Nile and Orontes had flowed into the Tiber, is thus paraphrased by Dr Johnson in his *London* :

London! The needy villain's general home,
 The common sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted State.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
 I cannot bear a French Metropolis.

XX.

AMERICA.

Qua sese ingenti terrarum America tractu
 Porrigit, atque orbis spectat utrumque polum ;
 Passim magnifica ostentat miracula rerum
 Natura, et vastas prodiga fundit opes.
 Hic, qualis nec Pyrene consurgit ad auras,
 Nec magna excelso stat Teneriffa jugo,
 Hic adeo aëriis redimiti nubibus Andes,
 Æterna attollunt culmina operta nive.
 Grandior hic fervet torrens, fremituque marino
 Amplior incursat littora longa lacus :
 Tum pelagi in morem per mille ingentia regna
 Devolvit vastas plurimus amnis aquas.
 Talis Hyperboreum subter Laurentius axem
 Immani longum gurgite radit iter.
 Talis Orinocus, surgentisque æmula ponti
 Plata, in Atlantæum præcipitata salum.
 Quid culta Europæ invidas ? circum undique lustrans
 Nativum patrii littoris, Inde, decus ?

Through those regions in which America stretches forth her vast tracts of land to the vicinity of either pole, Nature exhibits every where her magnificent wonders, and her prodigality of wealth. There, casting into insignifi-

cance the summits of the Pyrenees, and the lofty Peak of Teneriffe, the Andes are covered with eternal snow, and are half concealed by enveloping clouds.—The torrent of waters is there more awfully grand; the Lake dashes against its long-extended margin with ocean-like surges; many a River sweeps its gigantic course, as though it were a Sea, through a succession of populous States.—Witness the St Lawrence, the Orinoco, the La Plata! with what magnificence and impetuosity do they hurl their mighty mass of waters into the Atlantic! Why envy, O Indian, the cultivated scenery of Europe? Are you not surrounded by Nature's marvels, which, if they be without, are above all ornament?

The Latin is by the Marquis of Wellesley.

XXI.

ANCIENT SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Tot colles Romæ, quot sunt spectacula *Trojæ*,

Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo :

Ista manent *Trojæ* spectacula : 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,

3. *Histrion*, 4. *Dementes*, 5. *Struthiones*, 6. *Ursa*. 7. *Leones*.

Seven hills there were in Rome, and so there be

Seven sights in New-Troy crave our memory :

1. Tombs, 2. Guild-Hall Giants, 3. Stage-plays, 4. Bedlam poor,

5. Ostrich, 6. Bear-Garden, 7. Lions in the Tower.

With reference to the sights of *Troy*, the traditions of Brute the Trojan, great grandson of *Æneas*, founding London, are mentioned in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History*, and are sanctioned by Camden in his *Britannia*, and Milton in his *History of England*, and Whitelock in his *Treatise on the Parliamentary Writ*. They were solemnly advanced by Edward I. and his nobility in a letter to Pope Boniface, in regard to the controversy concerning the subjection of the Crown of Scotland. The subject is further treated of in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, and in the author's notes to Fortescue, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*.

A particular account of the giants in Guildhall, will be found in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, Vol. III. p. 610. It would appear, that originally giants made of wicker were kept in Guildhall, and used for pageants, and that at the restoration of the hall, A. D. 1708, the present Gog and Magog were constructed of wood carved and gilt.

The amusements of the Bear Garden are frequently mentioned by old English writers. The following description of the sport by Stow, may shew the interest our ancestors took in it: "For it was a sport alone of these beasts to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assaults; if he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; and if he were once taken, then what shift with biting, clawing, roaring, tugging, grasping, tumbling, and tossing, he would work to wind himself away; and, when he was loose, to shake his ears with the blood and slaver about his phisnomy, was a pittance of good relief."

The following ancient description of England is concise, and is true in the present day, as regards one, at least, of the items.

Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

For wool, and women, streams with bridges crown'd,
Mountains, and fountains, England is renown'd.

XXII.

DRUNKEN BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Inde prato per amæno
Dormiens temulentè fæno,
Rivus surgit et me capit,
Et in flumen altè rapit;
"Quorsum?" clamant; "Nuper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terrâ."

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th' river rose and took me roundly
Down the current; people cried:
Sleeping down the stream I hied:
"Where away?" quoth they, "from Greenland?"
"No; from Wansforth-brigs in England."

Harringtoni dedi nummum
Et fortunæ pæne summum.

Thence to Harrington, be it spoken !
For *name-sake* I gave a token.

Veni Bruarton, Claudī domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem.

Thence to Bruarton, old Claudus
Did approve us and applaud us.
Where I heard a woeful bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating :
Neighbour rode for this default,
Whilst I dyed my front with malt.

Veni Banbury, O prophanum !
Ubi vidi Puritanum
Felem facientem furem
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.

To Banbury came I, O profane One !
Where I saw a Puritane-one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans "Miserere Mei,"
Atriis, angulis, confestim
Evitandi curâ pestem
Fugi; mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, "Lord, have mercy on me,"
On the portals, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted :
Though from death none may be spared,
I to die was scarce prepared.

The sign of the inn at Wansford, a few years ago at least, represented this adventure of the floating haycock; and the place has acquired the name of Wansford in England.

With regard to *Harrington's* tokens, in the year 1613 tokens of lead and base metal, which had been issued by tradesmen for want of a small coinage, were abolished by royal proclamation; and another proclamation shortly afterwards declared that John Harrington, baron, was empowered to make "a competent quantity of farthing tokens of copper." People were not compelled to take them in payment, and they were very unpopular, which was probably hinted at, by giving one of them away.

As regards the Banbury Puritan, there may be mentioned an anecdote concerning John Ellis, of whom Dr Johnson said, "It is wonderful, sir, what is to be found in London. The most literary conversation that I ever enjoyed was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-scrivener behind the Royal Exchange." John Ellis's mother was one of the fierce old Calvinists; she had him flogged at school, for looking at a top on a Sunday, which she had given him the day before.

A *Skimmington*, which was the procession Barnaby witnessed at Bruerton, is particularly described in Part II. Canto 11 of *Hudibras*.

The appalling spectacles of the plague with which England was frequently visited in ancient times are familiar to most readers from De Foe's picturesque descriptions. Wither's poetical description of the plague of London is little known. His relation of the citizens hurrying out of London is entertaining; and some of his pictures are not less affecting than those of De Foe. For example:

Whilst in her arms the Mother thought she kept
Her infant safe, Death stole him when she slept.
Sometimes he took the Mother's life away,
And left the little babe to lie and play
With her cold breast, and childish game to make
About those eyes that never more shall wake.

The *Editio Princeps* of *Drunken Banaby's Journal* is anonymous and without date. The second edition is of the date A.D. 1716, the seventh edition was published A.D. 1818. The author's name is supposed to have been Barnaby Harrington: and he appears to have graduated at Queen's College, Oxford.

XXIII.

POPE'S GROTTO.

Hic ubi sublustri sylvæ nutantis in umbrâ,
 Lucentes pandit Thamesis unda sinus;
 Qua pendet tectis Gemmarum plurima cuspis,
 Et Lymphæ abrumpit subsilientis iter;
 Marmora qua nondum luxu violata renident,
 Innocuasque vibrant cæca Metalla faces:
 Naturæ ingenuæ scrutare recondita dona!
 Effossas aude temnere Divitias!
 Ecce, hospes, sacræ et Genium venerare Cavernæ!
 Lælius hic, volvens magna, sedere solet:
 Hic gemuit Wyndham Patriæ percussus Amore;
 Et te, Marchmonti! vivida flamma rapit.
 I pecus hinc venale! loco vos fingite dignos
 Qui Patriam colitis, pauperiemque probam!

Here, where the shining stream of the Thames is shadowed by an o'erarching grove, nigh whereunto is a grotto, from the roof of which hang the pointed tops of many crystals that impede the course of a trickling rill; where marbles shine that have never been converted to luxurious uses, and metals glitter with innocent rays, as if they seemed to say,—Search the recondite treasures of bountiful Nature! Dare to condemn riches dug from the bowels of the earth! Approach, O stranger, and venerate the Genius of this sacred cave! Here St John once sat, revolving in his mind affairs of the deepest import. Here Wyndham lamented the misfortunes of the country which he saved. Here Marchmont once glowed with the flame of patriotic enthusiasm. Avaunt from this holy ground every harbourer of a venal thought! Welcome whosoever prefers an honest humility to iniquitous splendour, and whose dearest wishes are for the happiness of his country!

The Latin in the text is a translation from a poem on his grotto by Pope, who gives the following description of it:

"I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the

clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open Temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*: on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
 Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
 Parce meum, quisquis tanges cava marmora, somnum
 Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavare, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
 And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
 Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
 And drink in silence, or in silence lave!"

There are several letters from Pope to Sir Hans Sloane, concerning natural curiosities with which he furnished the poet for his grotto, particularly two joints of the Giant's Causeway. Dr Johnson speaks with contempt of the pains taken by Pope to embellish his grotto. The following particulars relating to Pope's grotto occur in a letter from the Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of Mar: "Pope continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses. And they tell me it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on finishing his house. I stifled them here, and beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet:

Ah friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,

In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens :
Joy lives not here ; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds ?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart.
There stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

The Latin inscription in Pope's letter is an ancient one found in the grotto of Egeria. Another to the like effect, is much shorter, whilst it is, perhaps, more impressive :

Nymphæ Loci.

Bibe—Lava—Tace.

To the presiding Nymph.

Drink—Bathe—Be silent.

The grotto of Egeria is described by Eustace, and in several stanzas of *Childe Harold*, one of which is as follows :

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue ; with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round ; fern, flowers, and ivy creep,
Fantastically tangled.

De Lille, in his *Jardins*, thus expatiates on the *Admonitus Locorum* of Twickenham.

Tel j'ai vu ce Twickenham dont Pope est createur,
Le goût le defendit d'un art profanateur,
Ah ! si dans vos travaux est toujours respecté
Le lieu par un grande homme autrefois habité !

XXIV.

THE RHINE.

Nympharum pater, amniumque Rhene !
Quicunque Othrysius bibunt pruinas,
Sic semper liquidis fruaris undis,
Nec te barbara contumeliosi
Calcatum rotâ conterat bubulci :
Sic et cornibus aureus receptis,
Et Romanus eas utraque ripâ :
Trajanum populis suis, et urbi
Tibris te dominus rogat, remittas !

O Rhine, the Sire of Nymphs, and of the streams which drink the Northern snows ! Restore Trajan to his People, and to Rome ! Doing which, may your waters ever flow uncongealed ; may no barbarian King trample on thy ice-bound surface with his barbarous waggon-wheels ; may you rush all golden into the sea with your two resplendent horns ; may each of your banks be Roman territory ! Imperial Tiber asks, and promises this.

The commentators have a great deal to say upon the details of this epigram, referring, amongst other matters, to the travelling equipage of Charlemagne, and to the practice at Roman triumphs of leading about gilt pageants of captive rivers. It is selected here chiefly as it may be thought to have suggested a passage in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, which was afterwards imitated by Milton, with more decoration, but, perhaps, with less simplicity and sweetness :

For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course.
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink.
May none that for thy fish do look
Cut thy banks, to dam thy brook.
Bare foot may no neighbour wade,
In the cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawn on stones doth lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

In *Comus* it is :

May thy brimmed waves for this,
 Their full tribute never miss,
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills.
 Summer drought, nor singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud.
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore.
 May thy lofty head be crowned,
 With many a tower, and terrace round,
 And here and there, thy banks upon,
 With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.

The Rhine has been more frequently and patriotically celebrated in modern than in ancient song. With regard to our Thames, Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, and Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, have done it poetic honour: but the couplet of Denham in his *Cooper's Hill*, has, perhaps, been more often cited, and its effect more critically analysed, than any other lines on any other river:

Though deep yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

XXV.

STONEHENGE.

En hæ tibi sanctæ
 Majorum sedes! non hic cœlata labore
 Marmora, Palladia vel speres arte columnas.
 Sed tacito hæc lustres cultu loca; nescia ferri
 Saxa, rudes aras, circumspice! Cernis ut atræ
 Desuper impendent rupes? His sæpe sub umbris
 Velati lino et modulantes pollice fila
 Ducebant choreas Druidæ, dum mobilis æther
 Et mortale genus requievit: sidera lapsu
 Mansere in medio, nec agebat nubila Caurus.
 Nunc quoque pallenti arrectus sub nocte viator

(Agricolis si certa fides) hinc tenuia circum
Sentit et impulsas imitantia murmura chordas,
Pennarumque levem stridorem ; hinc flamine vestes
Undantes Zephyrorum, et inania verba remitti.

Behold here are the abodes that your ancestors held sacred ! You will not, indeed, expect to meet here with marbles endued with life by the chisel of the statuary, or with columns reared according to rules of Palladian art. Yet these sights fill the mind with silent awe. Look round on these stony masses which no iron has ever violated, the altars of a rude people ! Here, whilst Man and Nature were at rest, in the silence of the night, the Druids, habited in flowing robes of linen, performed their magic rites. Fable reports them to have arrested the moon in her course, and to have stilled the hurricane-blasts. Even in the present day, if we may give credit to the vulgar belief of the vicinity, midnight sounds are heard in this spot, resembling the flitting of wings, and the dying melody of harps, and half-heard whispers which seem to be the voices of spirits.

Much light has been thrown on the antiquities of Stonehenge by the Hon. Algernon Herbert, in his *Cyclops Christianus*. Mr Herbert impugns the general opinion, that the name denotes *hanging stones* ; and suggests a different etymon, namely, that, at this spot the memorable collision between *Hengist*, Duke of the Saxons, and the Britons, took place. He considers that groves of upright stones were substituted by the later Britons for the oak-tree groves of obsolete Druidism. The date of the erections at Stonehenge, and the nation which raised them, whether Romans, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, Britons, or Hyperboreans, have been the subjects of much diversity of opinion. Cæsar mentions the reputation the Druids had acquired for bringing the Moon to a full stop in the middle of her course. Lucan, in lines not surpassed in vigour by any writer of the Augustan period, relates the lessons which they taught in their sacred groves of an after-life of glory, the hopes of which should expel the fear of death from the hearts of warriors :

Vos quoque qui fortes animas belloque preemptas
Laudibus in longum vates demittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardi !
Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistrum

Sacrorum Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.
Solis nosse deos et cœli numina vobis,
Aut solis nescire datum. Nemora alta remotis
Incolitis lucis: vobis auctoribus, umbræ
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, ditisque profundi
Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
Orbe alio: longæ (canitis si cognita) vitæ
Mors media est. Certe populi, quos despicit Arctos,
Felices errore suo, quos, ille timorum
Maximus, haud urget leti metus! Inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis, et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.

You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
To chant your heroes to your country's lyre:
Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
Brave patriots' souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful talk renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore:
A tribe, who singular devotion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure revealed, or sure unknown.
If dying mortals' doom they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary silent shades below:
But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
And like a line, death but divides the space;
A stop which can but for a moment last,
A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they beneath their Northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life, which must so soon return.

XXVI.

ON A CRYSTAL CONTAINING A DROP OF WATER.

(A)

Dum crystallæ puer contingere lubrica gaudet,
Et gelidum tenero pollice versat onus,
Vidit perspicuo deprensas marmore lymphas,
Dura quibus solis parcere novit hyems :
Et siccum relegens labris sitientibus orbem,
Irrita quæsitis oscula figit aquis.

The crystal smooth a boy with joy surveyed,
And round the frozen mass his fingers laid ;
He sees, enclosed within transparent stone,
The wave that rugged Winter spared alone ;
On arid orb he fixes thirsty lip,
And liquids vainly seeks from thence to sip.

(B)

Clauditur immunis convexo tegmine rivus,
Duratisque vagus fons operitur aquis.
Nonne vides, propriis ut spumet gemma lacunis,
Et refluos ducant pocula viva sinus ?
Udaque pingatur radiis obstantibus Iris,
Secretas hiemes sollicitante die ?
Mira silex, mirusque latex, qui flumina vincit,
Nec lapis est merito, quod fluit, et lapis est.

A moving stream is pent in vaulted cave,
And, closed by concrete floods, a wand'ring wave.
Within the cavities observe the foam :
In nat'ral basin billows freely roam !
The humid Iris' rays opposed, behold :—
The beams of light repulsed by secret cold.
O wondrous rock, and surge surpassing streams !
Still fluid, still a stone, the substance seems.

Gibbon writes of Claudian: "He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics."

Claudian composed several more Latin and two Greek epigrams upon this natural phenomenon. Addison in his *Travels in Italy*, has a curious notice of a similar phenomenon exhibited at Milan.

"Canon Settala's cabinet is always shewn to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that inclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though, perhaps, they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan, the Bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictine convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence."

XXVII.

INSECTS IN AMBER.

(A)

Dum Phaetontea *Formica* vagatur in umbrâ,
 Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram.
 Sic modo quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente
 Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.

A Drop of Amber, from a poplar plant
 Fell unexpected, and embalm'd an *Ant*.
 The little insect we so much contemn,
 Is, from a worthless Ant, become a gem.

(B)

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum *Vipera* repit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram :
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulcro ;
Vipera si tumulto nobiliore jacet.

On the Sun's daughter's arms a *Viper* crept,
When o'er the wriggling thing the amber wept.
Wond'ring to be so bound in clammy dew,
She petrified amid the glass'ning glue.
Thy sepulture, proud Queen, no longer prize ;
If in a nobler tomb thine adder lies.

(C)

Et latet et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur *Apis* nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum.
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

Pent in th' electric drop, and yet display'd,
She seems to swim the nectar she has made.
This might the meed of all her toils supply :
Thus, sure, she pray'd that she embalm'd might die.

Professor Pictet has published a work on the insects which have been found in amber. It is reviewed in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for October 1846. A publication was commenced under the auspices of the Queen of Prussia, for developing the subject of insects in amber, with more particular reference to the amber found in Prussia on the coasts of the Baltic. Different philosophers undertook to make researches respecting different species of insects. The origin of Prussian amber goes back into the tertiary period. The great quantity of amber thrown up by the Baltic sea is supposed to be owing to a considerable bed in the present basin of that sea. There have been about 800 fossil species of insects discovered in Prussian amber. These species are all different from those of the existing Fauna. But only two types have been discovered which are sufficiently distinct from living insects to require the formation of new *Families*. The new *Genera* are a little more

numerous. Though the feather of a bird, and some tufts of hair of mammiferæ, have been discovered, and a few small shells belonging to the mollusca, the articulata are the only division of the animal kingdom of which amber has preserved sufficiently numerous remains to throw some light on their history. The admirable preservation of the greater part of insects and vegetables in amber, the transparency of the material affording the means of inspecting the most delicate organs almost as well as in living nature, are circumstances which impart peculiar interest to the study of the Fauna and Flora in amber.

To insects in amber, Pope compares small critics on great writers, who thus are associated with the names of Shakspeare or Milton :

Pretty! in *amber* to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or grubs, or dirt, or worms.
The things, we know, are neither rich, nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

XXVIII.

PHENOMENON PRODUCED BY SNOWBALLS.

Me nive candenti petiit modo Julia, rebar
Igne carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius ? nostrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.
Quis locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigora concreta si latet ignis aquâ ?
Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammas,
Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

Julia, sweet Julia, flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow :
'Tis cold, I cried ; but, ah ! too soon I found,
Sent by that hand it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless Fair ! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Since snow impell'd by thee but fires my heart,
O try if mutual flames may heal the smart !

The Latin is by Petronius Afranius, an author of whom nothing else is generally known. The English is from Oldys's collection of Epigrams, a little modified. A more elaborate version will be found in the works of Soame Jenyns. It is extolled, considerably, as it would seem, beyond its merits, in the collection of Latin Epigrams, published for the use of Eton school, A.D. 1740. *Elegans et acutum epigramma, me judice, ut in tenui materiâ et affabrè undequaque concinnatum et omnibus numeris absolutum*: "An elegant and acute epigram; which, on a light subject, is contrived with artistic skill in every part, and is expressed in numbers to the perfection of which nothing is wanting."

A remarkable phenomenon produced with *snow*, was a statue of snow to the formation of which Michael Angelo was called upon to bend his exalted genius, by Piero, the unworthy son and successor of Lorenzo de Medici. It is related by an historian, that at a Naumachia, at which Domitian presided, not only all the combatants, but many of the spectators, were killed: for a snow-storm came on, and, nevertheless, the emperor would not stop the spectacle; but the multitude were obliged to sit through it bare-headed, and without changing their dresses, though the emperor changed his several times: the consequence was that a great number of the spectators caught cold and died. Martial has two epigrams on the subject; one concerning an individual who went to the fête with a black gown, instead of a white *lacerna*, like every one else. The Gods, says the Poet, turned his gown white with snow. Another epigram accounts for Domitian not seeking to withdraw from the pelting of the snow, by its having been dropt on him from the skies in sport by his son, who had lately died, and been *deified*. (A coin of Domitian is extant, representing that son sitting upon a globe, and surrounded with stars). Martial concludes:

Qui siccis lascivit aquis, et ab æthere ludit,
Suspitor has pueri Cæsaris esse nives.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARTS.

I.

CROMWELL'S PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO QUEEN CHRISTINA.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo ! septem regnata Trionum,
Christina ! Arctoi lucida stella poli !
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero.
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia victor,
Exsequor et populi fortia jussa manu :
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

Queen of the North ! bright Arctic polar star !
Christina ! Virgin-Arbitress of war !
Behold what wrinkles stamp a warrior's brow,
In hard-won fields, 'neath massive helms that grow,
Whilst o'er untrodden paths of Fate I press'd,
Obedient to a People's high behest.
And yet to thee my eyes submission own :
Nor does this face on Monarchs always frown.

The translation is from a ship-newspaper. Cowper has also translated Milton's lines. Evelyn, in his Epigrams on Painting, has the following verses upon a likeness by Walker :

If we may trust to Metoposcopy,
To lines o' th' face, and language of the eye,
We find him thoughtful, resolute, and sly.
He knew when to cajole, and to dissemble,
And when to make his foes with blust'ring tremble.
We find (though Cromwell's little understood)
The sword has made him great, and pencil good.

There is an original picture of Cromwell preserved in Sidney College, Cambridge. This was Cromwell's college, where he is fabled to have acted the part of *Tactus*, or *Touch*, in the once famous University play of *Lingua*, or the Tongue. The likeness of Cromwell in Symons's Crowns is vouched by Pepys and Evelyn. The author has a medal of Symons, made after the battle of Dunbar, with a motto, "The Lord of Hosts," in which there is a more juvenile and animated face of Cromwell than upon his Crowns.

A poetical picture of Queen Christina will not be an unsuitable companion-piece to Milton's Epigram. Christina was the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, to whose throne she succeeded when five years old. She afforded one of the rare examples in history of an abdication of royalty:

A sa jupe courte et légère
 A son pourpoint, à son collet,
 Au chapeau garni d'un plumet,
 Au ruban ponceau qui pendoit
 Et par-devant, et par-derrière.
 A sa mine galante et fière
 D'Amazone et d'aventurière.
 A ce nez de consul romain,
 A ce front altier d'héroïne,
 A ce grand œil tendre et hautain,
 Moins beau que le vôtre et moins fin,
 Soudain je reconnus *Christine*.
Christine des arts le maintien,
Christine qui céda pour rien
 Et son royaume, et vôtre église,
 Qui connut tout, et ne crut rien,
 Que le saint Père canonise,
 Que damne le Lutherien,
 Et que la gloire immortalise.

II.

PORTRAIT OF ANTONIUS PRIMUS.

Hæc mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, rosisque,
 Quos referat vultus, Cæditiane, rogas?
 Talis erat Marcus mediis Antonius annis
 Primus: in hoc juvenem se videt ore senex.
 Ars utinam mores, animumque effingere posset!
 Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

What face with violets and roses crown'd
 So strikes the eye? you ask, with awe profound.
 Antonius Primus here pourtray'd we see,
 Just what in middle age he used to be.
 Could art express his manners and his mind,
 On earth no fairer picture should we find!

This piece is inserted in the present collection chiefly because it appears to have suggested the point of Ben Jonson's lines written under Martin Droueshout's engraving of Shakspeare's portrait in the first edition of his Plays, edited by his "Fellows" (as they are designated in his will), Heming and Condell. (See the Art. on *The Pictures of Shakspeare*, Knight's edition, Vol. viii.) The lines are as follow

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakspeare cut.
 Wherewith the graver had a strife,
 With nature to outdo the life.
 O could he but have drawn his wit
 As well in brass, as he has hit
 His face; the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass!
 But since he cannot, reader, look
 Not on his picture, but his book.

III.

PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS.

Ingens ingentem quem personat Orbis Erasmum,
 Hæc tibi dimidium picta tabella refert.
 At cur non totum? mirari desine, lector,
 Integra nam totum terra nec ipsa capit.

One half this canvass shows of that great sage,
 Whom worlds proclaim the wonder of the age;
 Why not the whole? cease, reader, thy surprise,
 Him the whole earth's not able to comprise.

Beza's idea of justifying the choice of a half-length portrait on the ground that the *whole* world could not contain a *whole* Erasmus, is a

glaring instance of false wit; it moreover seems to have been borrowed from Martial's epigram on Pompey and his Sons, referred to in a former chapter. The portrait was by Holbein. The following verses on the same picture are in Evelyn's *Collection of poetical descriptions of Pictures*.

The famous Swiss no little skill hath shewn,
In painting of his generous Patron.
This work in England th' Artist much commends,
By which he was preferr'd, and gain'd his ends.
Thou mad'st Erasmus, Holbein! as 'tis said;
But I say that Erasmus Holbein made.

IV.

PICTURE OF ST BRUNO,

FOUNDER OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Sic oculos, sic Bruno manus, sic ora ferebat,
Allobrogum rupes nudas et inhospita saxa
Dum coleret, sed plena Deo, sed numine plenus,
Æterno sacras leges inscriberet æri.
Adspicis ut viva spirant in imagine vultus?
Ut movet inde manus placidas, movet inde lacertos,
Dulcis in adstantes ut dulcia lumina flectit?
Et nisi nunc Christo jurata silentia servet,
Promentem audires imo de pectore sensus.

Such were the eyes, such the hands of St Bruno! Such was the expression of his countenance, whilst he made his dwelling among the rocks and precipices of the Allobrogæ, naked and inhospitable indeed, but full of the presence of God: and there he inscribed his sacred laws in immortal brass. Do you behold how his countenance is animated in the living portrait? How his arms and hands reach out of the canvass? How the benignant expression of his eyes is turned towards the bye-standers? And unless he were preserving that silence which he had solemnly vowed to Christ, you would witness him pouring forth with eloquence the emotions which are pent in his bosom.

Menage writes of the picture in the text, "J'étois un jour aux Chartreux, où l'on me fit voir un tableau de St Bruno, très bien fait. On me demanda ce que j'en pensois: je dis sur le champ, 'Sans sa regle il parleroit.'" Le Sœur, in the year 1648, painted the history of St Bruno in twenty-two pictures. The first of the series represents the miracle to which the conversion of St Bruno was ascribed, namely, that of a Parisian monk of the name of Raymond, who, upon being carried to the sepulchre, rose suddenly from his coffin, to declare that he was damned. —The casting out of a devil by Ignatius Loyola in a painting of Rubens, has been thus described in Evelyn's epigrams:

See how the Dæmoniac raves and rends,
 See how like foes he treats the best of friends;
 His rage is great, great as the painter's merit,
 In every limb you may discern a Spirit,
 In every tint there is a kind of tone,
 The sharp lights shriek, the heavy shadows groan,
 The Fiend's adjured, and the great work is done. }

Le Sœur, in one of his pictures of St Bruno, represents him performing a miracle scarcely more credible than that of St Ignatius casting out devils; he is represented by the painter in the attitude of rejecting a mitre offered to him by the pope.

The habit of the Chartreux was white; it was an obligation of the Order to speak no words except, "Brother, we must die," to sleep in their own coffins, and dig their own graves. St Bruno died at the age of fifty in the monastery he had founded.

V.

ECCE HOMO, BY MIGNARD.

Christi cruentæ, splendida Principum
 Non certet ultrà purpura purpuræ;
 Junco palustri sceptrâ cedant,
 Textilibus diadema spinis.

That blood-stained robe outvies the purple of Kings:
 That reed is more to be revered than sceptres: The diadems of earthly power are of dim effulgence compared with that Crown of Thorns.

The Latin stanza is by Santeuil. Mignard was a distinguished French painter under the reign of Louis XIV. It is related, that, on one occa-

sion, when the king sent for him to draw his portrait, he said, "I am grown old since I last sat to you," to which Mignard replied, "I perceive in your Majesty's countenance the lines of several more campaigns."

In the French collection of engravings there are twelve of *Ecce Homo* by Titian: some of them have the reed in Christ's hand, others not. In the Florentine Gallery there is an *Ecce Homo* by Cegalo, which is much admired for expressing in Pilate's face mixed feelings of being shocked at the sufferings of an innocent man, and of reflection on the policy which he deemed necessary for his own safety. Fuseli observes of Correggio, that he once "exceeded all competition of expression in the divine features of his *Ecce Homo*: but that this sudden irradiation, this flash of power was only an exception from his wonted style; for that pathos and character own Raphael for their master, colour is the domain of Titian, and harmony the sovereign mistress of Correggio." Of Rembrandt's *Ecce Homo*, Fuseli writes that it is "a composition, which, although complete, hides in its grandeur the limits of its scenery. Its form is as a pyramid whose top is lost in the sky as its base in tumultuous murky waves. From the fluctuating crowds who inundate the base of the tribunal, we rise to Pilate, surrounded and perplexed by the varied ferocity of the sanguinary synod to whose remorseless gripe he surrenders his wand; and from him we ascend to the sublime resignation of innocence in Christ, and, regardless of the roar below, securely repose on his countenance. Such is the grandeur of a conception, which in its blaze absorbs the abominable detail of materials too vulgar to be mentioned: had the materials been equal to the conception and composition, the *Ecce Homo* of Rembrandt, even unsupported by the magic of his light and shade, or his spell of colours, would have been an assemblage of superhuman powers."

VI.

PICTURE OF MARILLAC, DOCTOR OF THE SORBONNE.

Usque adeo sacris ardebat ab ignibus, impar
 Ut pectus vix sustinet, impatiensque teneri
 Christi dirus amor sese effundebat in omnes:
 Et ni muta foret, *Christum* resonaret imago.

So intense is the flame of piety in his breast, that he seems scarcely equal to sustain his own religious fervor. His Christian love appears so overflowing that it seems to gush forth on all mankind. You would say, that if his portrait could speak, he would fill your ears with the word *Christ*.

VII.

PICTURE OF SHAFTESBURY.

Fallor ? an agnosco permistum te quoque turbæ,
Shaftsburi, ô Anglis caput horum et causa malorum !
Agnosco vultus, nec quenquam conscia falli
Fistula permittit, pendensque sub ilia Siphon.
Quin etiam anguiculos inhonesto vulnere nasci,
Et, qua rima patet, tubulo manare colubros
Conspicor, et latitans subter præcordia virus.
Ille pavens, structusque dolis, huc turbidus atque huc
Inclinat vultus, et partem versat in omnem.
Nusquam recta acies : vigil omnia circumspectat,
Omnia formidat ; pallorque per ora fatetur
Invidiamque, odiumque simul, gelidumque timorem.
His porro accedit, subito quod forte tumultu
Excussæ manibus tabulæ, revolutaque charta
Associatorum diros testata furores :
Labitur ille in humum velox, properatque libellos
Colligere in gremium, tacitâque recondere veste :
At rapit oppressum, et conanti plurima frustra
Erecto jamjam vulnus meditatur ab ense
Astræa ; ille ictum venientem a vertice cautus
Prævidet, et celeri dilapsus corpore cedit.

Am I mistaken, or do I perceive you, O Shaftesbury, mingling in this crowd, you who have been the cause and the head of all these evils which have fallen on England ? I recognise his countenance, and were I in any doubt, it would be removed by the medical tube which, in the picture, hangs from his side. Through the aperture where it is inserted in his body, I behold snakes discharging their venom amidst his inmost vitals. He, indeed, bears a look of apprehension and of wiliness, timidly and cautiously turning his eyes in every direction. But, behold ! by a sudden tumult, there falls from his hand the rebellious Roll of the Associators : he hastens to snatch it up, and to conceal it in the secret folds of his garment. Astræa de-

tecks him, wrests the scroll from his grasp, and with uplifted sword meditates an avenging blow. He, however, watches the impending destruction, dexterously evades it, and vanishes in flight from the scene.

The Latin lines are taken from a poem on Windsor Castle in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. The poet is describing a piece of tapestry which formed a canopy: he gives an animated view of St George and the Dragon, and then he proceeds to depicture Charles II. on horseback subduing the monster rebellion. It would seem that among the discomfited rebels Shaftesbury was a prominent figure. Shaftesbury had an injury in his side occasioned by the overturning of a carriage: his side was opened, and an issue was inserted; this operation was considered at the time one of the greatest cures that had been performed on the human body. The issue or siphon was made a frequent subject of illiberal raillery. Shaftesbury was called Count Tapski with reference to this circumstance, and a prevalent report that he was aspiring to the crown of Poland. A siphon used for drawing wines got the name of a Shaftesbury. The siphon is introduced in the scenery of Dryden's Court Masque of Albion and Albanus, in which Shaftesbury is represented with fiend's wings, and several fanatical heads are drinking poison from his side through a tap. The accident met with by Shaftesbury was attended with great benefit to the English nation, as it led to his patronage of Locke, whereby that philosopher had the means of indulging his genius on matters conducive to the knowledge of the human mind, and the promotion of civil liberty and religious toleration. It may reasonably be supposed that much of the generous policy which occasionally appears in Lord Shaftesbury's political measures, may have emanated from Locke.

With regard to the paper of the Association, this is the memorable paper on which was founded the charge brought against him for high treason. A trial, very memorable on account of the bill of indictment against him being ignored by the grand jury, and also because his liberation from the Tower gave occasion to Dryden's celebrated satire called *The Medal*. The actual medal to which the poem relates, and which was struck on the occasion of Shaftesbury's acquittal, was produced by the author at his last introductory lecture on the Laws of England, in the University of Cambridge.

VIII.

PICTURE OF BELISARIUS.

Zeuxi potens, succurris, et arte fidelis honestâ
Triste ministerium præstas.—Viden' acer in ipsâ
Pauperie spirat vultus, magnique doloris
Majestas! viden' incompto quæ plurima mento
Canities squallet male culta, et textile tegmen
Membra sequens curis exesos exprimit artus!
Serta procul capiti delapsa, et inutilis hasta,
Abjectumque jacet fidâ cum casside scutum;
Reliquiæ Herois, priscæque insignia laudis!
Sic oculos integræ ædes, stantesque columnæ
Segnius irritant, cum dulci horrore tuentes
Disjectam templi molem, grandesque ruinas.
Romanum agnosco! ah! quantum mutatus ab illo
Qui quondam templis Persarum signa refixit,
Restituitque Jovi Patrio; qui Cabadis ultus
Perjuras vires, et non ad fœdera natus;
Quo duce conjuncti fratres, turmæque rebelles
Cessere Hypatii; quo, gens inculta Gothorum
Adjecta Imperio, et Romanis viribus impar
Vandalia; invisum vulgus Musæ! alta vorago
Doctrinæ veteris, quæ pleno absorbuit æstu
Artis quicquid habent ebur et spirantia signa,
Aut fuci egregii tractus, Musæque labores.
Quo cecidere Hunni, Scythico jam milite partas
Fracturi, et mediâ posituri signa Suburrâ.
O nimium felix! si pugnas inter et arma
Contigerat cecidisse, atque hostis ab ense benigno
Exhalâsse animam: si nunquam pacis iniqua
Tempora vidisset, vel siccæ tædia mortis.
Jam qualis rediit! vix tanti nominis umbra,
Exul, cæcus, inops, et multo vulnere tardus,
Crudelis Patriæ decus opprobriumque, pericla
Cui mendicatum vix præbent garrula panem.

Zeuxis, you perform a mournful office with your powerful art. Do you see how spirit beams in the countenance

of yonder old man ! There is majesty in the depth of his affliction ; though his grey hairs are hanging neglectedly, and his looped and windowed raggedness exposes to view his emaciated limbs. Near him lies a chaplet that has fallen from his head, and a useless spear, and a shield and a helmet which he has thrown away. Such are the relics of a Hero, and the trophies of departed glory ! Surely thus a towering edifice supported by lofty columns affects the mind of a spectator with impressions far weaker than those that inspire it with secret awe, when he contemplates the mouldering ruins of some ancient temple, or the tottering battlements of some once impregnable Citadel. It is a Roman General whom I behold ! Ah, how changed from that invincible Hero who rolled back the impetuous deluge of Vandals, and stemmed for a season that torrent of barbarism which was destined to overflow whatever genius had hallowed, or was adorned by the liberal arts ; postponing their defilement by those enemies of the Muses and of the civilization of mankind. Happy, thrice happy if the wretched man had perished then, when he was waging battles against the subverters of human improvement : if he had never known how Peace may be prolific of injustice, or what evils may embitter the prolongation of human life ! Blind, an Exile, a Beggar, he slowly drags along his wretched frame, which is shattered by many a wound sustained for his country's sake. His daily bread is implored with a narrative of what he once did for others, and of how much he stands in need of charity for himself !

The picture, generally attributed to Vandyk, which the verses in the text describe, represents Belisarius deprived of sight, and sitting by the way-side, with a staff in one hand, and the other hand extended to receive the donation of a charitable female. On the opposite side of the picture two other females are placed, who appear to be influenced by feelings of compassion. A youthful soldier standing near seems to sympathize warmly with the humiliating state of the persecuted hero.

Whether Belisarius was deprived of his sight by the Emperor Justinian ? whether he ever begged for an obolus or other coin ? whether an ancient statue in the Vatican of a military personage holding forth one of his hands, is the statue of Belisarius asking for his obolus, or of the Emperor Augustus appeasing Nemesis ? are questions of animated

controversy. The lawgivers and priests of the middle ages combated with each other the reality of facts which implicated the fame of the legislator and pagan Justinian.—Gibbon, Winckelmann, and recently Lord Mahon, have directed their inquiries to these subjects; and Marmontel has embellished them by interesting fiction.

The poetry in the text is taken from Popham's *Poemata Anglorum*: its principal defect is one to which modern Latin poetry is almost universally subject, that of sacrificing the sense to an imitation of the expressions of classical authors. The main object of modern Latin verse seems to be, to remind the reader of passages in the ancient poets: and as this is a merit which is more capable of being weighed in a balance than invention and fancy, it is that which is chiefly encouraged in schools and universities.

IX.

PICTURE OF THE RESURRECTION.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tantâ arte accenditur Ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.

Next behold a scene of lurid darkness mixed with flashes of vivid fire: a river of liquid sulphur that blazes as it flows through the murky abyss. So striking is the artificial light heightened by contrast, that you are made afraid lest the picture itself should ignite, and perish amidst its own ashes.

The Latin lines are from a description by Addison, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, of the altar-piece of Magdalene College, Oxford. The poem contains a representation of Waynflete, the founder of the college, who is represented, perhaps reprehensibly, by Addison, as fixing undaunted eyes upon his Judge.

Irati innocuas securus Numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Iudice figit ocellos.

X.

PICTURE OF VENUS ANADYOMENE.

Emersam pelagi nuper genitalibus undis
 Cypria Apellei cerne laboris opus.
 Ut complexa manu madidos salis æquore crines,
 Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.
 Jam tibi nos, Cypri, Juno inquit et innuba Pallas,
 Cedimus, et formæ præmia deferimus.

When from the bosom of her parent flood
 She rose refulgent with th' encircling brine,
 Apelles saw Cytherea's form divine,
 And fixed her breathing image where it stood.
 Those graceful hands entwined, that wring the spray
 From her ambrosial hair, proclaim the truth ;
 Those speaking eyes where amorous lightnings play,
 Those swelling heavens, the harbingers of youth :
 Juno and Pallas look with fond amaze,
 And yield submission in the conscious gaze.

This picture was the masterpiece of Apelles, the most celebrated of the Grecian painters, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, who forbade any one else in his dominions to paint his likeness. The goddess was represented wringing her hair, and the falling drops of water made a transparent silver veil around her form. This picture was painted for the temple of Æsculapius at Cos, and was afterwards placed by Augustus in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Cæsar. The lower part being injured, no one could be found competent to repair it. As it continued to decay, Nero had a copy of it taken by Dorotheus. There is an ancient tradition that the Venus Anadyomene was designed after the model of Camaspe, the mistress of Alexander the Great, who permitted her to be copied without her drapery, by his favourite artist ; and that in the progress of the picture Apelles fell in love with Camaspe. This is the subject of one of the best plays of the ante-Shaksperian dramatist Lyly. "Apelles's Venus," writes Fuseli, "or rather the personification of the Birth-day of Love, was the wonder of art, the despair of artists ; whose outline baffled every attempt at emendation, whilst imitation shrunk from the purity, the force, the brilliancy, the evanescent gradations of her tints."

Cicero, Varro, Columella, Ovid, Pliny the elder, and other Roman

writers, bestowed unmeasured praise on Apelles's paintings, especially his Venus Anadyomene. Pliny mentions of Apelles, that on one occasion he had sailed to Rhodes eager to meet Protogenes. Upon landing, he went straight to that artist's studio. Protogenes was absent, but a large pannel, ready to be painted on, hung in the studio. Apelles seized the pencil, and drew an exceedingly thin coloured line on the pannel, by which Protogenes, on his return, at once guessed who had been his visitor, and in his turn drew a still thinner line upon the former. When Apelles came again, and saw the lines, ashamed of being defeated, he drew a third line upon that of Protogenes, so as to leave no room for more minute division. Pliny describes the three lines as almost imperceptible from their thinness. The pannel was preserved and carried to Rome, where it remained, exciting more wonder than all the works of art in the palace of the Cæsars, until it was destroyed by fire with that edifice. Fuseli writes on the subject of these famous lines: "What those lines were, drawn with nearly miraculous subtlety in different colours, one upon the other, or rather within the other, it would be equally unavailing and useless to inquire: but the corollaries we may deduce from the contest are obviously these: that the schools of Greece recognised all one elemental principle; that acuteness and fidelity of eye, and obedience of hand, form precision, precision proportion, proportion beauty; that it is the 'little more or less,' imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which constitutes grace, and establishes the superiority of one artist over another; that the knowledge of the degrees of things presupposes a perfect knowledge of the things themselves; that colour, grace, and taste, are ornaments, not substitutes of form, expression, and character, and when they usurp that title, degenerate into splendid faults. Such were the principles on which Apelles formed his Venus."

XI.

TIMOMACHUS'S PICTURE OF MEDEA.

(A)

Quod natos peritura ferox Medæa moratur,
 Præstitit hoc magni dextera Timomachi.
 Tardat amor facinus, strictum dolor incitat ensem,
 Vult, non vult natos perdere et ipsa suos.

Timomachus Medea's image made,
 Which all her sweetness, all her love display'd:
 She lifts the sword, assents, and yet refuses,
 At once to slay and save the Mother chooses.

(B)

En, ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
 Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent !
 Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
 Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
 Cernis adhuc dubiam ; quid enim ? licet impiæ matris
 Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

The fell Medea's soul to trace
 Its conflict waging in her face,
 To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,
 At once to hate and love inclin'd,
 Timomachus, might task thy skill,
 Yet could thy hand its part fulfil ;
 Pity and rage are mingling here,
 The menace struggling with the tear.
 Painter, the murderous *thought* we see :
 Enough ! The *deed* beseems not thee.

The first Latin epigram is by a modern Italian poet, the second is a translation from the Greek by Gray. The English versions are from Dr Wellesley's *Anthologia Polyglotta*; there is another pretty version of the last epigram in Mrs Calcott's *Essays*. The hesitation of Medea is represented with considerable dramatic power by Corneille.

MÉDÉE seule.

Est-ce assez, ma vengeance, est-ce assez de deux morts ?
 Consulte avec loisir tes plus ardens transports.
 Des bras de mon perfide arracher une femme,
 Est-ce pour assouvir les fureurs de mon ame ?
 Que n'a-t-elle déjà des enfans de Jason,
 Sur qui plus pleinement venger sa trahison ?
 Supléons-y des miens, immolons avec joie
 Ceux qu'à me dire adieu Créüse me renvoie ;
 Nature, je le puit sans violer ta loi ;
 Ils viennent de sa part, et ne sont plus à moi.
 Mais ils sont innocens : aussi l'était mon frère :
 Ils sont trop criminels d'avoir Jason pour père ;
 Il faut que leur trépas redouble son tourment ;
 Il faut qu'il souffre en père, aussi-bien qu'en amant.
 Mais quoi ! J'ai beau contre eux animer mon audace,
 La pitié la combat et se met en sa place ;

Puis cédant tout-à-coup la place à ma fureur,
 J'adore les projets qui me faisaient horreur :
 De l'amour aussi-tôt je passe à la colère,
 Des sentimens de femme aux tendresses de mère.
 Cessez dorénavant, pensers irrésolus,
 D'épargner des enfans que je ne verrai plus.
 Chers fruits de mon amour, si je vous ai fait naître,
 Ce n'est pas seulement pour caresser un traître,
 Il me prive de vous, et je l'en vai priver.
 Mais ma pitié renaît, et revient me braver ;
 Je n'exécute rien, et mon ame éperdue
 Entre deux passions demeure suspendue.
 N'en délibérons plus, mon bras en résoudra.
 Je vous pers, mes enfans, mais Jason vous perdra,
 Il ne vous verra plus. Créon sort tout en rage ;
 Allons à son trépas joindre ce triste ouvrage.

The conversation between Euripides's *Medea* and the chorus, to whom she confides her mental conflict, may seem to modern apprehensions a very unnatural scene : but a Grecian audience had, probably, imaginations trained to regard the presence of a chorus merely as a convenient channel for the communication of sentiment.

Timomachus's picture, representing the hesitation of *Medea* when on the point of killing her children, is celebrated by Cicero, Pliny, and Plutarch. It was executed in encaustic. Julius Cæsar, in whose time the artist is supposed to have lived, purchased it, and placed it as a dedicatory offering in the temple of *Venus Genetrix*. Numerous Greek epigrams were composed on the subject of this picture, and a copy of it, as is supposed, was found at Pompeii. Lucian, an eye-witness, describes the picture as representing that "the little ones, unconscious of their fate, sit with smiling countenances, and while they see their mother holding the sword over them, they seem pleased and happy."

This picture, that of Timanthes representing the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, (which has been noticed in a preceding chapter,) and Aristides's picture of the half-slain mother shuddering lest the eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple, are the three specimens of ancient art most celebrated for their picturesque effect, for conveying more impressions than meet the eye, for the application of the refinements of art not merely to the senses, but to the mind.

The balancing of conflicting passions of revenge and pity, has, on several occasions, given scope to the highest talents of poets. On this subject nothing can surpass the vacillation of *Othello*, when on the point of smothering *Desdemona*. In Greek tragedy, *Orestes* putting to death his mother, with the aid of *Electra*, afforded scope for the exhibition of similar sentiments. Ovid's description of *Althæa*, when hesitating to cast into the fire the fatal brand, on the preservation of which the life of

her son Meleager depended, is among the finest specimens of that poet's genius :

Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death, though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live, nor only live but reign?
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are toss'd
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son,
Perish his sire, and perish I withal,
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom, fall.

Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains, with which ten months I strove?
Ah! had'st thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears.

Thou liv'st by me, to me thy breath resign,
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine;
Thy life, by double title, I require,
Once giv'n at birth, and once preserv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them, who fell by thee, restore.

I would, but cannot; my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom,
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome;
But having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this, for the last time, she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the brand!
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.

An exhibition of the like mental strife occurs in Corneille's play of *Les Horaces*; but more strikingly in that scene of *The Cid*, in which Chimene's heart is torn by opposite passions, on her lover having killed her father. At last she concludes :

Je cours sans balancer où mon honneur m'oblige,
Rodrigue m'est bien cher, son intérêt m'afflige,

Mon cœur prend son parti ; mais malgré son effort,
Je sais qui je suis, et que mon père est mort.

This was the play against which Cardinal Richelieu instigated the French Academy to write a severe criticism ; but, according to Boileau, it was outvoted by the suffrages of all Paris :

En vain contre le Cid un Ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.

XII.

PICTURE OF CAMOMUS'S SON.

Effigiem tantum pueri pictura Camoni
Servat, et infantis prima figura manet.
Florentes nulla signavit imagine vultus,
Dum timet ora pius muta videre pater.

The Father of Camomus keeps only a picture of his Son representing him when a boy : he has never sought an image of that son as he appeared in manhood. The affectionate Father could not have endured to look on the last traits of his Son's countenance.

Martial has two epigrams on this subject. It would seem that for some reason, a father who had a picture of his son drawn after that son's decease, preferred that it should be a representation of the son when he was a youth, to representing him like what he was when he died. Possibly the son's countenance may have been wasted by lingering malady ; or the father may have been better satisfied with his son's conduct when a boy than in after life. The following lines were addressed to his children by Boucher, author of *Les Mois*, who had his picture taken when he was on the point of being guillotined, by order of Robespierre :

Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmans et doux,
Si quelqu'air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage,
Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinait cette image,
On dressait l'échafaud, et je pensais à vous !

XIII.

ANCIENT PICTURE OF A LAP-DOG.

Issa est passere nequior Catulli.
Issa est purior osculo columbæ.
Issa est blandior omnibus puellis.
Issa est carior Indicis lapillis.
Issa est deliciæ catella Publii.
Hanc tu, si queritur, loqui putabis.
Sentit tristitiamque gaudiumque.
Collo nixa cubat, capitque somnos,
Ut suspiria nulla sentiantur.
Hanc ne lux rapiat suprema totam,
Picta Publius exprimit tabellâ,
In quâ tam similem videbis Issam,
Ut sit tam similis sibi nec ipsa.
Issam denique pone cum tabellâ :
Aut utramque putabis esse veram,
Aut utramque putabis esse pictam.

Issa is more frolicsome than the renowned Sparrow of Catullus. Issa is purer than the kiss of a turtle-dove : Issa is more bland than every damsel : Issa is more precious than Indian gems : Issa is the beloved lap-dog of Publius. If he complains, Issa murmurs an echo to his voice : grieves when he is sad ; rejoices when he is merry : lies crouched upon his neck, and there slumbers with a noiseless breath. Lest fatal destiny should snatch her entirely away, Publius has had a picture made of her, in which you may behold a likeness of Issa as true as nature itself. Only place Issa and her picture side by side ; you would declare that both must be true, or that both must be painted.

Elphinstone, who has translated Martial from beginning to end into English verse, has been sometimes resorted to for the purposes of the present work : he is, however, now and then too bad for any literary use, especially where he familiarly shortens names for the sake of his rhymes,

as Pub. for Publius, and the like. For example, he renders the fifth line of the above epigram, thus :

Issa, most enchanting *chub* !
Pup, the darling of my *Pub* !

There is very little to be found in the Latin poets concerning pictures of animals. But several ancient paintings are famous for the animals introduced into them: as the dog in Polygnotus's painting of the battle of Marathon; the fore-shortening of one of the oxen in a picture of a sacrifice by Pausias; the horse of Apelles, said to have made a real horse neigh. A painter of the name of Pyreicus obtained a surname from his skill in painting asses bringing vegetables and fruit to market. In the house of the tragic poet at Pompeii, the usual caution inscribed in the porches of Roman houses, (*Cave canem*) "Beware the dog," is accompanied by the figure of a fierce dog wrought in mosaic on the pavement.

The Roman poets have not left us descriptions of the paintings of flowers to be compared with Prior's lines on a picture by Verelst :

When fam'd Verelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she, smiling, said,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

XIV.

PICTURE OF TITIAN, AND HIS WIFE, WHO DIED IN
CHILD-BED.

Ecce viro, quæ grata suo est, nec pulchrior ulla
Pignora conjugii ventre pudica gerit.
Sed tamen, an vivens, an mortua, picta tabella
Hæc magni Titiani arte—ta fuit.

Behold a wife, the happiness of her husband, who carries to the tomb the pledges of their wedlock: Nevertheless, whether she be living or dead, posterity will know her picture for a masterpiece of the art of the Great Titian.

The original of this picture has not, it is believed, been found; an ancient engraving at Vienna contains the above lines, of which a word in the last verse is partly obliterated. Titian is represented as paying sedulous attention to his wife, who is enceinte: a skull is introduced, to represent the fatal termination of the scene.

XV.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

Qui mores hominum improbos, iniquos
 Incidis, nec ineleganter, æri,
 Derisor lepidus, sed et severus,
 Corrector gravis, at nec invenustus;
 Seu pingis

* * * * *

Jucundissimus omnium fereris
 Nullique artificum secundus, ætas
 Quot præsens dedit, aut dabit futura.
 Macte O, eia age, macte sis amicus
 Virtuti, vitiique quod notâris
 Pergas pingere, et exhibere coram.
 Censurâ utilior tua æquiorque
 Omni vel satirarum acerbitate,
 Omni vel rigidissimo cachinno.

They are the paintings of one who transfers to the canvass the manners of guilty or depraved men. His ridicule is polished, and yet severe : He corrects with gravity, and at the same time with grace. Whether he represents (here V. Bourne describes particulars of a few of his pictures). Throughout all these scenes he is the most skilful and entertaining artist in the whole annals of his art. Persevere then, O persevere in your adornments of virtue, in your reprobatory delineations of vice. Your censure is more impartial and beneficial than any satire however caustic, than any laugh however sardonic.

Sir James Macintosh writes of Hogarth, that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life ; that his pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes : he was a Lillo (author of *George Barnwell*, &c.) as well as a Fielding : he resembled Shakspeare in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic, and in the propensity natural to such a talent, to blend tragic and comic circumstances. The Dutch painters, observes Sir J. Macintosh, painted familiar and low scenes, but without any particular moral tendency : it is

rather the scenery than the history of ordinary life which they represent: the Rake's Progress is a novel upon canvass.

In the great war carried on between Poetry and Painting, the libels of Churchill and the caricatures of Hogarth, Churchill thus describes Hogarth, after his hand was shaken by palsy, attending Wilkes's trial in order to catch a likeness of the writer of Number 45, for the purpose of ridicule :

Lurking most ruffian-like behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen ;
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.

Garriek wrote the following Epitaph on Hogarth for his monument in Chiswick churchyard :

Farewell, great painter of mankind !
Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;
Whose pictur'd morals chain the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, Reader, stay ;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

XVI.

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

Encaustus Phaethon tabulâ depictus in hac est.
Quid tibi vis, dipylon qui Phaethonta facis,

We have here a picture of Phaeton executed in encaustic : It is very inhuman thus to burn him a second time.

There were two distinct classes of painting practised by the ancients ; in water-colours and in wax. Of the latter, the mode most esteemed was termed *encaustic*. Plutarch mentions that this was the most durable of all methods of painting. Pliny describes encaustic as the process of burning in a picture after it was painted with wax-colours. Sometimes a picture was painted in the common way, and was covered with a varnish of melted wax laid on warm with a brush. Sometimes the colours were mixed up with melted wax and the mixture used whilst warm. Some-

times, particularly where the painting was on ivory, the colours were burnt in by means of a heating instrument. (For further particulars concerning encaustic painting, see Smith's *Dictionary of Roman Antiquities*, Art. *Pictura*; Pliny's *Natural History*; Mentz's *Treatise on Encaustic Painting*; an Article in the *Philosophical Transactions* by Colebroke.) It was common for encaustic painters to inscribe their works thus, "Nicias burnt it in" (*encausticed* it). Some modern attempts for reviving the art of encaustic are to be seen in the palaces of the King of Bavaria, and of the Grand Duke of Weimar. A dining-room in the palace at Munich is painted with encaustic, representing the Life of Anacreon.

XVII.

PAINTING IN GLASS OF THE NATIVITY.

Quin cerne tandem, qua superam Vitri
Illustrat oram Luminis aurei

Orbis coruscans, En! stupendum
Ardet opus radiante flammâ!

Videtis? an me Pictor amabili
Eludit umbrâ? Jam videor sacras
Errare per sedes Piorum,
Et rutili spatia ampla cœli.

Qua Lucis almæ copia fertilis,
Ceu lympha puris vitrea fontibus
Manans, inexhaustos perenni
Dat radios fluitare rivo.

Quem, Pictor, Artis difficilem gradum
Timebis? aut quos non calamus tuus
Felix vel in Vitro colores
Expediet, teretive panno;

Qui clara cœli lumina per sacram
Fudit Fenestram? Nunc minus indigent
Phœbi renascentis, minusque
Templa nigras metuunt procellas.

Behold now the upper part of the glass, how it is illumined by the golden orb of the Sun! how the wonderful

work blazes with radiant flames ! Do I see, or does the Painter entrance me in a bright vision, as I seem to behold the habitations of the justified in heaven ; what place those copious streams of light appear to inundate, as if they flowed from an inexhaustible fountain. Painter ! in the confidence of thy daring art you triumphed above every difficulty of your materials, and have diffused over glass the colours which tincture the skies. This astonishing window sheds a brilliant religious light even when the atmosphere is enveloped by tempestuous clouds.

The Latin lines are from a description, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, of a painted window belonging to Christ Church, Oxford. The Ode appropriately ends with a prayer deprecatory of the return of those days of fanaticism in which our ecclesiastical ornaments suffered demolition and spoliation. Whether the artist may have attempted a subject which is more within the legitimate province of the oil-painter, may deserve consideration. According to a recent ingenious writer on the subject of painting on glass, the chief excellence of a glass-painting is its translucency, as it possesses a power of transmitting light in a far greater degree than any other species of painting, and is able to display effects of light and colour with a brilliancy and vividness quite unapproachable by any other means. But the diaphonous quality of glass-painting is the source of defects arising from the limited scale of colour and of transparent shadow, of which its inherent flatness is a necessary result. It is incapable of nice gradations of colour, and of light and shade, which are indispensable for the close imitation of nature, or for producing the full effect of distance and atmosphere. Thus glass-painting is not adapted for landscapes, or perspective views of interiors, or foreshortening, or where, besides figures in the foreground, there are distant groups. (*Hints on Glass-Painting*, by an Amateur. The writer relates interesting particulars concerning several well-known specimens in public edifices. See also Fromberg on *Glass-Painting*, translated by Mr Clarke.)

There is a remarkable trial, in the Star-chamber, of a gentleman, who was recorder of Salisbury, for wilfully breaking a church-window, in which was painted a picture of the creation, into which was introduced a figure of the Supreme Being. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £500, and to make acknowledgement of his offence before the bishop of the diocese, and such persons as the bishop should think fit to assemble on the occasion. A much more severe sentence was proposed ; but, on taking the votes, it was found that there were nine voices for it, and nine against it. The proceeding is principally curious as it bears upon recent controversies in the Church, in regard to which Laud's speech concerning pictures and other decorations of churches will be found highly inte-

resting. As regards the fanatical demolition of works of art, of a real or supposed religious character, there are some curious poetical notices among the *Percy Reliques*.

XVIII.

MADAME SCHURMANS.

(A MODEL IN WAX.)

Non mihi propositum est humanam eludere sortem,
Aut vultus solido sculpere in ære meos:
Hanc nostram effigiem, quam cerâ expressimus, ecce
Materiæ fragili mox peritura, damus.

I do not propose for myself any life beyond that ordinarily allotted to mortals ; and so I have not made a brazen image of myself. Behold, I have modelled my own face in *wax* ; thus shewing that I have chosen a fragile material for representing my form ; the form of one who must herself soon perish.

Martial has an Epigram concerning a waxen statue, to which he applies the epithet, *vivida cera*, the vivid or living wax. Those Romans who had the peculiar privilege of having the images of their ancestors, kept them in a particular apartment of the house, called the Atrium : these images were usually made of wax.

XIX.

TEARS OF A PAINTER.

Infantem audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.
Ille, licet tristi percussus imagine mortis,
Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.
Et calamum, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe luctus,
Mœrorem hunc," dixit, "nate, parentis habe."

Dixit; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos;
Officio pariter fidus utrique pater:
Frontemque, et crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus.
Perge, parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.
Vidit adhuc molles genitor super oscula risus;
Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis:
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
Et tacitos risus transtulit in tabulam.
Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem;
Filioli longum vivet imago tui:
Vivet, et æterna vives tu laude; nec arte
Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.

Apelles, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush,—his colours spread:
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow,
"This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow-pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips, he drew,—not livid yet;
And shaded that which he had done
To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies;
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.

Then, heedful of the finished whole,
 With fondest eagerness he stole,
 Till scarce himself distinctly knew
 The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, cease! thy task is done,
 Long lives this image of thy son;
 Nor short-lived shall thy glory prove,
 Or of thy labour, or thy love.

The Latin is by Vincent Bourne: the English is by Cowper.

XX.

PICTURE OF ECHO.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor,
 Ignoramque oculis sollicitare Deam?
 Aeris et linguæ sum filia, mater inanis
 Judicii, vocem quæ, sine mente, gero.
 Extremos pereunte modos a fine reducens,
 Ludificata sequor verba aliena meis.
 Auribus in vestris habito penetrabilis Echo,
 Et si vis similem pingere, pingere sonum.

Why paint the face of Her who face hath none:
 Who cannot see your picture, when 'tis done?
 Vain Painter, cease! for truly I declare,
 A Tongue my Father was, my Mother, Air.
 My Child, Delusion. Though a voice I've got,
 A mind to govern it was ne'er my lot.
 Still with each last-dropt word I love to play,
 A mimic utterer of half you say.
 I live in what you hear, not what you see:
 If you a *Sound* can paint, why, then, paint me.

The Latin is by Ausonius: the version from a ship-newspaper. Erasmus, and Butler, in his *Hudibras*, have availed themselves of echoes for the purpose of comic humour. But Milton in his *Comus*, and Ben Jonson in his *Masques*, have adorned the "Sweet Queen of Parly" with some of the most precious *gems* of English song.

XXI.

THE LAOCOON.

Ecce alto terræ e cumulo ingentisque ruinæ
Visceribus iterum reducem longinqua reduxit
Laocoonta dies: aulis regalibus olim
Qui stetit, atque tuos ornabat, Tite, penates:
Divinæ simulacrum artis: nec docta vetustas
Nobilius spectabat opus; nunc alta revisit
Exemptum tenebris redivivæ mœnia Romæ.
Quid primum summumve loquar? miserumne parentem
Et prolem geminam? an sinuatos flexibus angues
Terribili aspectu? caudasque, irasque draconum,
Vulneraque, et veros, saxo moriente, dolores?
Horret ad hæc animus, mutaque ab imagine pulsat
Pectora, non parvo pietas commixta tremori.
Prolixum vivi spiris glomerantur in orbem
Ardentes colubri, et sinuosis orbibus oram,
Ternaque multiplici constringunt corpora nexu.
Vix oculi sufferre valent crudele tuendo
Exitium, casusque feros micat alter, et ipsum
Laocoonta petit, totumque infraque, supraque
Implicat, et rabido tandem ferit ilia morsu.
Connexum refugit corpus, torquentia sese
Membra, latusque retro sinuatum a vulnere cernas.
Ille dolore acri, et laniatu impulsus acerbo
Dat gemitum ingentem, crudosque avellere dentes
Connexus, lævam impatiens ad terga chelydri
Objicit: intendunt nervi, collectaque ab omni
Corpore vis frustra summis conatibus instat.
Ferre nequit rabiem, et de vulnere murmur anhelum est.
At serpens lapsu crebro redeunte subintrat
Lubricus, intortoque ligat genua infima nodo.
Crus tumet, obsepto turgent vitalia pulsu,
Liventesque atro distendunt sanguine venas.
Nec minus in natos eadem vis effera sævit,
Amplexuque angit rabido, miserandaque membra
Dilacerat: jamque alterius depasta cruentum

Pectus, supremâ genitorem voce cientis,
Circunjectu orbis, validoque volumine fulcit.
Alter adhuc, nullo violatus corpora morsu,
Dum parat adducta caudam divellere plantâ,
Horret ad aspectum miseri patris, hæret in illo :
Et jam jam ingentes fletus, lacrymasque cadentes
Anceps in dubio retinet timor : ergo perenni
Qui tantum statuistis opus jam laude nitentes,
Artifices magni (quanquam et melioribus actis
Quæritur æternum nomen, multoque licebat
Clarius ingenium venturæ tradere famæ)
Attamen ad laudem quæcunque oblata facultas,
Egregium hanc rapere, et summa ad fastigia niti.
Vos rigidum lapidem vivis animare figuris
Eximii, et vivos spiranti in marmore sensus
Inserere adspicimus, motumque iramque doloremque :
Et pene audimus gemitus : vos obtulit olim
Clara Rhodos : vestræ jacuerunt artis honores
Tempore ab immenso, quos rursum in luce secunda
Roma videt, celebratque frequens : operisque vetusti
Gratia parta recens. Quanto præstantius ergo est
Ingenio, aut quovis excendere fata labore,
Quam fastus, et opes, et inanem extendere luxum.

Turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain,
A father's love, and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending :—vain
The struggle ; vain against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links ;—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

The Latin is by Sadolet, secretary of Leo X. The English is by Lord Byron. Sadolet enters into the history of the statue ; relating that it was made at Rhodes, and was found among the ruins of the baths of Titus. The statue was discovered by Felice de Fredis, a Roman, to whom Pope Julius II. granted a very considerable pension, by way of

reward. His claim to the discovery is perpetuated by an inscription on his tomb:

Felice de Fredis
Qui ob proprias virtutes,
Et repertum Laocoontis divinum quod
In Vaticano cernes fere
Respirans simulacrum,
Immortalitatem meruit.
Anno Domini MDXXVIII.

Felice de Fredis, who on account of his private virtues, and for having discovered that divine statue of Laocoon, which you may behold in the Vatican almost breathing with life, deserved immortality.

The elder Pliny says of the Laocoon, *Opus omnibus picturee et statuariae artis praeferendum*, Lib. xxxvi. c. 5. "A work more excellent than any other production either of the art of painting or of statuary." Pliny has preserved the names of the three sculptors of the Laocoon; it would seem to have been executed by a father and his two sons, during the reign of Augustus. Rhodes, next to Athens, was the most famous school of ancient art, and has been immortalized as well by this statue as by its Colossus. The Roman conquerors took away three thousand statues from Rhodes. Michael Angelo and Bernini attempted to restore in marble the arm of the principal figure of the group of the Laocoon without success.

The statue is thus described by Winckelmann:

"The Laocoon," says Winckelmann, "offers to us the spectacle of nature plunged into the deepest affliction under the image of a man, who exerts, against its attack, all the powers of his soul. While his sufferings enlarge his muscles, and contract his nerves, you behold his mind strongly pictured on his wrinkled forehead; his bosom oppressed by an impeded respiration, and the most distressing restraint, rise with vehemence to enclose and concentrate the agony by which it is agitated. The groans that he stifles, and the breath he confines, distend his very frame. Notwithstanding which, he appears to be less affected by his own affliction than that of his children; who raise their eyes towards him, and implore his assistance in vain. The paternal tenderness of the Laocoon is manifest in his piteous looks; his countenance expresses moans, not cries; his eyes, directed towards heaven, supplicates celestial aid. His mouth expresses the pangs and indignation occasioned by an unjust chastisement. This double sensation swells the nose, and discloses itself in his enlarged nostrils. Beneath his forehead is rendered, with the utmost fidelity, the struggle between grief and resistance; the one makes him elevate his eyebrows; the other, the lids of his eyes. The artist being incapable of embellishing nature, has contented himself by giving her more extension, variety, and force. Where the greatest suffering exists, the greatest beauties are observable. The left side, into which the serpent darts its

venom by its bite, is the part that apparently suffers most, from its approximation to the heart; and this part of the statue may be reckoned a prodigy of art."

Lessing, in his treatise on the limits of poetry and painting, considers that Virgil, in his description of Laocoon, and the Rhodian artists, both copied from some Greek poem which is lost; and that it is more probable that the artists imitated Virgil, than that he took the group for his model. Lessing points out the necessities of art which may have induced the sculptors to make variations from the narrative of the poet: as in transferring the foldings of the serpents from the throat and waist to the legs and feet; laying aside the sacred fillets from Laocoon's forehead, and putting off his sacerdotal dress at the moment he was performing a solemn sacrifice. The artists were thus enabled to represent the painful contractions of the abdomen, and to treat the brow as the seat of expression. Goethe, in his lectures on Art, treats of the Laocoon, and dwells on the distinction between its object considered as a final end in the hands of the artists, whereas, in Virgil, the catastrophe is used only as a means, and by way of a rhetorical argument for the introduction of the Trojan horse into the city. Flaxman observes that the group of the Laocoon is "composed in a very noble concatenation of lines in three principal views. The children's appeal to the father, and the father's to the gods, is highly pathetic: the convulsed rise of the youngest son from the ground is the most electric circumstance in the whole sentiment."

A number of friends had one day met in the painting-room of Annibal Carracci, among whom was his brother Augustin, whose pride it was to be thought as distinguished for his skill in poetry, as Annibal was for his skill in painting. Augustin had just arrived from Rome, and after praising greatly the monuments he had seen there of ancient sculpture, he enlarged particularly on the beauty of the Laocoon. Annibal neither said anything, nor seemed to pay any attention to the eloquence of his brother, while every other person present was listening with the most intense interest. He even turned aside, and as if he had nothing better to do, began with a careless air to exercise his pencil on the wall. Augustin, piqued at his brother's apparent indifference, called out to him, and asked, 'Whether he did not think the Laocoon was all that he had been representing?' Annibal turning round, replied, 'Yes, indeed, brother; and behold there what you have been describing.' While Augustin had been talking, Annibal was occupied in sketching on the wall a representation of the admirable group of statuary which was the subject of eulogium. The sketch was happy, and the company loud in the expressions of their admiration. Augustin confessed that his brother had fallen on a mode of exhibiting the beauties of the work in question, which left far behind any representation he could give in words. Annibal smilingly said, that 'Poets painted with words, painters with the pencil.'

XXII.

THE VENUS OF CNIDOS.

Vera Venus Cnidiam cum vidit Cyprida, dixit,
Vidisti nudam me, puto, Praxitele.
Non vidi, nec fas : sed ferro opus omne polimus.
Ferrum Gradivi Martis in Arbitrio.
Qualem igitur domino scierant placuisse Cytheren,
Talem fecerunt ferrea cœla Deum.

The real Venus, on beholding her effigy at Cnidos, said, "O Praxiteles, you must have beheld me disrobed of my vestments!" To whom the Sculptor—"I neither have, nor dared. But I polished my work with iron that is sacred to Mars. My iron tools sculptured such a Venus as they knew that Mars was enamoured of."

There are numerous epigrams in the *Greek Anthology* concerning the Venus of Cnidos. Praxiteles made two marble statues of Venus, of which one had drapery and the other not. In his own opinion they were of equal value; and he offered them for sale together at the same price. The people of Cos, who had always possessed a character for severe decorum, purchased the draped statue, and the people of Cnidos the naked one. The Cnidian Venus was regarded, in ancient times, as the most perfectly beautiful of the statues of the goddess, and as the masterpiece of Praxiteles. Pliny represents it as being generally preferred to any other statue of Grecian art, and he mentions that many persons made a voyage to Cnidos on purpose to behold it. The Cnidians prized this statue so highly, that they refused to part with it to King Nicomedes, who offered to purchase it on the terms of paying off the national debt of the island. It was afterwards carried to Constantinople, where it perished by fire in the reign of Justinian. The temple in which the statue stood at Cnidos was so constructed, that the beauties of the statue were made apparent to a spectator standing in any part of the building.

The material of the statue was the purest and most brilliant Parian marble. The position of the left hand was the same as that of the Venus de Medici, the right hand held some drapery which fell over a vase. The face wore a gentle smile, and the expression was considered by the ancients to represent the appearance of the goddess at the moment when Paris adjudged to her the prize of beauty. But the position of the drapery, and the vase, indicate that the artist intended to represent

Venus, either as entering or quitting a bath. Praxiteles designed his statue after the model of the celebrated Phryne.

The type of this famous statue is preserved in coins of Cnidos, and several statues in the Vatican are supposed to be copies of it. It has been represented on a medal of Caracalla in the cabinet of France. Discussions have arisen as to what extent the Venus de Medici is an imitation of the Cnidian Venus. Cleomenes, the sculptor of the Medicean Venus, flourished sometime between the age of Praxiteles and the destruction of Corinth, 146 B.C. The silence of the ancients concerning this extant statue, which excites the universal admiration of modern connoisseurs, is remarkable; and, perhaps, may have been in some measure owing to the intense delight taken by the ancients in the Venus which is the subject of the epigram in the text. In Flaxman's *Lectures on Statuary*, there is a pictorial representation of the Venus of Cnidos, plate 22, as also of the Venus of Cos, plate 23. The precise heights of these statues are not given; that of the Venus de Medici is 4 ft. 11 in. 4 lin.

A young man was related to have fallen in love with the statue of the Venus of Cnidos. The story of Pygmalion and the statue in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, is a similar testimony to the fidelity of the sculptor's art. On this subject the reader may peruse a recent Tourist's description of her entrancement before the statue of the Belvidere Apollo. This, however, was not the first lady to bestow vehement admiration on that production of art, according to Dean Milman :

Yet, on that form in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the maid of France ;
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood,
With him alone, nor thought it solitude !
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrank, and thought the marble smiled :
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied :
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled, and died.

As the gem in the text is not very pellucid, the following translation from the Greek, taken from the *Polyglot Anthology*, may be thought to afford a more worthy description of the Venus of Cnidos :

Who gave such life to stone,
Nor life alone,
But such a power of love ?

Who upon earth hath seen
 The Cyprian Queen
 Descended from above?

Praxiteles alone
 To lifeless stone
 The charms of Venus gives :
 Else is Olympus left,
 Of her bereft,
 And she in Cnidos lives.

XXIII.

POLYCLETUS'S JUNO.

Juno labor, Polyclete, tuus, et gloria felix,
 Phidiacæ cuperent quam meruisse manus,
 Ore nitet tanto, quanto superasset in Ida
 Judice convictas non dubitante Deas.
 Junonem, Polyclete, suam nisi frater amaret,
 Junonem poterat frater amare tuam.

A Polycletus' peerless glory stands,
 The Juno, that might grace a Phidias' hands :
 Who, in such form, on Ida had surpass'd
 The Goddesses convinc'd, the Judge unask'd.
 Did not her Brother love the Queen divine,
 That brother, Polyclete, would glow at thine.

There is an *Essay* on this statue written by Bottiger : it was regarded as the masterpiece of Polycletus, who flourished at Argos, about the year 430 B. C. He was a fellow-pupil with Phidias and Myron. He is reported to have borne away a prize from Phidias, on an occasion when all the first statuary in Greece compared their abilities in the representation of an Amazon. The statue which is mentioned in the text, was placed in the temple of Juno, near Argos ; its materials were ivory and gold, and it was considered as a rival of Phidias's statues of Minerva and Jupiter. The goddess was represented as seated on a throne, her head crowned with a garland, on which were worked the Graces and the Hours ; one hand

held a pomegranate, the other a sceptre surmounted by a cuckoo. The figure was robed from the waist downwards. It was said to be formed according to the description of Homer, who attributes to his Juno ivory arms, and large eyes (like those of a bull). A type of this statue is supposed to be existing in a coin of Argos.

It is believed that the Roman artists have not copied Homer in appreciating Juno's exposed arms. They usually represent her in the garb of a Roman matron, with only her face uncovered. Roman Empresses were frequently represented on the reverses of medals in the character of Juno wearing this costume. The loveable appearance given by Polyclethus to his Juno, which is confirmed by Strabo, is not in accordance with the majestic and terrible description of her by some great poets; but, it has been seen, it is warranted by Homer; and we may collect from several antiques, that the ancients, especially the Greeks, had a mild Juno and Jupiter, as well as their more severe counterparts.

XXIV.

LYSIPPUS' ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Fortis Alexandri vultum Lysippus; et audax
Expressit pectus; vis, puto, in ære latet.
Æneus ille Jovem sic compellare videtur;
Cessit terra mihi; Jupiter astra cole.

Lysippus has represented the countenance, and the daring breast of Alexander. A sentiment appears to be tacitly conveyed by this Statue. The Hero in brass seems to taunt Jove himself, as though he would say, "The Earth is mine, Jupiter—mind *your stars*."

By a well-known edict Alexander the Great prohibited any artist from drawing a portrait of him except Apelles, and from making his statue, except Lysippus; an ukase which was imitated by Queen Elizabeth, who by a warrant directed to her Serjeant Painter, took summary means for obviating the mischief "committed by divers unskilful artisans in unseemly painting, graving, and printing of her Majesty's person and visage, to her Majesty's great offence, and the disgrace of that beautiful and magnanimous majesty wherewith God hath blessed her."

The statue, which is the subject of the above epigram, was supposed to be Lysippus's masterpiece. It represented Alexander holding a lance,

and was considered a companion to Apelles's picture of the Hero, in which he was represented wielding a thunderbolt. Plutarch testifies to the impression produced upon spectators being the same as that expressed in the epigram. Lysippus used to lay by a single piece of gold out of the price received for each of his works, and Pliny informs us, that, after his death, the number of these pieces was found to be 1500. His works were chiefly in bronze, which may have been one of the causes why none of them are extant. But there are many copies of them on coins, and it may be seen by the text, that the Muses have laboured for their immortality.

XXV.

GROUP OF THE STATUES OF OPPORTUNITY AND
REPENTANCE.

Cujus opus? Phidiæ, qui signum Pallados, ejus
 Quique Jovem fecit: tertia palma ego sum.
 Sum dea, quæ rara, et paucis Occasio nota.
 Quid rotulæ insistis? Stare loco nequeo.
 Quid talaria habes? Volucris sum: Mercurius quæ
 Fortunare solet, tardo ego, cum volui.
 Crine tegis faciem. Cognosci nolo. Sed heus tu
 Occipiti calvo es. Ne tenear fugiens.
 Quæ tibi juncta comes? Dicat tibi. Dic, rogo, quæ sis?
 Sum dea, cui nomen nec Cicero ipse dedit:
 Sum dea, quæ facti, non factique exigo pœnas,
 Nempe ut pœniteat: sic Metanœa vocor.
 Tu modo dic, quid agat tecum. Si quando volavi,
 Hæc manet: hanc retinent, quos ego præterii.
 Tu quoque, dum rogitas, dum percontando moraris,
 Elapsam dices me tibi de manibus.

Whose work is this? Phidias's, that Artist who sculptured the statue of Minerva, and that of Jove: I am the third palm of his genius. I am a Goddess, seldom met with, and known only to a few; my name is Opportunity. Why do you rest on a wheel? Because I never stay in one place. Why have you wings? Because I fly to this

person and from that person with the swiftness of a bird. Why do you cover your face with your hair? Because I do not wish to be recognized. But I observe that the back part of your head is bald! It is to avoid being detained when I fly away. Who is your companion? She can tell you herself. Who, then, I pray, are *you*? I am a Goddess, for whom even Cicero has not invented a Latin name. I am a Goddess, who exacts penalties both for what is done and what is not done, causing mortals to repent of both. Hence the Greeks called me Metanœa. But, O Goddess Opportunity! say, why is Metanœa here with you? Because, whenever I fly away, *she* stays. When I pass by any persons, they retain *her*. And you, my Querist, at the very moment you are loitering here propounding your interrogatories, you will say that I have escaped out of your hands.

The Greek and Roman artists, and their sculptors in particular, had a method of expressing a variety of moral sentiments by means of a sort of rational hieroglyphics, of which the statue that is the subject of the text is a remarkable specimen. A very interesting account of the ancient moral deities that presided over the virtues of men, and the conduct of human life, illustrated by apposite quotations, and embellished with handsome plates, will be found in Spencer's *Polymetis*, Book iv. Dialogue x. Shakspeare, in his Rape of Lucrece, personifies Opportunity. Phædrus thus describes Time in an ancient statue:

Cursu volucris, pendens in novacula,
 Calvus, comosa fronte, nudo corpore:
 Quem si occuparis, teneas; elapsum semel
 Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere.
 Occasionem rerum significat brevem,
 Effectus impediret ne segnis mora.
 Finxere Antiqui talem effigiem Temporis.

Un homme ayant des ailes, et qui court si vite qu'il pourroit marcher sur le tranchant d'un rasoir sans se blesser; qui a des cheveux par devant, et qui est chauve par derrière, qui a le cors tout nud: qu'on ne peut avoir qu'en le prenant, et que Jupiter même ne peut reprendre lors qu'il l'a laissé échaper une fois: nous marque qu'en toutes choses l'occasion est prompte, et passe en un moment. Les Anciens nous ont représenté le Temps sous la figure de cet homme; de peur que le retardement et la paresse n'empêchât l'exécution de nos meilleures entreprises.

The statue which Ausonius attributes to Phidias is considered by

several writers to be the work of Lysippus. Ausonius, it is seen, ranks it next in order of merit to Phidias's Minerva, and his Jupiter. The Jupiter of Phidias, which was placed in the temple of the god, in the sacred grove of Olympia, has usually been considered the masterpiece of the whole range of Grecian art. His gold and ivory statue of Minerva in the Parthenon was the most celebrated of Phidias's works at Athens. Among the Elgin marbles are probably many relics of Phidias's genius. An enemy of Pericles brought two accusations against Phidias whom he patronized, in reference to Minerva's statue. One for peculation, which was refuted, as, by the advice of Pericles, the gold had been affixed to the statue of Minerva, in a manner that it could be removed, and the weight of it examined. The other charge was for impiety, in having introduced into the battle of the Amazons in the shield of Minerva, his own likeness and that of Pericles, the latter as a bald old man hurling a stone with both his hands, himself as a very handsome warrior fighting with an Amazon, his face being partly concealed by his hand which held an uplifted spear; so that the artist's likeness could only be recognized upon a side view. Upon this latter charge Phidias was cast into prison, where he died, as it has been alleged, by poison.

XXVI.

VINDEX'S CONVIVIAL STATUE OF HERCULES.

(A)

Hic, qui dura sedens porrecto saxa leone
 Mitigat exiguo magnus in ære Deus,
 Quæque tulit, spectat resupino sidera vultu,
 Cujus læva calet robore, dextra mero :
 Non est fama recens, nec nostri gloria cæli :
 Nobile Lysippi munus opusque vides.
 Hoc habuit numen Pellæi mensa tyranni,
 Qui cito perdomito victor in orbe jacet.
 Hunc puer ad Libycas juraverat Hannibal aras :
 Jusserat hic Sullam ponere regna trucem.
 Offensus variæ tumidis terroribus aulæ,
 Privatos gaudet nunc habitare Lares.
 Utque fuit quondam placidi conviva Molorchi,
 Sic voluit docti Vindicis esse Deus.

Reclining on a lion's skin spread over the hard marble, sits a Great Divinity represented in a *small* statue. He casts his eyes upwards to the heavens which he once sustained on his shoulders : his left hand grasps an oaken staff, his right a goblet of wine. The fame of this statue is not recent ; its glory is not of this nation. You see before you the noble achievement of Lysippus. This statue once graced the table of that Macedonian Tyrant who died only when he had no more worlds to conquer. Hannibal, when a youth, swore hatred to the Romans upon this statue, at the Libyan altars. It bade Sylla to lay down his Dictatorship. At length, disgusted with the tumults incident to palaces of state, Hercules rejoices in the society of the private Lares of Vindex. And as of yore he became the guest of the amiable Molorchus,—so now he is well contented with the appellation of Vindex's Family-God.

(B)

Alciden modo Vindicis rogabam,
 Esset cujus opus laborque felix ?
 Risit (nam solet hoc) levique nutu,
 Græce numquid, ait, poeta, nescis ?
 Inscripta est basis, indicatque nomen.
 Ἀνσίππου lego, Phidiæ putavi.

When late Alcides' self I saw,
 A Vindex' guest, I gaz'd with awe.
 Yet humbly of the God inquir'd
 What human art he had inspir'd,
 To bid his image stand confest ?
 His Godship scarce his smile supprest.
 And, nodding bland, thus deign'd to speak :
 Poor bardling, dost thou know no Greek ?
 Behold the *base*, and learn to spell :
 Thence wonder and inquiry quell.
 I, blushing, there ΑΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ scann'd ;
 But thought it had been Phidias' hand.

Martial considers it a compliment to Lysippus to have mistaken his Hercules for the workmanship of Phidias. But Lysippus was more

famous for his statues of Hercules than any other sculptor; many copies of these are extant in gems, and the well-known Farnese Hercules of Glycon was a copy of a work of Lysippus. Dr Smith, in his *Dictionary of Roman Antiquities*, quotes several authorities for concluding that the celebrated Belvidere Torso was an imitation of Vindex's Hercules. Spence mentions an extant ancient gem by Adman, which, he conceives, was copied from the same statue, at least as regards Hercules's face.

It will be collected that the statue of Hercules which is the subject of the epigrams in the text belonged to an opulent Roman of the name of Vindex, who used to place it at his supper-table, seated on a lion-skin. It was not a foot high, was made of brass, in one hand holding a goblet, in the other a club; the face was very cheerful. It was fabled to have run through a series of the highest fortunes of any statue on record. Before it came into the family of the friend of Martial and Statius, it is represented to have belonged to Sylla the dictator. It had been previously in the possession of Hannibal, and was a particular favourite, and fellow-traveller of his, during his campaign in Italy: before that it had accompanied Alexander the Great all through his expedition in the East. These great men did not carry it about with them for its beauty alone, but partly, perhaps, out of devotion, or in order to keep alive a popular superstition of the resemblance of their labours to those of Hercules. It is seen by some other epigrams of Martial how hard the poet strains to establish a resemblance between Hercules and Domitian. So Mark Antony traced his descent from Hercules. Shakspeare calls him "This Herculean Roman."

Statius wrote a poem (part of his *Silvæ*) containing upwards of a hundred verses on Vindex's Hercules. The following lines occur:

Tantus nonos operi, firmosque inclusa per artus
Majestas. Deus ille Deus, seseque videndum
Indulsit, Lysippe, tibi, parvusque videri,
Sentirique ingens: et cum mirabilis intra
Stet mensura pedem, tamen exclamare libebit,
(Si visus per membra feras) hoc pectore pressus
Vastator Nemees, hæc exitiale ferebant
Robur et Argoos pangebant brachia remos.
Hoc spatium tam magna brevi mendacia formæ!
Quis modus in dextrâ, quanta experientia docti
Artificis curtæ, pariter gestamina mensæ
Fingere, et ingentes animo versare colossos!

Or entre toutes ces choses, l'Hercule de sa maison, où le génie et la Divinité tutélaire de sa table modeste me faisait d'une inclination toute particulière à l'honorer, et je ne me pus lasser de le regarder, tant l'ouvrage étoit bien fait, et tant il y avoit de majesté renfermée dans les membres solides, et dans toutes les proportions de la Statue. C'est ce Dieu là mesmes, ô Lysippe, qui t'a permis de le considérer, qui a bien voulu qu'on

le vist en petit, et qu'on se pust facilement imaginer qu'il a de grands sentimens : et quoy qu'il se renferme dans la mesure d'un pied, il sera neantmoins permis de s'écrier. (Si vous jettez les yeux sur ses membres) le Lion de Nemée fut étouffé contre cette poitrine, ces bras portoient une fatale massuë, et rompoient les avirons du Navire d'Argos. Une infinité de grands mensonges sont contenus sous une si petite figure. Quelle industrie d'une excellente main ? Quelle marque du sçavoir exquis d'un merveilleux Ouvrier ? faire de petites pieces pour servir sur une table, et donner en mesme temps l'idée des Colosses ?

XXVII.

STATUE OF LUCRETIA.

Libenter occumbo, mea in præcordia
 Adactum habens ferrum ; juvat mea manu
 Id præstitisse, quod Viraginum prius
 Nulla ob pudicitiam peregit promptius ;
 Juvat cruorem contueri proprium,
 Illumque verbis execrari asperrimis.

Sanguen mi acerbius veneno colchico,
 Ex quo canis Stygius, vel Hydra præferox
 Artus meos compegit in pœnam asperam ;
 Lues flue, ac vetus revertè in toxicum.
 Tabes amara exi ; mihi invisâ et gravis,
 Quod feceris corpus nitidum et amabile.

Nec interim suas monet Lucretia
 Civeis, pudore et castitate semper ut
 Sint præditæ, fidemque servant integram
 Suis maritis, cum sit hæc Mavortii
 Laus magna populi, ut castitate fœminæ
 Lætentur, et viris mage ista gloria
 Placere studeant, quam nitore et gratiâ ;
 Quin id probasse cæde vel mea gravi
 Lubet, statim animum purum oportere extrahi
 Ab inquinati corporis custodiâ.

Since the vile Ravisher my honour stains,
 What thing of worth or moment now remains !

Thus cries Lucretia with grief oppress,
 And sheaths a poignant dagger in her breast.
 The Heroine would die ; but you prevent,
 O Giorgio ! her murderous intent.
 You have so painted her, that we conceive
 She in thy canvass will for ever live.

The Latin is the only extant composition in Latin verse by Leo X. The English is from Evelyn's epigrams, on a picture by Giorgione. Among the pictures of Charles I. was one of Lucretia stabbing herself, by Titian ; a red veil is cast over her face, and a figure of Tarquin stands in the background. The picture was appraised and sold for £200. There is a Lucretia by Titian which seems to be a portrait of some lady of his acquaintance ; it bears the inscription *Titianus sibi faciebat*. Nothing in poetry or painting on the subject of Lucretia, may be thought equal to Ovid's description in his *Fæsti* :

Eloquar, inquit,
 Eloquar infelix dedecus ipse meum!
 Quæque potest narrat. Restabant ultima, flevit,
 Et matronales erubuere genæ.
 Dant veniant facto genitor conjuxque coacto.
 Quam, dixit, veniam vos datis, ipse nego.
 Nec mora ; celato figit sua pectora ferro :
 Et cadit in patrios sanguinolenta pedes.
 Tunc quoque, jam moriens, ne non procumbat honestè,
 Respicit, hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.

I will proclaim, she says, I will proclaim my own infamy ! And she relates as far as she is able : the conclusion remained untold, and a blush overspread her matronly cheeks. Her husband and her father protest their forgiveness of what could not have been averted. But she replies, Although you bestow your pardons upon me, I cannot pardon myself. Nor does a moment elapse before she stabs her breast with a dagger which she had concealed, and falls at her father's feet bathed in her blood. Even as she fell she gave a look round, lest she should fall indecorously ; this seemed the last concern on her mind.

This last incident in the description of Ovid may remind the reader of an interesting account by Pliny of the horrible transaction of the inhumation of a Vestal Virgin (Lib. iv. Ep. xi.). He relates that the Vestal Cornelia Maximilla had been condemned without a hearing by Domitian, who sentenced her to be buried alive, in order to give celebrity to his reign by the spectacle. As she was being led to her punishment she stretched forth her hands now to Vesta, and now to the other Deities, and frequently repeated the words, "Does Cæsar believe me polluted, me, to whose performance of sacred rites he owes his victories, his triumphs ?" When she

was descending the steps of the fatal vault, her gown got entangled, and she turned herself round to set it in order; and when the public executioner offered his hand to assist her, she started back, and turned away her face from him, as if rejecting from her chaste and pure person a foul contamination. Thus, from the very soul of modesty, she seemed solicitous to meet death with decorum.

XXVIII.

THE STATUE OF NIOBE.

Fecerat e viva lapidem me Jupiter; at me
Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

Jupiter metamorphosed me from a living Being into a stone: Praxiteles has, out of that stone, made me again alive.

The Latin is a version, by Gray, from the Greek Anthology: it is rather a frigid conceit, not worthy of one of the most admired specimens of ancient art. Ausonius has another sorry epigram on Niobe, to whom, he says, Praxiteles gave her back everything but *sense*; and *that* she never had. It was an undecided question among the ancients whether the group representing the destruction of the sons and daughters of Niobe was the work of Praxiteles or of Scopas. These two artists stand at the head of the second period of perfected art, which is called the latter Attic school, in contradistinction to the earlier Attic school of Phidias. They excelled in delineations of beauty and gracefulness, as Phidias surpassed in ideal majesty, heroic spirit, and religious earnestness. Scopas was principally famed for a statue of the Pythian Apollo playing on a lyre, celebrated by Propertius, and which was placed by Augustus in the temple which he built in honour of Apollo, on the Palatine hill, to commemorate the battle of Actium. (See *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, which contains a mine of information concerning ancient artists and ancient art.)

The group of Niobe and her children has been the subject of panegyric, or criticism, in the published travels of most Italian tourists. Mr Cockerell, and Mr Bell, for example, have written copious artistical remarks upon the subject. The genuine number of the group, whether it properly consists of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen statues, and the pro-

priety of its arrangement, have excited much controversy. Flaxman writes that "the statues of Niobe and her youngest daughter afford an example of heroic beauty in mature age. The sentiment is maternal affection. She exposes her own life to shield her child from threatened destruction. The statues of the several children all possess the same heroic beauty, mixed with astonishment, terror, dismay, and death." The youngest child is placed in the mother's arms, and clings to the girdle round her waist, whilst the mother is looking up towards heaven. The sentiment excited is full of tenderness. Guido made the group of Niobe the subject of his particular study. It was discovered in the year 1583: it anciently filled the pediment of a temple of Apollo.

Though the epigram in the text be not a gem of the purest ray, yet Ovid, in describing the metamorphosis of Niobe, stands perhaps in more favourable contrast with the impassioned sculptor, than Virgil, when compared with the rival sculptors of the Laocoon. Niobe's supplications for her youngest child seem to give a tongue to the breathing statue: and although persons "weeping" themselves "to marble" may appear a forced as it has been a frequent conception of English poets, nothing seems more natural than such a transition as the details of it are related by Ovid.

Sexque datis letho, diversa que vulnera passis,
 Ultima restabat: quam toto corpore mater
 Tota veste tegens, unam minimamque relinque
 De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam!
 Dumque rogat, pro quâ rogat, occidit. Orba resedit
 Examines inter natos natasque, virumque:
 Diriguitque malis. Nullos movet aura capillos.
 In vultu color est sine sanguine: lumina mœstis
 Stant immota genis: nihil est in imagine vivi.
 Ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
 Congelat, et venæ desistunt posse moveri.
 Nec flecti cervix, nec brachia reddere gestus,
 Nec pes ire potest: intra quoque viscera saxum est.
 Flet tamen, et validi circumdata turbine venti
 In patriam rapta est. Ibi fixa cacumine montis
 Liquitur, et lacrymas etiamnum marmora manant.

Seven of Niobe's children had thus cruelly perished one after the other. Her last daughter was yet surviving. The mother shields her with her whole dress, her whole body, and exclaims, O leave me one, and the least of them! Out of many which were mine, leave me but one, and that the least of all! Whilst she supplicates, her last child dies in her arms. She sat desolate among the dead bodies of her husband, her sons, and her daughters. She became benumbed with her sufferings: her cheeks have no longer any colour, her eyes are fixed in one motionless gaze: her very hair seems incapable of being driven by the wind.

Her tongue is become stiff as if it were frozen, her veins no longer indicate any circulation of blood. Her neck cannot be bent; her arms cannot be stretched forth; her foot can no longer stir: tears alone are left her. Anon she is fixed immoveably on the top of a mountain, where the marble which once was Niobe still drips with her everlasting tears.

XXIX.

STATUE OF DOMITIAN AS THE MILD JUPITER.

Quis Pallatinos imitatus imagine vultus,
 Phidiacum Latio marmore vicit ebur?
 Hæc mundi facies, hæc sunt Jovis ora sereni:
 Sic tonat ille deus, cum sine nube tonat.
 Non solam tribuit Pallas tibi, Care, coronam:
 Effigiem domini, quam colis, illa dedit.

Who, daring to pourtray th' imperial face,
 In Latian marble stole the Phidian grace?
 Such is the aspect of the heav'n serene:
 So the God thunders when no cloud is seen.

In the concluding distich, Martial tells his friend *Carus*, who, in his house, offered sacred rites to a statue of Domitian, in the character of the Mild Jupiter, that Minerva, in addition to the rewards which Carus had, on other occasions, received from the hands of that goddess, gave him the likeness of the emperor who was the object of his worship, and which, by her inspiration, surpassed the famous statue of Minerva by Phidias in the Parthenon.

Spence, in his *Polymetis* (Dialogue vi.), has pointed out distinctions between the *mild* and the *terrible* Jupiter in ancient poetry, statues, gems, and seals. The Mild Jupiter was generally represented in a sitting posture, and of white marble, with his hair regular and composed; whereas the statues of the Terrible Jupiter were usually of black marble, in a standing posture, and with the hair discomposed. The Capitoline Jupiter was seated in a curule chair. Three kinds of lightning were employed by ancient sculptors to be held in Jupiter's hand, according to the character in which he was represented. The first was a bundle of flames wreathed close together: the second is the same figure, with two transverse darts of lightning, and sometimes with wings added on each side of

it. Such was the device which all the soldiers of the *thundering* legion (as it was called) bore on their shields; it is represented on the Antonine and Trajan pillars at Rome. The third kind of thunder is a handful of flames all let loose in their utmost fury. The old artists gave Jupiter, if his appearance was to be mild and calm, the first sort, held down in his hand: if he was represented as punishing, he held up the second sort: and, if going to do some exemplary vengeance, he brandished the third species, and sometimes had both his hands full of flames. (See the plates and poetical illustrations in Spence's *Polymetis*.) The serene and sweeter kind of majesty attributed to Jupiter is represented by Virgil in the first *Æneid*, where he is described as receiving Venus with paternal tenderness:

Olli subridens hominum sator atque decorum,
Vultu quo cælum tempestatesque serenat
Oscula libavit natæ.

In comparing the fierce and cruel tyrant Domitian to the *Mild* Jupiter, the sculptor and the poet appear to have anticipated the advice of Swift, in his "Directions for making a Birth-day Ode:"

Thus your encomium to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong:
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays.
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.

XXX.

STATUE OF DOMITIAN AS HERCULES.

Herculis in magni vultus descendere, Cæsar
Dignatus Latiaë dat nova templa viæ,
Qua Trivia nemorosa petit dum regna viator,
Octavum domina marmor ab urbe legit.
Ante colebatur votis, et sanguine largo :
Majorem Alciden, nunc Minor ipse colit.
Hunc magnas rogat alter opes, rogat alter honores :
Illi securus vota minora facit.

Domitian condescends to assume the countenance of the illustrious Hercules, and gives on the occasion to the Appian Way a Temple containing a statue of himself in the character of Hercules. The traveller meets with it at the eighth milestone, just as he emerges from the grove of Diana. Before this time Domitian has been addressed with common vows and sacrifices : but now Hercules (henceforth to be called the *lesser* Hercules) worships Domitian as the greater Divinity. One supplicates the Emperor-Hercules for wealth, another for honours : whereas the lesser Hercules takes no offence, if suppliants beg of him smaller favours, better suited for an inferior Divinity to be asked for, and to grant.

The Appian Way is called the Queen of Ways by Statius : it was the great Southern road out of Rome. Vestiges still remain of the vast sums and prodigious labour expended on its construction. The Roman mile was about 142 yards less than the English mile. Martial wrote several more epigrams on this statue.

Suetonius writes, that the Emperor Nero having supposed himself to have equalled Apollo in music, and the Sun in chariot-driving, resolved, in like manner, to imitate the actions of Hercules. For this purpose a lion was prepared for him in the theatre, where he appeared naked, and in the view of the people killed the wild beast with a club. Plutarch mentions of Mark Antony, that he had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard, a large forehead, an aquiline nose, and through his whole appearance the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures

and statues of Hercules. He adds, that there was an ancient tradition that Antony's family were descended from Hercules by a son of his, named Antæon, and that Antony imitated Hercules in his apparel, particularly by a vest girt on his hip, and by a coarse mantle over all his dress. Flatterers endeavoured to trace the Flavian family by direct descent from Hercules. Henry IV. of France used for his device a figure of Hercules subduing a monster, with a motto, "*Invia virtuti nulla est via.*" No way but is a way to valour.

Probably none of the heathen gods have so many monuments of antiquity relating to them as Hercules. He was regarded by the ancients as the pattern of human virtue. The *Choice* of Hercules is one of the most edifying lessons of ancient morality. There is some obscurity about his memorable labours. Spence distinguishes his adventures previous to the labours imposed by Eurystheus, his twelve labours, and his voluntary exploits. Martial, in another epigram, in which, as in the text, he makes Domitian out-Hercules Hercules, mentions seven of the ordinary twelve labours of Hercules, and two of the extraordinary or voluntary labours; Ovid relates ten of the ordinary and four of the extraordinary labours; Virgil, two ordinary and six extraordinary. The twelve ordinary labours of Hercules were inscribed on an ancient altar that used to stand at the gate of Albano, at Rome, and which was afterwards removed to the Capitoline Gallery.

All the adventures of Hercules have been represented by poets and artists with many fanciful varieties. Sometimes the infant Hercules is represented as killing both the serpents at the same time, with so much ease and indifference, that he scarcely deigns to look upon them. He is otherwise represented with a smile on his face, as if pleased with the colours and motions of the serpents. Sometimes he is made to look concerned that he has killed them, and so put an end to the diversion they afforded him. Occasionally the effect is sought to be heightened by introducing a nurse holding his twin brother in her arms, and a contrast is represented between her alarm and the playful intrepidity of the infant demi-god. One of Zeuxis's most admired paintings was extolled for its dramatic effect in representing the terror of Almena and Eurystheus, whilst witnessing the struggle between the child and the serpents. With respect to the Stymphalides, in some gems they are omitted on account of their height, but Hercules is seen shooting with his bow, and one or more of these birds are dropt at his feet. In other gems the birds are represented flying, but Hercules is kneeling, to allow of a greater intervening distance.

There is a discussion in Aulus Gellius on the size of Hercules's foot, with reference to the Roman saying, *Ex pede Herculem*. It appears that the Olympic stadium was six hundred of his steps; and from the calculations of different authors, the notion of Hercules's height appears to have been that he was six feet seven inches high. Martial was prudent in representing the true Hercules as in all respects *minor* to the Emperor.

He probably recollected what Suetonius relates of the Emperor Caligula, that, "as he stood by the statue of Jupiter, he asked one Apelles, a tragedian, which of the two he thought the bigger? Upon his demurring about it, the Emperor ordered him to be lashed severely, now and then commending his voice, whilst he begged pardon, as very sweet in the midst of groans."

XXXI.

ÆGIS OF DOMITIAN.

Accipe belligeræ crudum thoraca Minervæ,
 Ipsa Medusæ quo tumet ira Deæ.
 Dum vacat hæc, Cæsar, poterit lorica vocari:
 Pectore cum sacro sederit, Ægis erit.

Gird on the breast-plate of belligerent Minerva, in which the head of Medusa swells with terrific anger: a breast-plate, indeed, it might be called, when you have not occasion to use it; but on thy sacred breast it is an Ægis.

This epigram is an example of the flattery of the Romans in transferring the principal attributes of their deities to their Emperors. There is in the Gallery at Florence an antique bust of Domitian, which has an ægis on the breastplate, corresponding to the poetical description, and probably the occasion of it. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, observes, that there is scarcely a Roman Emperor from Augustus to Gallienus, from the perfecting to the fall of the arts at Rome, but has the emblem of the ægis on his breastplate, in statues, busts, gems, or medals. There was a statue of Minerva in the Capitol without her ægis; it was suggested by the glozing poet, that the goddess had lent it to Domitian. The head of Medusa on the ægis is sometimes represented as a very beautiful, and, at others, a most shocking object. In some figures of it, the face is represented as dead, but with the most perfect features that can be imagined; in others, the face is full of passion, and the eyes convulsed. In a third species, the predominating expression is that of horror. Various attempts have been made to explain the *myth* of Medusa and the Gorgons, by authors, to whom reference is made in Smith's *Dictionary*.

The beauties and horrors of Medusa's head are both mentioned by the Roman poets; they speak frequently also of her serpents; and particularly of two, as having their tails twined together under her chin, and their heads reared over her forehead. The ægis is described by Virgil

and by Ovid: it may be seen in the plates to Spence's *Polymetis*. The following is from a poem of Shelley upon the picture of Medusa's head by Leonardo Da Vinci:

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
 Upon the cloudy mountain-peak supine;
 Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.
 Upon its lips and eyelids seem to lie
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shrine,
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone;
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
 Are graven, till the characters be grown
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

And from its head as from one body grow,
 As [] grass out of a watery rock,
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow,
 And their long tangles in each other lock,
 And with unending involutions show
 Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
 The torture and the death within, and saw
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
 Peeps idly into these Gorgonian eyes;
 Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
 Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
 And he comes hastening like a moth that hies
 After a taper; and the midnight sky
 Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
 Kindled by that inextricable error,
 Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
 Become a [] and ever-shifting mirror
 Of all the beauty and the terror there—
 A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
 Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

XXXII.

STATUE OF ERASMUS.

Rotterodamus ego non inficiabor Erasmus,
Ne videar cives deseruisse meos.
Ipsorum instinctu, Princeps clarissime, salvum
Ingressu precor ad limina nostra tuum,
Atque hunc, quo possum studio, commendo popellum
Maxime præsiidiis Cæsare nate tuis.
Te Dominum agnoscunt omnes, te Principe, gaudent,
Nec quicquam toto charius orbe tenent.

I, Erasmus, will not disown that I was born at Rotterdam, lest I should be charged with deserting my fellow-citizens. By their instigation, I wish you a prosperous entry into the house of my birth. And, with all my zeal, I recommend the inhabitants of Rotterdam to your especial protection and favour. So may they all acknowledge you for their sovereign, and regard you as the dearest object they have in the world.

This statue of Erasmus was placed before the house in which he was born. In his right hand was a pen; in the left was a scroll containing the verses in the text. Erasmus was represented as presenting the scroll to Philip II., on the occasion of that prince visiting his birth-place. The statue was of bronze, and as the common people used to kneel to it, even after the Reformation was established at Rotterdam, it narrowly escaped, if it did escape, being melted as a Lutheran auto-da-fe. The verses on the scroll make it apparent that the inhabitants of Rotterdam had an eye to their own interests as well as to the fame of Erasmus.

XXXIII.

A STATUE OF VICTORY, AT ROME, OF WHICH THE WINGS
WERE DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING.

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die,
While Victory stays, and has no wings to fly.

XXXIV.

THE FLORENTINE BRUTUS.

Effigiem Bruti sculptor de marmore ducit,
At scelus in mentem venit, et abstinuit.

Whilst the sculptor was forming the marble likeness of Brutus, he suddenly thought of his crime, and left the Statue unfinished.

This epigram has reference to an unfinished statue by Michael Angelo at Florence. It seems to be the better opinion, that Michael Angelo did not display any sudden antipathy to the regicide, Marcus Brutus: but that having commenced the statue of one of the Medici who assassinated his uncle, and was called the Florentine Brutus, but who afterwards proved the oppressor instead of the Liberator of his country, Michael Angelo laid aside the unfinished statue in disgust.

XXXV.

STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN FRONT OF
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis,
Invictum bello te coluere ducem.
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu,
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tuæ.

Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name ;
Now round thy brows the civic wreath we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.

The Latin and English are both by the Marquis of Wellesley.

XXXVI.

THE BUST OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DEPOSITED
IN THE LIBRARY OF ETON COLLEGE.

Affulsit mihi supremo meta ultima famæ ;
Jam mihi cum lauro juncta cupressus erit :
Mater amata, meam quæ fovit Etona juventam,
Ipsa recedentem signat honore senem.

The last goal of my life is now before my eyes ; and very soon the cypress will be united to my laurels. Eton, my loved Alma Mater, who fostered my early youth, bestows this mark of honor upon an old man withdrawing from the world's stage.

The Latin is by the Marquis of Wellesley.

XXXVII.

MADAME LANGHEN'S MONUMENT.

Viduus loquitur.

Nulla mei ostentat lapis hic insignia luctus
 Impositus cineri, cara Marie, tuo :
 Nec tibi condecorant solito de more sepulcra
 Sollicitent fletus qualiacunque novos.
 Heu ! nimis iste dolor, nimis ista recursat imago !
 Et quianam hæc animo sint referenda meo ?
 Has prope reliquias, quoties aut debita sacris
 Officia, aut fidus me revocarit amor,
 Has prope reliquias, ægræ solatia menti
 Sunt aliqua, et lacrymis invenienda quies.
 Hic tua me reficit, tua me rediviva tuentem
 Effigies ævi spe melioris alit.
 Hic mihi semper ades, non qualis vix nova mater
 Amplexu hærebas jam moribunda meo ;
 Sed qualis surges, ubi nos de sede profunda
 Suscitet ætheriæ vox animosa tubæ,
 Somnum exuta gravem, et cœlestis conscia vitæ,
 Jamque adventantis numine læta Dei.

As often as my sacred duties, or my faithful love recall me to this spot, I derive a consolation for my lacerated heart from the hope of a future and better life, with which your image inspires me. Here you are always present to me ; not as when scarcely become a mother your dying limbs were enfolded in my embrace, but such as you shall rise again when the sonorous trumpet of heaven shall awaken the dead of every people and of all times ; when you shall rouse yourself from the sleep of the grave ; and shall again wear a happy smile at the final advent of your God.

This monument, (of which a representation is given in a plate to Flaxman's *Lectures on Sculpture*), is erected in a church near Berne. Madame Langhens was the wife of the clergyman of the parish, and died in childbed. She is represented as just awakened by the sound of the last trumpet, shaking off her sepulchral cerements, and about to ascend into the skies. The Latin is by Lord Grenville.

XXXVIII.

PRAXITELES TURNED SPORTSMAN.

Praxiteles, sumta pharetrâ telisque Dianæ,
Venatorque novus per nemus arma movet :
Acris at illa acies ubi primum intenderat arcum,
En ! trajecit aves una sagitta duas !
“ Parce meis ne sint vacuæ,” Latonia, “ sylvis,”
Increpat, “ et propria siste sub arte manum.”
Ille, deæ monitu atque animosior arte resumta,
“ Diva,” ait, “ hæc culpæ sit tibi pœna meæ.
Ponam inter medios, sacrata umbracula, saltus,
Signa quibus veræ restituentur aves :
Veræ in morte tamen, quales jacuere sub alta
Ilice, jamque animâ deficiente pares.
Aspice languentes deflexo in marmore pennas !
Aspice ! quæ plumis gratia morte manet !
Has tu, Diva, tuas ne dedignare sub aras
Accipere, hæc pœnæ stent monumenta meæ.
Sic tibi lætifico resonet clamore Cithæron,
Taygeta et variis sint tibi plena feris :
Sic tua delubris auro servetur imago,
Cui vitam, atque animos, et decus ipse dabo.”

Praxiteles, after equipping himself at the armoury of Diana, rushed, an untried sportsman as he was, to wage war upon the game. The well-known acuteness of his eye did not fail him under these novel circumstances ; for, lo ! he kills a brace of birds with his first shot ! Diana exclaims, “ O spare my preserves, or they will soon be desolate, and restrict your hand to its own peculiar cunning !” He, awe-stricken by the admonition of the Goddess, replies, “ I sentence myself to this punishment for the offence I have perpetrated : I will deposit in the middle of your woods two birds which shall supply the place of those I have killed. The resemblance shall be perfect as they lay at my feet just after I had shot them. Behold, how the imitative marble represents the dying flutter of their wings !

what a grace is preserved in the delicate feathers of stone !
 Disdain not, dread Goddess, to accept these memorials of
 my contrition : and so may Cithæron ever send you joyful
 echoes, and may Taygeta never fail in abundance of ani-
 mals fit for the chase : so may a golden image of yourself
 adorn your temple ; an image to which I will impart life,
 and a spirit, and immortal glory."

Sir F. Chantrey, being at Holkham, joined in the diversion of shooting,
 and, at the first shot, killed two woodcocks, which he sculptured in marble,
 and presented to the Earl of Leicester. The Latin is by the Marquis of
 Wellesley.

XXXIX.

PAGEANT FIGURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, AS DEBORAH.

Quando Dei populum Canaan Rex presset Jaben
 Mittitur a magno Debora magna Deo,
 Quæ populum eriperet, sanctum servaret Judan,
 Milete quæ patrio frangeret hostis opes.
 Hæc, Domino mandante, Deo lectissima fecit
 Fœmina, et adversos contudit ense viros.
 Hæc quater denos populum correxerat annos
 Judicio, bello strenua, pace gravis.
 Sic, O sic populum belloque et pace guberna,
 Debora sis Anglis, Elizabetha, tuis !

Jaben of Canaan King had long, by force of arms
 Opprest the Israelites, which for God's people went.
 But God minding at last for to redress their harms,
 The worthy Debora as Judge among them sent.

In war, she, through God's aid, did put her foes to fright,
 And with the dint of sword the hand of bondage brast.
 In peace, she, through God's aid, did always maintain right,
 And judged Israel till forty years were past.

A worthy precedent, O worthy Queen, thou hast
 A worthy woman Judge, a woman sent for staie.
 And that the like to us endure always thou mayest,
 Thy loving subjects will with true hearts and tongues pray!

“At the *Conduit*, at Fleet Street, was erected a Seat Royal. Behind, overshadowing it, was a palm-tree. On the seat was seated a seemly and meet personage richly appparelled in parliament robes, crowned with an open crown, and holding a sceptre. Over her head was an inscription: ‘*Debora the Judge and Restorer of the House of Israel.*’ When the Queen drew near this pageant, she perceived a child ready to open its meaning. Her grace commanded silence, and required her chariot to be removed nigher, that she might plainly hear the child speak.”

On another occasion, at Norwich, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a massy piece of plate, on which was embossed the story of Joseph, with this Latin and English inscription, which may interest the admirers of Elizabethan English poetry:

Innocuum pietas ad regia sceptrum Josephum
 Ex manibus fratrum, carnificisque, rapit.
 Carcere, et insidiis, sic te, Regina, tuorum
 Ereptam duxit culmina ad ista Deus.

To royal sceptres, Godliness Joseph *innocent*,
 Doth take, from brothers’ hands and murderers *intent*.
 So thee, O Queen, the Lord hath led from prison and *deceit*
 Of thine, unto these brightest tops of your princely *estate*.

XL.

A STATUE OF SOMNUS.

Somme levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago est
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.
 Huc ades, haud abiture cito : nam sic sine vitâ
 Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

Come gentle sleep ! attend thy votary’s prayer,
 And, though death’s image, to my couch repair,
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
 And without dying, O how sweet to die !

ANOTHER.

Soft sleep! of death the image though thou art,
Yet of my couch, O take a kindly part:
Nor leave me; for I still, when thou art nigh,
Live without life, and, without death, I die.

XLI.

MYRON'S COW.

(A)

Bucula sum, cælo genitoris facta Myronis
Ærea: nec factam me puto, sed genitam.
Sic me taurus amat: sic proxima bucula mugit.
Sic vitulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.
Miraris quod fallo gregem? gregis ipse magister
Inter pascentes me numerare solet.

I am a brazen heifer, sculptured by maker Myron;
though, methinks, I am born rather than made. Thus each
bull is enamoured of me; thus each passing heifer lows to
me; thus each thirsty calf endeavours to suck me. Do you
marvel at the flock being deluded? The master of the
flock himself counts me as though I were one of his de-
pasturing cattle.

(B)

Ubera quid pulsas frigentia matris aenæ,
O vitule, et succum lactis ab ære petis?
Hunc quoque præstarem, si me pro parte parasset
Exteriore Myron, interiore Deus.

O calf! why do you rub against the frigid udder of a
brazen mother, and seek to suck milk out of brass? This
also I would supply, if nature had done as much for my
inward structure as my outward form owes to Myron.

In a book called Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrams*, published A.D. 1577, and dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, with a device of a swan playing upon a fiddle, are the following lines :

The cow of brass that Myron made
By art, and cunning skill,
If entrails she had had, she would
Have lowed both loud and shrill.

Myron's two most celebrated performances were his Discobolus and his Cow. We are happily able to judge by ocular inspection, of Myron's talents as a sculptor, by means of the excellent ancient copies of his Discobolus, one of which adorns the British Museum, though there are doubts whether the head of the Townley Discobolus belongs to it. The Massini Discobolus is reckoned more perfect. On the subject of Myron's Cow, there are thirty-six epigrams in the Greek Anthology. And Ausonius has left nine besides those in the text. Pliny speaks of its great popularity. The artist flourished about the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. This statue of the Cow was in Delian bronze, as Polycletus's works were usually in Æginetan bronze. The statue represented the Cow in the act of lowing ; it was placed on a marble base in the largest square at Athens, where it stood in the time of Cicero. It was afterwards removed to the Temple of Peace, at Rome.

The Farnese *Bull*, found in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, is spoken of by Eustace as the finest specimen in existence of a sculptured quadruped.

XLII.

TOREUTIC WORK.

(A)

Inserta phialæ Mentoris manu ducta
Lacerta vivit, et timetur argentum.

The Lizard carved on yon cup by the magic hand of Mentor, seems actually alive, and the spectator stands alarmed at the silver.

(B)

Artis Phidiacæ toreuma clarum
Pisces adspicis : adde aquam, natabunt.

Behold these fishes, a beautiful specimen, in toreutic work, of the Phidian art. Give them water, and they will swim away.

(C)

Quamvis Calliaco rubeam generosa metallo,
Glorior arte magis: nam Mysos iste labor.

Although I am precious in your sight, from my material being that of ruddy gold; yet I value myself more on my workmanship, for I was chased by Mys.

The toreutic art, or that of chasing ornamental metals, was an important accessory to the art of statuary, especially in works of gold, silver, bronze, and ivory. (On the history and progress of this art, see Dr Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, Articles, *Cœlatura*, *Statuaria Ars*, *Sculptura*.)

Mentor was the most celebrated silver-chaser among the Greeks. Pliny says that his choicest works perished in the conflagration of the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the tools with which he had executed them were deposited in the temple, as an offering to the goddess. Lucian calls elaborately worked silver cups *Mentorian*. Mys was a worker in toreutic of the age of Phidias: he engraved the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs in the shield of Phidias's colossal bronze statue of Minerva in the Acropolis.

The fifth Dialogue in Spence's *Polymetis* contains an interesting history of the introduction, improvement, and fall, of the arts at Rome, commencing with the period when, according to Livy, Cato the Censor prophesied that the vengeance of heaven would fall upon the Romans for preferring the marble statues of foreign gods to their own rude earthenware idols, and when, according to Paternulus, the consul Mummius sent to Italy from Corinth a large cargo of pictures and statues of the most celebrated artists, protesting to those to whose charge he intrusted them, that if they were lost or damaged, they should give him new ones (*si eas perdidissent, novas eos reddituros*. Pater. L. I. § 13).

The Oration of Cicero against Verres, in which he prefers an accusation of despoiling the Sicilians of works of Art, is an interesting memorial of those treasures of statuary and painting which were found in the Roman colonies, and were ultimately transferred to Rome. The following extract is from Middleton's *Life of Cicero*:

"C. Heius was the principal citizen of Messina, where he lived very splendidly in the most magnificent house of the city, and used to receive all the Roman magistrates with great hospitality. He had a chapel in his house, built by his ancestors, and furnished with certain images of the

gods, of admirable sculpture, and inestimable value. On one side stood a Cupid, of marble, made by Praxiteles: on the other, a Hercules of brass, by Myron; with a little altar before each god, to denote the religion and sanctity of the place. There were likewise two other figures, of brass, of two young women, called Canephoræ, with baskets on their heads, carrying things proper for sacrifice, after the manner of the Athenians—the work of Polyclethus. These statues were an ornament not only to Heius, but to Messana itself, being known to everybody at Rome, and constantly visited by all strangers, to whom Heius's house was always open. The Cupid had been borrowed by C. Claudius, for the decoration of the Forum in his ædileship, and was carefully sent back to Messana; but Verres, while he was Heius's guest, would never suffer him to rest till he had stript his chapel of the gods and the Canephoræ; and, to cover the act from an appearance of robbery, forced Heius to enter them into his accounts, as if they had been sold to him for fifty pounds; whereas, at a public auction in Rome, as Cicero says, they had known one single statue of brass, of a moderate size, sold, a little before, for a thousand. Verres had seen likewise, at Heius's house, a suit of curious tapestry, reckoned the best in Sicily, being of the kind which was called *attalic*, richly interwoven with gold: this he resolved also to extort from Heius, but not till he had secured the statues. As soon, therefore, as he left Messana, he began to urge Heius by letters to send him the tapestry to Agrigentum, for some particular service which he pretended; but, when he had once got it into his hands, he never restored it. Now Messana, as it is said above, was the only city of Sicily that persevered to the last in the interest of Verres; and at the time of the trial sent a public testimonial in his praise, by a deputation of its eminent citizens, of which this very Heius was the chief. Yet, when he came to be interrogated and cross-examined by Cicero, he frankly declared, that though he was obliged to perform what the authority of his city had imposed upon him, yet that he had been plundered by Verres of his gods, which were left to him by his ancestors, and which he never would have parted with on any conditions whatsoever, if it had been in his power to keep them.

“Verres had in his family two brothers, of Cilicia, the one a painter, the other a sculptor, on whose judgment he chiefly relied in his choice of pictures and statues, and all other pieces of art. They had been forced to fly from their country for robbing a temple of Apollo, and were now employed to hunt out everything that was curious and valuable in Sicily, whether of public or private property. These brothers having given Verres notice of a large silver ewer, belonging to Pamphilus, of Lilybeum, of most elegant work, made by Boethus, Verres immediately sent for it, and seized it to his own use: and, while Pamphilus was sitting pensive at home lamenting the loss of his rich vessel, the chief ornament of his sideboard, and the pride of his feasts, another messenger came running to him with orders to bring two silver cups also, which he was known to have, adorned with figures in relief, to be shewn to the prætor. Pamphilus, for fear

of greater mischief, took up his cups and carried them away himself: when he came to the palace Verres happened to be asleep, but the brothers were walking in the hall and waiting to receive him; who, as soon as they saw him, asked for the cups, which he accordingly produced. They commended the work; whilst he, with a sorrowful face, began to complain that if they took his cups from him he should have nothing of any value left in his house. The brothers, seeing his concern, asked how much he would give to preserve them; in a word they demanded forty crowns; he offered twenty: but while they were debating, Verres awaked and called for the cups; which being presently shewn to him, the brothers took occasion to observe that they did not answer to the account that had been given of them, and were but of paltry work, not fit to be seen among his plate: to whose authority Verres readily submitted, and so Pamphilus saved his cups.

"In the city of Tindaris there was a celebrated image of Mercury, which had been restored to them from Carthage by Scipio, and was worshipped by the people with singular devotion, and an annual festival. This statue Verres resolved to have, and commanded the chief magistrate Sopater to see it taken down and conveyed to Messana. But the people were so inflamed and mutinous upon it, that Verres did not persist in his demand at that time; but, when he was leaving the place, renewed his orders to Sopater with severe threats to see his command executed. Sopater proposed the matter to the senate, who universally protested against it: in short, Verres returned to the town, and enquired for the statue; but was told by Sopater that the senate would not suffer it to be taken down, and had made it capital for any one to meddle with it without their orders. 'Do not tell me,' says Verres, 'of your senate and your orders; if you do not presently deliver the statue, you shall be scourged to death with rods.' Sopater, with tears, moved the affair again to the senate, and related the prætor's threats, but in vain; they broke up in disorder, without giving any answer. This was reported by Sopater to Verres, who was sitting in his tribunal: it was the midst of winter, the weather extremely cold, and it rained very heavily, when Verres ordered Sopater to be stripped and carried into the market-place, and there to be tied upon an equestrian statue of C. Marcellus, and exposed, naked as he was, to the rain and the cold, and stretched, in a kind of torture, upon the brazen horse; where he must necessarily have perished if the people of the town, out of compassion to him, had not forced their senate to grant the Mercury to Verres.

"Young Antiochus, king of Syria, having been at Rome to claim the kingdom of Egypt in right of his mother, passed through Sicily, at this time, on his return home, and came to Syracuse; where Verres, who knew that he had a great treasure with him, received him with a particular civility; made him large presents of wine and all refreshments for his table, and entertained him most magnificently at supper. The king, pleased with this compliment, invited Verres in his turn to sup with him,

when his sideboard was dressed out in a royal manner with his richest plate, and many vessels of solid gold, set with precious stones, among which there was a large jug of wine, made out of an entire gem, with a handle of gold to it. Verres greedily surveyed and admired every piece, and the king rejoiced to see the Roman prætor so well satisfied with his entertainment. The next morning Verres sent to the king to borrow some of his choicest vessels, and particularly the jug, for the sake of shewing them, as he pretended, to his own workmen; all which the king, having no suspicion of him, readily sent. But besides these vessels of domestic use, the king had brought with him a large candlestick or branch for several lights, of inestimable value, all made of precious stones, and adorned with the richest jewels, which he had designed for an offering to Jupiter Capitolinus; but, finding the repairs of the capitol not finished, and no place yet ready for the reception of his offering, he resolved to carry it back without shewing it to anybody, that the beauty of it might be new and the more surprising when it came to be first seen in that temple. Verres, having got intelligence of this candlestick, sent again to the king to beg by all means that he would favour him with a sight of it, promising that he would not suffer any one else to see it. The king sent it presently by his servants, who, after they had uncovered and shewn it to Verres, expected to carry it back with them to the king; but Verres declared that he could not sufficiently admire the beauty of the work, and must have more time to contemplate it; and obliged them, therefore, to go away and leave it with him. Several days passed, and the king heard nothing from Verres; so that he thought proper to remind him, by a civil message, of sending back the vessels: but Verres ordered the servants to call again some other time. In short, after a second message, with no better success, the king was forced to speak to Verres himself: upon which Verres earnestly entreated him to make him a present of the candlestick. The king affirmed it to be impossible, on the account of his vow to Jupiter, to which many nations were witnesses. Verres then began to drop some threats; but finding them of no more effect than his entreaties, he commanded the king to depart instantly out of his province, declaring that he had received intelligence of certain pirates who were coming from his kingdom to invade Sicily. The poor king, finding himself thus abused and robbed of his treasure, went into the great square of the city, and in a public assembly of the people, calling upon the gods and men to bear testimony to the injury, made a solemn dedication to Jupiter of the candlestick, which he had vowed and designed for the capitol, and which Verres had forcibly taken from him."

The following letter of Pliny may shew the intense pleasure which Romans of intelligence took in works of art:

"I have lately purchased with a legacy that was left me a statue of Corinthian brass. It is small indeed, but well executed, at least if I have any judgment; which most certainly in matters of this sort, as perhaps in

all others, is extremely defective. However, I think I have a taste to discover the beauties of this figure: as it is naked, the faults, if there be any, as well as the perfections, are more observable. It represents an old man in a standing posture. The bones, the muscles, the veins, and wrinkles, are so strongly expressed, that you would imagine the figure to be animated. The character is well preserved throughout every part of the body: the hair is thin, the forehead broad, the face shrivelled, the throat lank, the arms languid, the breast fallen, and the belly sunk; as the whole turn and air of the figure behind is expressive of old age. It appears to be antique from the colour of the brass. In short, it is a performance so highly finished as to merit the attention of the most curious, and to afford at the same time pleasure to the most common observer: and this induced me, who am a mere novice in this art, to buy it. But I did so, not with any intent of placing it in my own house (for I have nothing of that kind there), but with a design of fixing it in some conspicuous place in my native province, perhaps in the temple of Jupiter: for it is a present well worthy of a temple and a god. I desire, therefore, you would, with that care which you always execute my requests, give immediate orders for a pedestal to be made for it. I leave the choice of the marble to you, but let my name be engraven upon it, and, if you think proper, my titles. I will send the statue by the first opportunity; or possibly (which I am sure you will like better) I may bring it myself: for I intend, if I can find leisure, to make an excursion to you. This is a piece of news which I know you will rejoice to hear; but you will soon change your countenance when I tell you my visit will be only for a few days: for the same business that now detains me here, will prevent my making a longer stay. Farewell."

The celebrated epistle of Catullus to Cæsar concerning Mamurra, referred to in a former chapter, has especial reference to Mamurra who attended Cæsar in his campaigns, glutting himself with the plunder of the provinces, and then lavishing his hoards for the most profligate purposes. Juvenal has declaimed on this subject of province-plunder with his accustomed energy:

Non idem gemitus olim, neque vulnus erat par
 Damnorum, sociis florentibus, et modo victis.
 Plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat acervus
 Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchyliæ Coa;
 Et cum Parrhasii tabulis, signisque Myronis,
 Phydiam vivebat ebur, nec non Polyceleti
 Multus ubique labor: *raræ sine Mentore mensæ*
 Inde Dolabella est, atque hinc Antonius, inde
 Sacrilegus Verres. Referebant navibus altis
 Occulta spolia, et plures de pace triumphos.
 Nunc sociis juga pauca boum, grex parvus equarum
 Et pater armenti capto eripiat agello;

*Ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum,
Si quis in ædiculâ Deus unicus.*

When Rome at first our rich allies subdu'd,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accru'd ;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound ;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found ;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce ;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth ; and statues taught to live ;
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' masterpiece appear'd ;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite.
These Antony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit ;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old ; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed ;
Yet lest this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion, and his pasture, prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They nor from trifles, nor from gods refrain ;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress :
(For how can fops thy tyranny controul ?
Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul)
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France : thy gripes from those restrain, }
Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the circus or the play.

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
 Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
 Since gleanings Marius has already seiz'd
 All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But above all, "Be careful to withhold
 Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
 Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
 For, though your violence should leave'm bare
 Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
 And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain:
 The plunder'd still have arms."——

Think not the precept I have here laid down
 A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
 No, 'tis a sibyl's leaf what I relate,
 And fix'd and sure as the decrees of fate.

XLIII.

ON A TOREUTIC CUP.

Quis labor in phialâ? docti Myos, anne Myronis?

Mentoris hæc manus est, an, Polyclete, tua?

Livescit nulla caligine fusca, nec odit

Exploratores nubila massa focos.

Vera minus flavo radiant electra metallo,

Et niveum felix pustula vincit ebur.

Materiæ non cedit opus: sic alligat orbem,

Plurima cum tota lampade Luna nitet.

Stat caper Æolio Thebani vellere Phryxi

Cultus: ab hoc mallet vecta fuisse soror.

Hunc nec Cinyphius tonsor violaverit, et tu

Ipse tua pasci vite, Lyæe, velis.

Terga premit pecoris geminis Amor aureus alis:

Palladius tenero lotos ab ore sonat.

Sic Methymnæo gavisus Arione delphin

Languida non tacitum per freta vexit onus.

Imbuat egregium digno mihi nectare munus

Non grege de domini, sed tua, Ceste, manus.

Ceste, decus mensæ, misce Setina : videtur
Ipse puer nobis, ipse sitire caper.
Det numerum cyathis instanti litera Rufi :
Auctor enim tanti muneris ille mihi.
Si Telethusa venit, promissaque gaudia portat :
Servabor dominæ, Rufe, triente tuo.
Si dubia est, septunce trahar : si fallit amantem,
Ut jugulem curas, nomen utrumque bibam.

The wond'rous form could Mys', or Myron's art,
Or, Mentor's, thine, or Polyclete's impart ?
Thy spotless cloudless mass must all admire :
That, far from dreading, dares the test of fire.
Electrum radiates less a golden stream :
The polisht elephant may rudeness seem.
The rich materials, bright as lunar beam,
When, with the work compar'd, appear but mean.
Forth springs the goat, th' Æolic fleece unshorn,
On whom poor Helle better had been borne.
The dire Cinyphian ne'er had shorn his hair ;
Nor, dear dissolver of each mortal care,
Hadst thou denied this goat to crop thy vine,
Or fancied him a foe to thee or thine.
With winged Love behold the bestial crown'd :
Hear from his mouth the lote Palladian sound.
Such joy Arion to the fish convey'd,
When through the stilly main the rider play'd.
The precious boon with the nectareous dew,
No vulgar lips, but, Cestus, thine imbue.
Then with the blended Setian bid it mount :
The boy and goat thirst for that mantling fount.
Who should the *num'ral* of that goblet name,
But he from whom the peerless goblet came ?

The translation by Elphinstone, a little modified, concludes with a reference to the drinking customs of the Romans, whereby the poet engages, under certain circumstances, to drink the number of cyathuses equivalent to the number of letters in the donor's *prænomen*, under others, those of his *nomen*, and under certain untoward events, to console himself by *drinking both names*. In another epigram, Martial complains, that for wanting of

any lady visiting him whose name he could drink, he was obliged, before going to bed, to drink the letters of the name of Somnus. The Roman Sextarius was equivalent in liquids to the as in solids, and was similarly divided, the *cyathus* being equivalent to the *uncia*, or ounce. So that to drink the two names, Instantius Rufus, would take fifteen cyathi, that is to say, a full sextarius, and a quadrans or fourth. This, and other drinking customs, as the casting of dice for the rulership of the cups, are illustrated in a very agreeable manner in the 10th scene of Bekker's *Gallus*, entitled "The Banquet." Butler, in *Hudibras*, alludes to the practice of drinking names :

I'll carve your name on barks of trees
With true-loves-knots, and flourishes ;
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.

Horace, although, in his *Odes*, he is full of vivacity when dwelling on banqueting laws, in his *Epistles* he expatiates on the superior enjoyment of a table, at which rational conversation is the fashion of the place, and whence all insane rules (*legibus insanis*) of drinking are discarded.

It appears from this epigram, and from other authorities, that eminent statuaries, as Myron, and Polycletus, were also famous for *toreutic*. The *electrum* spoken of, was a metal consisting of gold, and one-fifth part silver: it was supposed to reflect the light of a lamp more brilliantly than silver. It had also attributed to it, like the modern glass of Venice, the power of detecting poison.

With regard to the Setine and other Roman wines, and the mixing of wines, there is a fund of information in Dr Smith's *Dictionary*, art. *Vinum*, and in Bekker's *Gallus*. Before the time of Augustus, the Cæcuban was the most prized wine. During the reign of Augustus, and afterwards, the Setine held the first rank: the second rank was held by the Falernian: in the third rank were the Albanian, Massic, Calenic, Formianum, Surrentinum.

Juvenal, in his first *Satire*, alludes to the particular device of a goat executed in toreutic on a cup, and standing out from it in bold relief. Anacreon sings of many pretty devices on drinking-cups. The following classical description of an ancient vase is by Keats :

Thou still unravish'd bride of Quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

XLIV.

A ROMAN BAZAAR.

In septis Mamurra diu multumque vagatus ;
 Hic ubi Roma suas aurea vexat opes,
 Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit :
 Non hos, quos primæ prostituere casæ ;
 Sed quos arcanae servant tabulata catastæ,
 Et quos non populus, nec mea turba videt.
 Inde satur, mensas, et opertos exuit orbes,
 Expositumque alte pingue poposcit ebur :
 Et testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon,
 Ingemuit citro non satis esse suo.
 Consuluit nares, an olerent æra Corinthon :
 Culpavit statuas et, Polyclete, tuas.
 Et turbata brevi questus crystallina vitro,
 Myrrhina signavit, seposuitque decem.
 Expendit veteres calathos, et si qua fuerunt
 Pocula Mentorea nobilitata manu :
 Et virides picto gemmas numeravit in auro,
 Quidquid et a nivea grandius aure sonat.
 Sardonychas veros mensa quæsivit in omni,
 Et pretium magnis fecit iaspidibus.
 Undecima lassus cum jam discederet horâ,
 Asse duos calices emit, et ipse tulit.

Mamurra, having walked a good deal up and down the stalls of the Market, first looks over and feasts his eyes on the *slaves* ; not those exposed in the public stalls such as poor Martial and people of his condition can think of purchasing, but those kept for rich connoisseurs in private apartments above the shops.

Thence full, he calls for the *round tables* down,
 And t'have the high-placed *ivory* open shown.
 And measuring the *tortoise* beds thrice o'er,
 As too small for his *cypress*, groaned sore.
 Then smells if purely *Corinth* the *brass* scent ?
 And *Delian statues* give him no content.

Complains the *crystals* mixed with coarser glass,
Marks *myrrhine* cups, and ten aside doth place.
Cheapens old baskets, and, if any were
Wrought *cups* by noble *Mentor's* cunning there.
And numbers the *green emeralds laid in gold*,
Or any from the ears that take their hold.
Then seeks true gems in table boards most nice,
And if rich precious *jaspers*, asks the price.
Tir'd, and departing when the *eleventh hour* come,
He bought two farthing cups, and took them home.

The translation is by Fletcher, A.D. 1656. The first commodity which attracts Mamurra's notice are the *slaves*. The more beautiful and expensive were not sold in the market by an auctioneer, but by private contract in shops (*tabernæ*), and kept in inner partitions of the shops, or in a higher story. They were placed on a wooden scaffold (*catasta*), where they might be seen and handled. We read in the classics of about £4. 17s. 6d., £64, and £800, being given for a single slave; and of a slave being sold to defray the expence of a single dish, which Martial designates as cannibalism.

The *tables*, which are the next object of Mamurra's attention, were among the most expensive articles of Roman furniture. The *orbes*, or round tables, cost immense sums of money. Pliny relates that Cicero had paid for one which was extant in his time, 1,000,000 sesterces. The most costly specimens were those cut off near the root, not only because the tree was broadest there, but on account of the wood being dappled and speckled, so as sometimes to resemble parsley-leaves, the skins of leopards, or peacocks' tails. These *orbes*, unlike other tables, were not provided with several feet, but rested on an ivory column, sometimes in imitation of lions' or tigers' feet.

The *hexaclinon* was a semicircular sofa adapted to a round table, and capable of holding six persons. Mamurra makes an excuse for not purchasing the *hexaclinon*, after measuring it four times, that it was a little too small for his cedar-table at home.

Corinthian brass, or bronze, held the first place among brasses in the estimation of the ancients. Some pretended that it was an alloy made accidentally by the melting and running together of various metals at the burning of Corinth by Mummius. Pliny the elder particularizes several classes of Corinthian brass, one of which was white from the quantity of silver, and another yellow, from gold predominating among the ingredients: a third kind of note was the *liver-coloured* brass. There was also the bronze of Delos, used by Myron, and that of Ægina, used by Polyclethus. No ancient works in *brass* (or copper and zinc) have yet been discovered. Those in *bronze* are found to be composed for the most part

of copper and tin (Smith's *Dict.* art. *Æs*). Pliny says that the composition of Corinthian brass was a secret lost in his time.

The *myrrhine* vases were first introduced into Rome by Pompey the Great, who dedicated cups of this manufacture to Jupiter Capitolinus. Pliny mentions that 70 talents were given for a myrrhine cup holding three sextarii, and he speaks of a myrrhine trulla which cost 300 talents. Nero gave this sum for a myrrhine drinking-cup. There has been much difference of opinion concerning the material of which myrrhine vessels were composed. Most recent writers incline to think that they were true Chinese porcelain. Pliny mentions that they were principally valued on account of their variety of colours. Martial writes:

Nos bibimus vitro, tu myrrhâ, Pontice. Quære?
Prodat perspicuus ne duo vina, calix.

"We drink out of glass, our host out of a myrrhine cup. Why? Because he does not wish his cup to betray that he is drinking better wine than we are in ours."

Myrrhine cups were supposed to improve the flavour of Falernian wine.

Si calidum potas, ardenti myrrha Falerno
Convenit, et melior fit sapor inde mero.

Sir W. Gell, in his *Pompeiana*, states that the porcelain of the East was called Mirrah di Smyrna so late as A.D. 1555.

With regard to the *crystal* and *glass* vessels, the Museo Borbonico at Naples, which contains the relics of Herculaneum and Pompeii, includes 2400 specimens of ancient glass, many of which are remarkable for their graceful forms and brilliant colours, and are of the most delicate and complicated workmanship. Dr Smith, in his *Dictionary*, art. *Vitrum*, gives a picture of an ancient glass-cup. It has an inscription, Bibe, Vivas multos annos, "Drink, and may you live many years." The characters of the inscription are green, the colour of the cup resembles opal, shades of red, white, yellow, and blue, predominating in turn, according to the angle at which the light falls upon it. The cup is surrounded with a blue network in glass, not soldered to it, but the whole cut out of a solid mass, after the manner of a Cameo. The Portland Vase, discovered about three hundred years ago in a marble coffin, is composed of dark-blue glass of a very rich tint, on the surface of which are delineated in relief several minute and elaborately-wrought figures of opaque white enamel. In the time of Nero, a pair of moderate-sized glass-cups with handles sometimes cost £50. A story is related by Petronius, Dion, and Pliny, that a coppersmith had discovered the art of making glass-vessels of such a pliant hardness, that they were no more to be broken than gold or silver: that, being sent for by Tiberius, he threw one of his glass-vessels on the paved floor, whereupon it was not broken, though it bulged a little. He took a hammer out of his pocket, and hammered the vessel, as though it had been a brass kettle, and so removed all signs of the bruise it had re-

ceived. Tiberius asked him if any one knew how to make malleable glass besides himself; he answered that he had imparted the art to no one. On which the emperor immediately ordered his head to be struck off: "For," said he, "if this art be once known, gold and silver will be of no more esteem than dirt."

Polycletus's statues, and Mentor's toreutic works, have been mentioned in a previous page. In regard to crystal cups, and amber ornaments, and the precious stones known to the ancients, and the ingenious modes of counterfeiting them, a multitude of particulars will be found in the 37th book of Pliny's *Natural History*. He relates many curious anecdotes connected with these rarities. Of this nature are the description of the jewels displayed at Pompey's third triumph, including the image of himself in pearls: Fourscore sesterces given for a calcedony cup, notwithstanding a piece of the brim had been bit out in a fit of gallantry, after a lady had touched it with her lips: A sonnet by Nero, in which he compares the hair of Poppæa to amber: The full-length figures of a man and woman in amber: A calcedony cup of the value of three hundred thousand sesterces destroyed by its owner, when about to be put to death, lest the emperor should seize it: Two crystal drinking-cups of immense value dashed to pieces by Nero in a fit of imperial rage.

Mamurra quits the market at the eleventh hour, which, in the summer solstice would commence, in modern hours, at 5 hrs. 2 m., and, in the winter solstice, at 2 hrs. 58 m.; in short, he spent the whole day in choosing and cheapening, and concluded with buying two insignificant cups, which, for want of a slave, he carried away himself. The bathos with which the epigram concludes is a favourite species of wit with modern epigrammatists, of which several pleasing specimens may be seen in Lord Kaimes's *Elements of Criticism*.

XLV.

THE GREAT TUN AT HEIDELBURG.

Nunc, age, fas magni vas instar visere montis
 Divina structum Palladis arte cadum.
 Nobilis author adest, urbs quem Landavia misit,
 Fine potita suo gloria ponit opus.
 Ponit opus, decus acre Ducum, non quale priorum,
 Ætas vel vidit, nulla vel ausa manus.
 Non, mihi si præsent mirandam Dædalus artem
 Ipse, Syracusius vel faber ille suam:

Immanem molem satis hanc describere possem,
Ante suo volvam pondus onusque loco.
Laude opus hoc dignum est : oculos cum cætera pascant,
Spectaculum ventres hoc satiare potest.

Now it is lawful to behold this Tun made by the divine art of Minerva, after the similitude of a huge mountain. A native of Landavit erected this noble memorial of the magnificence and glory of our royal Dukes, such as no former age has seen, no former hand has dared to attempt. But had I the mechanical skill of Dædalus, or even of the God Vulcan himself, I could give no adequate description of the wonders of this Tun. It would be an undertaking as rash and vain for me, as if I were to endeavour, by my own strength, to move it out of its place. A peculiar merit, however, of this surprising Tun I will not omit : it is, that whereas other extraordinary spectacles entertain only the eyes, this Tun administers also to the enjoyments of the inner man.

The verses on the Tun are more than a hundred in number, but contain very little description : there is, however, an exuberance of classical illustrations, as, for example, such as are derived from the Trojan Horse, and from Diogenes's Tub. The following description of the Great Tun by Coryat, in his *Crudities*, is amusing. Though it was the fashion in the time of King James to laugh at this traveller, perhaps no Englishman of his time had seen so much as the *Leg-stretcher* (so he was called) of foreign parts, and few could give more graphic descriptions of what they saw. His book contains a picture of the Tun, with himself standing upon it in the attitude of drinking a glass of Rhenish wine from the contents of the Tun :

"But some of the gentlemen of the prince's family did sufficiently recompence my loss of the sight of these ancient pillars by shewing me a certain piece of work that did much more please my eyes than the sight of those pillars could have done. For it is the most remarkable and famous thing of that kind that I saw in my whole journey, yea, so memorable a matter, that I think there was never the like fabric (for that which they shewed me was nothing else than a strange kind of fabric) in all the world, and I doubt whether posterity will ever frame so monstrously strange a thing: it was nothing but a vessel full of wine. This the gentlemen of the court shewed me after they had first conveyed me into divers wine-cellars, where I saw a wondrous company of extraordinary

great vessels, the greatest part whereof was replenished with Rhenish wine, the total number containing one hundred and thirty particulars. But the main vessel above all the rest, that superlative *moles* unto which I now bend my speech, was shewed me last of all standing alone by itself in a wonderful vast room. I must needs say I was suddenly strooken with no small admiration upon the first sight thereof. For it is such a stupendous mass (to give it the same epitheton that I have done before to the beauty of St Mark's street in Venice) that I am persuaded it will affect the gravest and constantest man in the world with wonder. Had this fabric been extant in those ancient times when the Colossus of Rhodes, the labyrinths of Egypt and Creta, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the tomb of Mausolus, and the rest of those decantated miracles did flourish in their principal glory, I think Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus would have celebrated this rare work with their learned style as well as the rest, and have consecrated the memory thereof to immortality, as a very memorable miracle. For, indeed, it is a kind of monstrous miracle, and that of the greatest size for a vessel that this age doth yield in any place whatsoever (as I am verily persuaded) under the cope of heaven. Pardon me, I pray thee, (gentle reader) if I am something tedious in discoursing of this huge vessel. For as it was the strangest spectacle that I saw in my travels, so I hope it will not be unpleasant unto thee to read a full description of all the particular circumstances thereof: and for thy better satisfaction I have inserted a true figure thereof in this place (though but in a small form) according to a certain pattern that I brought with me from the city of Francfort, where I saw the first type thereof sold. Also I have added an imaginary kind of representation of myself upon the top of the same, in that manner as I stood there with a cup of Rhenish wine in my hand. The room where it standeth is wonderful vast (as I said before), and capacious, even almost as big as the fairest hall I have seen in England, and it containeth no other thing but the same vessel. It was begun in the year 1589, and ended 1591, one Michael Warner, of the city of Landavia, being the principal maker of the work. It containeth a hundred and two and thirty *fuders*, three *omes*, and as many *firtles*. These are peculiar names for certain German measures. Which I will reduce to our English computation. Every *fuder* countervaieth our tun, that is, four hogsheads, and is worth in Heidelberg fifteen pound sterling. So then those hundred two and thirty *fuders* are worth nineteen hundred and fourscore pounds of our English money. The *ome* is a measure whereof six do make a *fuder*, the three being worth seven pounds ten shillings. The *firtle* is a measure that countervaieth six of our pottles: every pottle in Heidelberg is worth twelve pence sterling. So the three *firtles* containing eighteen pottles, are worth eighteen shillings. The total sum that the wine is worth which this vessel containeth, doth amount to nineteen hundred fourscore and eight pounds, and eight odd shillings. This strange news perhaps will seem utterly incredible to thee at the first: but I would have thee

believe it. For nothing is more true. Moreover, thou must consider that this vessel is not compacted of boards as other barrels are, but of solid great beams, in number a hundred and twelve, whereof every one is seven and twenty foot long. Also each end is sixteen foot high, and the belly eighteen. It is hooped with wondrous huge hoops of iron (the number whereof is six and twenty), which do contain eleven thousand pound weight. It is supported on each side with ten marvellous great pillars made of timber, and beautified at both the ends and the top with the images of lions, which are the prince's arms, two lions at each end, a fair scutcheon being affixed to every image. The wages that was paid to the workman for his labour (the prince finding all necessary matter for his work, and allowing him his diet), came to two thousand three hundred and fourscore florins of Brabant, each florin being two shillings of our money, which sum amounteth to eleven score and eighteen pounds sterling. When the cellarer draweth wine out of the vessel, he ascendeth two several degrees of wooden stairs made in the form of a ladder, which contain seven and twenty steps, or rungs, as we call them in Somersetshire, and so goeth up to the top. About the middle whereof there is a bung-hole or a venting orifice, into the which he conveyeth a pretty instrument of some foot and half long, made in the form of a spout, wherewith he draweth up the wine, and so poureth it after a pretty manner into the glass or &c. out of the same instrument. I myself had experience of this matter. For a gentleman of the court accompanied me to the top, together with one of the cellarers, and exhilarated me with two sound draughts of Rhenish wine: for that is the wine that it containeth. But I advise thee, gentle reader, whatsoever thou art that intendest to travel into Germany, and perhaps to see Heidelberg, and also this vessel before thou comest out of the city; I advise thee (I say) if thou dost happen to ascend to the top thereof to the end to taste of the wine, that in any case thou dost drink moderately, and not so much as the sociable Germans will persuade thee unto. For if thou shouldest chance to over-swill thyself with wine, peradventure such a giddiness will benumb thy brain, that thou wilt scarce find the direct way down from the steep ladder without a very dangerous precipitation. Having now so copiously described unto thee the vessel, I have thought good to add unto this my poor description, certain Latin verses made by a learned German in praise of the vessel, which I have selected out of the copy that I bought at Frankfort, being printed at the University of Leyden in Holland, by one Henry Hæstenius, Anno 1608, and dedicated to a certain nobleman called Hippolytus, lord president of the prince's chancery court.

XLVI.

A TREE CUT INTO THE SHAPE OF A BEAR.

Proxima centenis ostenditur ursa columnis,
Exornant fictæ qua Platanona feræ.
Hujus dum patulos alludens tentat hiatus
Pulcher Hylas; teneram mersit in ora manum.
Vipera sed cæco scelerata latebat in ore,
Vivebatque animâ deteriore fera.
Non sensit puer esse dolos, nisi dente recepto,
Dum perit. o facinus, falsa quod ursa fuit!

Near the hundred columns, where is a garden ornamented with counterfeit wild beasts cut in box and cypress, a *bear* is very conspicuous. Young Hylas, in sport, put his hand into the gaping mouth of this leafy monster. Now a viper was lurking in this hole, which, upon being disturbed, stung the youth. What a pity it was that this bear was not a real one!

The epigram illustrates a letter of Pliny, cited in the last chapter, and several notices in the works of the elder Pliny, concerning ornamental gardening among the Romans. On this subject there is a lively disquisition in Bekker's *Gallus*, in Scene V, entitled "The Villa," and Excursus II. to Scene V, entitled "The Gardens," including an account of the forcing of roses in greenhouses, and of flower-pots in windows, both alluded to by Martial.

XLVII.

GROWTH OF A MAN OF WAR FROM AN ACORN.

Exiguâ crescit de glande altissima quercus,
Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis;
Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles;
Mox secat æquoreas bellica navis aquas:
Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

From a small acorn, see! the oak arise,
 Supremely tall, and towering in the skies!
 Queen of the groves! her stately head she rears,
 Her bulk increasing with increasing years:
 Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,
 While in her womb ten thousand thunders sleep.

The reader may think that the point with which the original concludes, that the "Palladium of our Empire is an acorn," is better aimed than the "ten thousand thunders" of Pitt.

XLVIII.

ON A SHEPHERD'S FIRST SIGHT OF A SHIP.

Tanta moles labitur
 Fremebunda ex alto, ingenti sonitu et spiritu
 Præ se undas volvit, vortices vi suscitât,
 Ruit prolapsa, pelagus respergit, reflat:
 Ita nunc interruptum credas nimbum volvier,
 Num quod sublime ventis expulsum rapi
 Saxum, aut procellis, vel globosos turbines
 Exsistere ictos, undis concursantibus?
 Num quas terrestres pontus strages conciet;
 Aut forte Triton fuscinâ evertens specus
 Subter radices penitus undanti in freto
 Molem ex profundo saxeam ad cælum vomit.

For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
 Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
 Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
 As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some subtile matter.
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
 And life to move it selfe upon the water.

Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare again.

The Latin is from a fragment of Attius preserved by Cicero: the English is from Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*.

XLIX.

FRAGMENT OF THE SHIP ARGO.

Fragmentum, quod vile putas et inutile lignum,
Hæc fuit ignoti prima carina maris.
Quam nec Cyaneæ quondam potuere ruinæ
Frangere, nec Scythici tristior ira freti.
Secula vicerunt: sed quamvis cesserit annis,
Sanctior est salva parva tabella rate.

The bit of wood, you so disdain,
Was the first keel that plough'd the main.
Her not conflicting rocks could crash:
She mock'd the hyperborean lash.
Regardless thus of every rage,
She yielded to all-conquering age,
And the small remnant of a slip,
Became more sacred than a ship.

The ancient Romans afforded several examples for the religious relics of the modern Romish Church: for, besides that in the text, was the Rumenal tree, mentioned by Tacitus, which was supposed to have sheltered Romulus and Remus, and the straw-roofed cottage on the Capitoline Hill, mentioned by Vitruvius, in which Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been brought up.

Tacitus writes: "This year the tree, called Rumenalis, (Rumen was an old word for dug of the she-wolf, *Æneid*, Lib. viii.) which stood in the place assigned for public elections, and eight hundred and forty years before had given shelter to the infancy of Romulus and Remus, began to wither in all its branches: the sapless trunk seemed to threaten a total

decay. This was considered as a dreadful prognostic, till the new buds expanding into leaf, the tree recovered its former verdure." The two sacred Triremes of Athens, and the Bucentaur, belonging to the Doge of Venice, have enjoyed great traditional celebrity, raising a subtle point whether a ship's identity was preserved or lost after an indefinite number of repairs. Howell, in his *Letters*, written in the reign of James I., gives an account of the Bucentaur, which he says was then three hundred years old. Coryat's description, in his *Crudities*, of the Bucentaur, is not very commonly read :

"The fairest galley of all is the Bucentoro, the upper parts whereof in the outside are richly gilt. It is a thing of marvellous worth, the richest galley of all the world; for it cost one hundred thousand crowns, which is thirty thousand pound sterling. A work so exceeding glorious, that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these only excepted, viz. that of Cleopatra, which she so exceeding sumptuously adorned with cables of silk and other passing beautiful ornaments; and those that the Emperor Caligula built with timber of cedar, and poops and sterns of ivory. And lastly, that most incomparable and peerles ship of our gracious prince, called the Prince Royal, which was launched at Woolwich about Michaelmas last, which indeed doth, by many degrees, surpass this Bucentoro of Venice, and any ship else (I believe) in Christendom. In this galley the Duke launcheth into the sea some few miles off, upon the Ascension Day, being accompanied with the principal senators and patricians of the city, together with all the ambassadors and personages of greatest mark that happen to be in the city at that time. At the higher end there is a most sumptuous gilt chair for the Duke to sit in, at the back whereof there is a loose board to be lifted up, to the end he may look into the sea through that open space, and throw a golden ring into it, in token that he doth, as it were, betroth himself unto the sea, as the principal lord and commander thereof. A ceremony that was first instituted in Venice by Alexander, the third pope of that name, when Sebastianus Zanus was Duke, 1174, unto whom he delivered a golden ring from his own finger, in token that the Venetians having made war upon the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in defence of his quarrel, discomfited his fleet at Istria, and he commanded him for his sake to throw the like golden ring into the sea every year, upon Ascension Day, during his life, establishing this withal, that all his successors should do the like; which custom hath been ever since observed to this day. The rowers of the galley sit in a lower part thereof, which are in number forty-two; the images of five slaves are most curiously made in the upper part of the galley, and richly gilt, standing near to the Duke's seat on both sides. A little from them are made twenty gilt statues more in the same row where the other five stand, which is done at both sides of the galley. And whereas there are two long benches made in the middle for great personages to sit on, over each of these benches are erected ten more gilt images, which do yield a wondrous ornament to the galley. At the end of one of these middle

benches is erected the statue of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, Despot of Servia, and King of Epirus, who fought many battles for the faith of Christ and the Christian religion, against the Turks, of whom he got many glorious victories. His statue is made all at length, according to the full proportion of a man's body, and sumptuously gilt. Right opposite unto which there standeth the image of Justice, which is likewise gilt, at the very end of the galley, holding a sword in her hand. This galley will contain twelve hundred and twenty persons. At each end without are made two exceeding great winged lions as beautifully gilt as the rest."

But no nautical relic has, perhaps, been more zealously celebrated than the ship in which Drake sailed round the world; part of which was converted into an arm-chair, and so preserved among the antiquities belonging to the University of Oxford. Cowley wrote two poems on the subject; in the following, the poet supposes himself sitting and drinking in the chair:

Cheer up, my mates! the wind does fairly blow;
 Clap on more sail, and never spare;
 Farewell all lands, for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me! 't is hot: another bowl of wine,
 And we shall cut the burning line.
 Hey, boys; she scuds away, and by my head I know
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam,
 And gain such experience, and spy too
 Such countries and wonders as I do?
 But, prithee, good pilot! take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at Peru;
 With gold there the vessel we'll store,
 And never, and never be poor;
 No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me misguide?
 As well upon a staff may witches ride
 Their fancied journeys in the air,
 As I sail round the ocean in this chair:
 'Tis true; but yet this chair which here you see,
 For all its quiet now and gravity,
 Has wander'd and has travell'd more
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before.
 In ev'ry air and ev'ry sea 't has been,
 'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heav'ns 't has seen.
 Let not the Pope's itself with this compare;
 This is the only universal chair.

The pious wand'rer's fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which did the relics still of Troy pursue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal nymphs became;
Still with their arms they row about the seas,
And still make new and greater voyages :
Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece
(Though now a star she so triumphant shew,
And guide her sailing successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight, the shining Fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of heav'n still carries her around :
Only Drake's sacred vessel, which before
Had done, and had seen more
Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they goddesses and this a star has been,
As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

The world will do't ; for curiosity
Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make ;
And I myself, who now love quiet, too,
As much almost as any chair can do,
Would yet a journey take
An old wheel of that chariot to see
Which Phaeton so rashly brake :
Yet what could that say more than these remains of Drake ?
Great relic ! thou, too, in this port of ease,
Hast still one way of making voyages ;
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
(The greater trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the sun.
The streights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity ;
Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

L.

THE SPHERE OF ARCHIMEDES.

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro,
 Risit, et ad Superos talia verba dedit.
 Hocceine mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
 Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.
 Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legesque Deorum
 Ecce Syracosius transtulit arte senex.
 Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris,
 Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
 Percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer annum
 Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit.
 Jamque suum volvens audax industria mundum,
 Gaudet, et humanâ sidera mente regit.
 Quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror?
 Æmula naturæ parva reperta manus.

When Jove Archimedes's sphere survey'd,
 He smil'd, and to the heav'nly dwellers said,
 Could mortal cunning such a work devise,
 In brittle glass, to imitate the skies?
 The laws, and rules, and orders of our Heav'n,
 The Syracusan to his globe has giv'n.
 Well govern'd all his various stars appear,
 And whirl, in certain motion, round his sphere:
 His little Sun performs its annual race,
 And every month his Moon renews her face:
 His brittle world the daring artist guides,
 And o'er the Stars a human mind presides:
 Salmoneus counterfeited thunder hurl'd,
 But here is one that counterfeits a World.

The Latin is from Claudian, the English from Oldys's *Epigrams*. There is another version in Hawkins's Claudian.

Cicero makes use of *Archimedes's Sphere* to illustrate an argument in his *Treatise on the Nature of the Gods*. He writes that if this sphere, which exhibited the sun and moon, and the changes of day and night, were taken to the most barbarous countries of the earth, (he instances

Britain as the *ne plus ultra* of barbarism and ignorance), no stupid inhabitant of those regions would doubt but that contrivance had been employed in producing such an exquisite piece of art. Nevertheless, a large portion of mankind were less just towards nature than to Archimedes, for whilst they acknowledged Archimedes's skill in imitation, they failed to recognize far greater contrivance and perfection of execution in the thing imitated, in the mechanism of the world. Archimedes's Sphere is alluded to in Ovid's *Fasti*, vi. 271, and by Lactantius, *De Origine Erroris*, Lib. ii., who mentions that Archimedes's Sphere exhibited the phases of the moon, and the relative motions of all the heavenly bodies; and the Father of the church argues, that what man can imitate God may have contrived.

CHAPTER V.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

REGNARD AT THE FROZEN SEA.

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem,
Casibus et variis acti terrâque marique
Hic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi defuit orbis.

La France nous a donné la naissance. Nous avons vu l'Afrique, et le Gange, parcouru toute l'Europe. Nous avons eu différentes aventures tant par mer que par terre; et nous nous sommes arrêtés en cet endroit où le monde nous a manqué.

The Latin inscription was engraved by Regnard, August 22, A. D. 1681, on a rock at the top of the mountain Metawara, the extreme point of land bounded by the Frozen Ocean, where he was stopt for want of world.

II.

SELDEN'S HOUSE.

Gratus, Honeste, mihi ; non claudar, inito, sedequē
Fur, abeas ; non sum facta soluta tibi.

Thou'rt welcome, honest friend ; walk in, make free.
Thief, get thee gone ; my doors are closed to thee.

This inscription is carved upon the oak-lintel of Selden's cottage, in the village of Salvington, in Sussex. The Author had occasion to collect some memorials of Selden, and was led to search the Register of the Church of the parish in which the cottage is situated. He found in the Register an entry, "1584, John, the son of John Selden, the minstrell, was baptised the xxth of December." The identity of the parish, and Christian name, and the circumstance that the date must be somewhere near that of Selden's birth, were almost enough to satisfy him that he had hit the right entry: but when he found "Son of John Selden the minstrell," he immediately recognized the object of his search, for he recollected that when this illustrious character, to whom the constitution of the county is so deeply indebted, and whose learning was the admiration of Europe, was yet a young Oxonian, and was honoured by dining at Sir Robert Alford's table, some person asked the Knight, "Who was that remarkably acute lad at the bottom of the table?" To which the Squire replied, "He is the son of the *minstrell* whose fiddle you hear in the hall."

III.

ARIOSTO'S HOUSE.

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus.

This house is small, but it is suited to my wants; it offends no one; it is not mean, and I built it with my own money.

On Ariosto being asked why he built a very simple house, after having so beautifully described sumptuous palaces, handsome porticos, and agreeable fountains?—He replied, "It is much easier to build with words than with stones."

IV.

GIL BLAS'S HOUSE.

Inveni portum : Spes, et Fortuna, valete !
 Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.

Mine haven's found : Fortune, and Hope, adieu !
 Mock others now, for I have done with you.

In Dr Wellesley's *Polyglot Anthologia* there are three English translations of this distich, besides versions in Italian and German. The original was in Greek. In a literary contention between Sir Thomas More and Lily, which they called their *Progymnastica*, these geniuses vied in translating Greek epigrams into Latin verse. Their translations in the present instance nearly coincide. They differ slightly from the inscription in the text. More has *Jam portum inveni* in the first line, and *nil mihi vobiscum est*, (which is a quotation) in the second line. Lily has, in the second line, *nil mihi vobiscum*.

The Inscription in the text is supposed to have been written in letters of gold over the door of the rural mansion of Gil Blas, when that hero is dismissed, after his labours and dangers, to repose and happiness. Walter Scott, very sensibly as it would seem, expresses a regret that Le Sage, after the first publication of his unrivalled work, was induced to draw Gil Blas forth again from his retreat. It may be observed, by the way, that Walter Scott's description of the last days of Le Sage is a very interesting and affecting piece of biography. It appears that for some years previous to his death, his mind was in a state of fatuity, except that frequently, about mid-day, the sun, in fine weather, had the effect of partially resuscitating his fallen intellects, when, sometimes for an hour or more, his genius would blaze out with its former vivacity, and then again sink under an eclipse.

The lines in the text are imitated, with the addition of a pleasing sentiment, by Benserade, who inscribed them on the bark of a tree, at his rural retreat.

Adieu fortune, honneurs, adieu vous et les vôtres,
 Je viens ici vous oublier ;
 Adieu toi-même, amour ! bien plus que tous les autres
 Difficile à congédier.

V.

GORHAMBURY.

(A)

INSCRIPTION OVER THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Hæc cum perfecit Nicholaus tecta Baconus,
 Elizabeth regni lustra fuere duo :
 Factus eques, magni custos fuit ille sigilli :
 Gloria sit soli tota tributa Deo.

Nicholas Bacon completed this edifice in the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He was created a knight, and was keeper of the Great Seal. Be glory to God alone!

(B)

INSCRIPTIONS IN A BANQUETTING HOUSE,

Having the LIBERAL ARTS represented on its walls ; over them the pictures of such eminent characters as had excelled in each ; and under them verses expressive of the benefits resulting from their cultivation.

GRAMMAR.

Lex sum Sermonis, linguarum regula certa,
 Qui me non didicit cætera nulla petat.

O'er speech I rule, all tongues my laws restrain,
 Who knows not me seeks other arts in vain.

(Pictures of Donatus, Lilly, Priscian).

ARITHMETIC.

Ingenium exacuo, numerorum arcana recludo,
 Qui numeros didicit, quid dedicisse nequit.

The wit to sharpen, I my secrets hide ;
 These once explor'd, you'll soon know all beside.

(Pictures of Stifilius, Budæus, Pythagoras).

LOGIC.

Divido multiplices, res explanoque latentes,
Vera exquiro, falsa arguo, cuncta probo.

I sep'rate things perplex'd, all clouds remove,
Truth I search out, show error, all things prove.

(Pictures of Aristotle, Rodolph, Porphyry, Seton).

MUSIC.

Mitigo mœrores, et acerbis lenio curas,
Gestiat ut placidis mens hilarata sonis.

Sorrow I soothe, relieve the troubled mind,
And by sweet sounds exhilarate mankind.

(Pictures of Arion, Terpander, Orpheus).

RHETORIC.

Me duce splendescit gratis prudentia verbis,
Jamque ornata nitet quæ fuit ante rudis.

By me the force of wisdom is display'd,
And sense shines most when in my robes array'd.

(Pictures of Demosthenes, Cicero, Isocrates, Quintilian).

GEOMETRY.

Corpora describo, rerum et quo singula pacto
Apte sunt formis appropriata suis.

What bodies are, and all their forms I shew,
The bounds of each, and their proportions too.

(Pictures of Archimedes, Euclid, Strabo, Apollonius).

ASTROLOGY.

Astrorum lustrans cursus, viresque potentes
Elicio miris fata futura modis.

The motions of the starry train,
And what those motions mean, I do explain.

(Pictures of Regiomontanus, Haly, Copernicus, Ptolemy).

It may not be inappropriate to add here Ben Jonson's Birth-Day Ode upon Lord Bacon, as it is classically addressed to the *Lar*, or Household-Spirit of the mansion in which Bacon was born, whom he supposes to find busy in preparing the celebration of some religious rite: allusion is also made to the founder of Gorhambury.

Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile!
 How comes it all things so about thee smile?
 The fire, the wine, the men! and, in the midst,
 Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst.
 Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
 For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
 And so do I. This is the sixtieth year,
 Since Bacon, and thy Lord, was born, and here.
 Son to the grave wise keeper of the seal,
 Fame and foundation of the English weal.
 England's High Chancellor; the destin'd heir
 In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
 Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
 Out of their choicest, and their whitest wool!
 'Tis a brave cause of joy! let it be known;
 For 't were a narrow gladness kept thy own.
 Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing
 In raising him the wisdom of my king.

To the list of eminent Astrologers, a modern Poet might have added the names of Lord Burleigh, Lily, (Hudibras's Sidrophel), and Dryden.

VI.

EMBLEMS.

(A)

Multa licet fido Sapiens in pectore condit,
 Plura avido tamen usque appetit ingenio.

Though a sage has his mind stored with wisdom, yet
 he is always craving for fresh knowledge.

(B)

Quid subus atque rosis? nunquam mens ebria luxu
 Virtutis studiis esse dicata potest.

What does the Boar do among roses? A mind be-
 sotted with luxury can never appreciate or enjoy the sweets
 of Virtue.

(C)

Ericium hîc qui ceu gradientem conspicis uvam,
Frugi sis, et opes tu quoque linque tuis.

Behold the hedgehog covered with grapes that it has plucked from the vines to carry home for its young ones: it has been so industrious first in plucking and then in rolling itself among the grapes, that it has the appearance of a walking vineyard. Imitate the animal's example; be frugal, and leave behind you a sufficiency for your family.

The first verses were inscribed under a picture of a Bird of Prey in the air, with a small bird in its talons, whilst it flies in pursuit of some other birds. The second distich is under a picture of a Boar trampling upon roses. The last is under a picture of a Hedgehog rolled up, having its prickles covered with grapes.

Emblems, with verses, (generally Latin) to explain them, were very commonly painted on the panels of the closets, cabinets, or oratories in the time of Queen Elizabeth. They were a sort of picture parables, by means of which the Latian Muses strewed many a moral precept in the walks of our forefathers, whichever way they turned their eyes.

VII.

STADT-HOUSE AT DELFT.

Hæc domus amat, punit, conservat, honorat,
Nequitiam, pacem, scelera, jura, probos.

This House hates vice, loves peace, swift vengeance flings
Impartial upon malefactors' heads:
To laws insulted timely succour brings,
And glory round the brows of virtue sheds.

The Latin and English are from Dr Watts's Correspondence. The bold disdain of quantities, and the perplexing task imposed upon the reader of marrying the verbs to their proper substantives, may remind us of a passage in the *Scaligeriana*: "Les Allemands ne se soucient pas quel vin ils boivent, pourveau qui ce soit vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent, pourveau que ce soit Latin."

VIII.

THE ARSENAL OF BREST.

Quæ Pelago sese Arx aperit metuenda Britanno,
 Classibus armandis, omnique accommoda Bello,
 Prædonum terror, Francis tutela carinis,
 Æternæ Regni excubiæ, domus hospita Martis,
 Magni opus est Lodoïci. Hunc omnes omnibus undis
 Agnoscant Venti Dominum, et maria alta tremiscant.

Palais digne de Mars, qui fournis pour armer
 Cent Bataillons sur terre, et cent Vaisseaux sur mer,
 De l'Empire des Lys foudroyant corps-de-garde :
 Que jamais sans palir Corsaire ne regarde :
 De Louis le plus grand des Rois
 Vous estes l'immortel ouvrage.
 Vents, c'est icy qu'il faut luy rendre hommage,
 Mer, c'est icy qu'il faut prendre ses loix.

The Latin is by Santeuil : the French version is by Corneille.

IX.

A COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, IN THE FORM OF AN
AMPHITHEATRE.

Ad cædes hominum prima amphitheatra patebant :
 Hic longum ut discant vivere, nostra patent.

Si dans les siècles idolâtres
 Ces superbes Amphitheatres
 Où l'on admire encor la grandeur des Romains,
 S'ouvroient pour avancer le trepas des humains
 Cette aveugle fureur ne se voit plus suivie :
 Les nostres sont ouverts pour prolonger la vie.

X.

THE CRIMINAL COURT OF THE CHASTELET.

Hïc Pœnæ scelerum ultrices posuere Tribunal,
Sontibus unde tremor, civibus inde salus.

De ce terrible Tribunal,
Des noirs forfaits l'écueil fatal,
Themis met tous les jours, du même coup de foudre,
Le Citoyen en paix, et le coupable en poudre.

XI.

THE CLOCK OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

Tempora labuntur, rapidis fugientibus horis,
Æternæ hïc leges, fixaque jura manent.

Time glides along, the hours flit away,
Justice is fixed, and laws unvarying stay.

Lord Coke, in his third Institute, relates an anecdote concerning the Clock of Westminster Hall: he writes that "Justice Ingham paid, in the reign of Edward I. eight hundred marks for a fine, for that a poor man being fined thirteen shillings and fourpence, the said Justice, moved with pity, caused the roll to be razed, and made the fine six shillings and eight pence. This case Justice Southcote remembered, when Catlyn, Chief Justice in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, would have ordered the rasure of a roll in the like case, which Southcote, one of the Judges of that Court, utterly denied to assent to, and said openly, that 'he meant not to build a Clock-house:' 'for,' said he, 'with the fine that Ingham paid for the like matter, the Clock-house at Westminster was built, and furnished with a Clock, which continueth to this day.'" There has been some scepticism on the subject of this highly authoritative tradition, founded on an opinion that no such striking memento could have been supplied in this country for a century after the reign of Edward I. The Poet in the text might, perhaps, have found a more pointed and truer antithesis in the "Law's delay."

XII.

INSCRIPTIONS AT THEOBALD'S, IN HONOUR OF JAMES I.
AND THE KING OF DENMARK.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
 Cujus ad obsequium non satis annus erat ?
 Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia raro,
 Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.

Are you surprised that we Hours have tendered you hospitality : you, to whom the homage of a Year is not adequate ? The reason is, that great joys seldom come, and when they do come, there is scarce an hour allowed for their fruition.

Hospitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
 Cedere abhinc, nulla concomitante, sinit ;
 Nempe omnes Horas veniendi duxit amicas,
 Sed discedendi nulla Minuta probat.

The Earl of Salisbury, who had the honour of entertaining you as his guest with the aid of the ministering Hours, now suffers you to depart without one of them in your train : it is because he deemed the Hours of your coming friendly to him ; he does not approve of a single Minute of your departure.

When the two kings arrived at Theobald's, they found over the porch the effigies of the Three Hours sitting upon clouds : one bore a sun-dial, another a clock, and the third an hour-glass ; they signified justice, law, and peace. Ben Jonson writes in a note that the "Greek names of the Hours were Eunomie, Dice, and Irene (Law, Justice, and Peace). They were fabled to be the daughters of Jupiter and Themis, their station was at the gates of heaven ; and therefore, our author, consonant to poetic story, hath placed them over the porch of the house." The Hours appear to have had the power of speech, and to have thus addressed the sovereigns :

Enter, O long'd-for princes, bless these bow'rs,
 And us, the three, by you made happy Hours.
 We that include all time, yet never knew
 Minute like this, or objects like to you.

Ben Jonson's *Masques* and *Entertainments* have not been sufficiently attended to by writers on the manners of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and on the domestic habits and private characters of those sovereigns. The *Entertainment* at Theobald's abounds more with Latin speeches and inscriptions than others, as it may be collected that the king of Denmark did not understand English; whether he understood Latin is not so clear either one way or the other. Sir John Harrington's description of this entertainment would lead us to conjecture that his Danish majesty was less at home in conning "Gems of Latin poetry," than in dancing with the queen of Sheba, who came on a visit to Solomon, but not being steady in her walk, upset her offerings over the clothes of the royal Dane. Sir John writes that few of the female allegorical characters performed their parts soberly:

"Now did appear in rich dress, Faith, Hope, and Charity; Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and *hoped* the king would excuse her brevity. Faith was then alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty: she then returned to Faith and Hope, who were both sick in the lower hall." Afterwards he mentions, that Victory and Peace made their appearance, and he notices that Peace, "much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming." Sir John concludes by observing that "the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself."

XIII.

THE ARSENAL AT PARIS.

*Ætna hæc Henrico Vulcania tela ministrat;
Tela Giganteos debellatura furores.*

*Ætna furnishes to Henry these Vulcanian weapons;
weapons capable of subduing the fury of giants.*

XIV.

ORANGERY AT CHANTILLY.

Hic Hyemes nil juris habent, ver regnat, et æstas
 Ingredere—æternas Flora recludet opes.

Here Winter is devoid of power—Spring and Summer are regnant. Enter—Flora will disclose to you her never-fading treasures.

Martial has several notices of the hot-houses of the ancient Romans, and he makes particular mention of artificially-forced roses (*festinatas rosas*). He dwells on the appearance in hot-houses of the grapes which are covered, and yet not concealed from view :

Condita perspicua vivit vindemia gemmâ,
 Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.

And he observes on the same appearance of hot-house flowers, as lilies and roses :

Condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,
 Sic prohibet tenuis gemma latere rosas.

XV.

MILTON'S ALCOVE.

Hic media te luce loco, mediisque diei
 Stas circumfusus flammis : tentoria figo
 Hæc radiata tibi, Milton ! quia nubila sacro
 Carmine nulla tuo, comes illustrissime solis !
 Sic medio stans sole tuus nitet Uriel, aureum
 Diffunditque jubar splendens, et lucida tela :
 Celestes inter cœtus pulcherrimus ille,
 Mortales inter veluti tu maximus omnes.

Here, mighty Milton ! in the blaze of noon,
 Amid the broad effulgence, here I fix

Thy radiant tabernacle. Nought is dark
 In thee, thou bright companion of the sun!
 Thus thy own Uriel in its centre stands
 Illustrious, waving glory round him! he,
 Fairest archangel of all spirits in heaven,
 As of the sons of men the greatest thou.

XVI.

ASSIGNATION SEAT.

Nerine Galatæa, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
 Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ,
 Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
 Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

O Galatæa! than the swans more white,
 Sweeter than honey, than the roes more light,
 O, don't forget, if Corydon be dear,
 To meet him, where, at eve, he'll seek thee—*here*.

This was one of the numerous Inscriptions at the Leasowes, or the Ferme ornée of Shenstone, of whom Gray writes, rather cynically, that his "whole philosophy consisted in living, against his will, in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else than this place, and his own writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen, who wrote verses also." In the verses appended to Shenstone's works there are several poems eulogistic of the Leasowes. American travellers who are conversant with much of our early literature that is almost forgotten in England, not unfrequently make inquiries after the cultivated grounds, and classical inscriptions of the Leasowes. Mason, in his poem of *The English Garden*, thus apostrophizes Shenstone, with an intimation that he was a better gardener than a poet:

Nor, Shenstone, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
 Who knewest, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.

XVII.

A MAZE.

(A)

Ut semel incautam implicuere negotia mentem,
Abripit indepreusus et irremeabilis error,
Nî regat oblato stabilis Prudentia filo.

As soon as the youthful mind becomes entangled in the affairs of the world, it is liable to be misled into irremediable errors, unless Prudence give a clew to guide the wanderer through the Labyrinth of life.

(B)

Cæca regit filo prudens vestigia Theseus :
Te Ratio et Pietas, fraus ubi multa, regat.

The prudent Theseus, by means of a clew, tracked his way through the dark labyrinth of Crete. Let Reason and Piety direct your footsteps through paths where frauds are apt to divert you from the right way.

(C)

Ad dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque reditque,
Depreusum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet.
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,
Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.
Sta modo, respira paulum, simul accipe filum ;
Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.
Sic te, sic solum, expedit error : viarum
Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.

From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain ;

Stand still and breathe, and take from me
 A clew, that soon shall set you free !
 Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
 Herself could serve you with a better.
 You enter'd easily—find where—
 And make, with ease, your exit there !

The first two inscriptions are by Santeuil, the last is by Vincent Bourne, translated by Cowper ; the clew which these two last authors give, is like the recipe for catching a bird by putting salt on its tail.

XVIII.

WATER-WORKS AT MARLY.

Sequana jamdudum Neptunia jura perosus,
 Imperiis paret jam, Lodoïce, tuis.
 Aspice, ut ad nutum tibi serviat omnibus undis,
 Quo tu cumque vocas nobile flumen, adest.
 Te propter sese Nereo subducere tentat,
 Et vectigales jam tibi pendit aquas.

La Seine ne veut plus obéir qu'à tes loix,
 Voy comme tous ses flots dans leur course nouvelle
 Se répandent par tout, où ta voix les appelle.
 Grand Prince, pour toy seul des tyranniques droits
 Qu'exige l'Océan, elle se va soustraire ;
 Et déjà d'un tribut fidele et volontaire,
 Elle aime à se soumettre au plus juste des Rois.

The Machine at Marly was erected by Louis XIV. for the purpose of conveying the water of the Seine to Versailles.

XIX.

A GROTTO NEAR A STREAM.

Hæc amat arva Salus, roseis dea pulchra labellis,
 Isteque sopitam sæpe recessus habet ;
 Si tibi pumicea sit non inventa sub umbrâ,
 Insili—et in gelidis invenietur aquis.

Health, rose-lipped cherub, haunts this spot,
 She slumbers oft in yonder nook ;
 If in the shade you find her not,
 Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook.

XX.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BRIDGE OF NOSTRE-DAME.

Sequana cum primum Reginæ allabitur Urbi,
 Tardat præcípites ambitiosus aquas.
 Captus amore loci cursum obliviscitur, anceps
 Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in urbe moras.
 Hinc varios implens fluctu subeunte canales,
 Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat.

Que le Dieu de la Seine a d'amour pour Paris !
 Dés qu'il en peut baiser les rivages chers,
 De ses flots suspendus la descente plus douce
 Laisse douter aux yeux s'il avance ou rebrousse :
 Lui-mesme à son Canal il dérobe ses eaux,
 Qu'il y fait rejallir par de secrettes veines,
 Et le plaisir qu'il prend à voir des lieux si beaux,
 De grand fleuve qu'il est, le transforme en Fontaines.

The conceit of the Seine arresting its course, and converting part of its water into fountains, in order to gaze more leisurely on the beauties of Paris, seems to have been very popular with the French poets. The

French version is by Corneille, but several other French versions of the same epigram have been published. Santeuil has lavished prettinesses on all the principal fountains of Paris in Latin verse, which gave occasion to the following distich :

Santolius docte Parisinos carmine Fontes
Dum canit, invidit Fons quoque Castalius.

“Whilst Santeuil celebrates in his learned songs the Parisian Fountains, he kindles the envy of the Fountain of Castalia.”

Santeuil was a very eccentric character, and many droll anecdotes are preserved, as well relating to his manners as to his Latin poetry : one of the numerous epitaphs upon him is the following :

Ci-gît le célèbre Santeuil :
Poètes et fous, prenez le deuil.

XXI.

THE FOUNTAIN DES QUATRE NATIONS,

OPPOSITE THE LOUVRE.

Sequanides flebant imo sub gurgite Nymphæ,
Cum premerent densæ pigra fluentia rates
Ingentem Luparam nec jam aspectare potestas,
Tarpeii cedat cui domus alta Jovis.
Huc alacres, Rex ipse vocat, succedite Nymphæ,
Hinc Lupara adverso littore tota patet.

C'est trop gemir, Nymphes de Seine,
Sous le poids des batteaux qui cachent vostre lit,
Et qui ne vous laissoient entrevoir qu'avec peine
Ce chef-d'œuvre étonnant, dont Paris s'embellit :
Dont la France s'enorgueillit.
Par une route aisée, aussi-bien qu'impréveuë,
Plus haut que le rivage un Roy vous fait monter ;
Qu'avez-vous plus à souhaiter ?
Nymphes, ouvrez les yeux, tout le Louvre est en veuë.

The French version is by Corneille. The idea that Louis XIV. took pity on the Seine, because it lay low, and was covered with vessels and

boats, so as to obstruct its view of the Louvre, and consequently converted part of its waters into a fountain, that being so raised it might enjoy a full prospect of the Louvre, is a curious specimen of the conceits and sycophancy which were acceptable to the ears of the *Great Monarch*.

XXII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF PETITS-PÈRES.

Quæ dat aquas, saxo latet hospita Nympha sub imo :
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.

La Nymphé qui donne cette eau
Au plus creux du rocher se cache :
Suivez un exemple si beau,
Donnez, sans vouloir qu'on le sache.

XXIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LA CHARITÉ.

Quem posuit Pietas miserorum in commoda Fontem,
Instar aquæ, largas fundere suadet opes.

Cette eau, qui se repand pour tant de malheureux,
Te dit : Repans ainsi tes largesses pour eux.

XXIV.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE MARKET MAUBERT.

Qui tot venales populo locus exhibet escas,
Sufficit et faciles, ne sitis urat, aquas.

Pour vous sauver de la faim dévorante,
Si dans ces lieux on vous vend des secours,
Peuples, chez moi, contre la soif brûlante,
Sans interest, vous en trouvez toûjours.

XXV.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE RUE DE RICHELIEU.

Qui quondam magnum tenuit moderamen aquarum
Richelius, Fonti plauderet ipse novo.

Armand, qui gouvernoit tout l'empire des eaux,
Comme il donnoit le branle aux affaires du Monde,
En des lieux si chers, par des conduits nouveaux
Lui-même avec plaisir verroit couler cette onde.

XXVI.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE QUARTIER DES FINANCIERS.

Auri sacra sitis non larga expletur opum vi
Hinc disce æterno fonte levare sitim.

L'infame soif de l'or ne scauroit s'étancher
Par des richesses perissables ;
Homme, pour être heureux, songe donc à chercher
La source des biens veritables.

XXVII.

A FOUNTAIN, IN HONOUR OF QUEEN ANNE AND THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit et Ister
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

Ye active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

The Latin and English are both by Prior; the design of the fountain included figures of Queen Anne and the Duke of Marlborough, with a triumphal arch in the center, and the chief Rivers of the world round the whole work. Sir Henry Wotton, in discoursing upon architecture remarks: "Fountains are figured, or only plain water-works, of either of which I will describe a matchless pattern. The first done by the famous hand of Michael Angelo is the figure of a sturdy woman, washing and winding linen clothes; in which act she wrings out the water that made the fountain. The other doth merit some larger expression: there went a long, straight, mossy, walk of competent breadth, green and soft under foot, listed on both sides with an aqueduct of white stone, breast high, which had a hollow channel on the top, where ran a pretty trickling stream; on the edge whereof were couched very thick, all along, certain small pipes of lead in little holes; so neatly that they could not be well perceived, till by the turning of a cock, they did spout over interchangeably from side to side, above man's height, in forms of arches, without any intersection or meeting aloft, because the pipes were not exactly opposite; so as the beholder, besides that which was fluent in the aqueduct on both hands in his view, did walk, as it were, under a continual bower and hemisphere of water, without any drop falling on him; an invention for refreshment surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies and pneumatics of Hero."

XXVIII.

BAPTISMAL FONT AT FLORENCE.

Quidquid ab antiquâ manavit origine morbi,
Purgabunt istæ (si modo credis) aquæ.

Whatever stain attaches from original sin, will be washed away by these waters, if you have only faith in their efficacy.

Several old English Fonts are to be met with in private gardens, as, for example, that of the old Harrow church, which was preserved by a lady, after it had been condemned by the churchwardens for the use of the parish-roads. Our ancient poor-boxes had usually mottoes or posies, according to Beaumont and Fletcher, (in their play of the *Spanish Curate*,) who may have furnished Hogarth with a hint for the spider's-web that covers the door of his poor-box :

The poor man's box is there : if ye find anything
Besides the *posy*, and that half-rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awaken too much charity,
Give it to pious uses ; that is, spend it.

XXIX.

THE HOLY CROSS.

Hæc illa *Sedes*, quâ docuit Deus ;
Vitalis, in quo nos peperit, *Thor*us ;
Currus triumphantis, *Tribunal*
Judicis, atque litantis *Ara*.

Voilà la *Chaire*, où Jesus nous instruit ;
Le *Lit*, où pour jamais son sang nous reproduit ;
Le *Siege*, où se rendra la justice suprême ;
Le *Char*, où jusqu'au Ciel la gloire l'a conduit ;
Et l'*Autel*, où pour nous il s'immole lui-même.

The pulling down of Charing Cross is one of the most amusing pieces of ancient poetry in the *Percy Reliques*. The *hot-cross-bun* was the most popular symbol of the Roman Catholic religion that the Reformation had left in England, until the recent mania for retrograding the progress of the human intellect through its march of centuries. Hot-cross-buns were the consecrated loaves bestowed in the church as alms, and to those who from any impediment could not receive the host. They were made of the dough from whence the host itself was taken, and were given by the priest to the people after mass: they ought to be kissed before eating. Of all inscriptions on a cross, the most memorable is that represented to have been affixed to the cross which was revealed in a vision to Constantine, when marching with his army into Italy: *ἐν τούτῳ νίκα*.

XXX.

A STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AT ROME.

Virginis intactæ cum veneris ante figuram,
Prætereundo cave, ne sileatur ave.

Passing nigh our holy Lady,
Don't forget to say an Ave.

XXXI.

THE GATE OF A MONASTERY OF BLACK-HOODED FRIARS.

Hic intret nullus, nisi pullus sit sibi cullus.

Instant from this gate fly back,
All whose hoods are not of black.

The point aimed at in this and the last epigram cannot be well translated, as it, in a great measure, consists in making the middle of the line rhyme to the end.

XXXII.

A CARVED HEAD OF ST PETER.

Ecclesiam pro nave rego : Mihi climata mundi
Sunt mare : Scripturæ retia : Piscis homo.

The church is my fishing-boat, the world is my sea, the scriptures are my nets, and my fish is man.

Luther relates that he saw this inscription at Rome. There is a curious work, published A.D. 1606, entitled, *A Book of Angling or Fishing, wherein is shewed by conference with Scriptures, the agreement between the Fisherman and Fishes of both natures, temporal and spiritual, by Samuel Gardiner, Doctor of Divinitie*. The heads of the chapters are as follow: 1. Of the Fisherman's ship or boat. 2. Of the waters that are for this fishing. 3. Of the nets and angle-rod that are for this fishing. 4. Of the Fishermen, that principally are appointed for this office. 5. Of the Fisherman's baytes. 6. Of the Fishes that the Spiritual Angler only fisheth for. 7. The sympathie of natures between temporal and spiritual Fish. 8. Of Angling of both kinds.

XXXIII.

LUTHER'S GLASS.

Dat vitrum vitro Jonæ vitrum ipse Lutherus,
Se similem ut fragili noscat uterque vitro.

Luther, who is a glass, presents this glass to Justus Jonas, who is also a glass, in order that both friends may always bear in mind that they are nothing but fragile glass.

There is a German inscription on the same glass vessel, "One glass presents a glass to another glass." This present was made shortly before Luther died.

XXXIV.

AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,
 Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
 Dulcè O divinumque sonans sine pollicis ictu,
 Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!
 Talia quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
 Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Hail, heav'nly harp, where Memnon's skill is shown,
 That charm'st the ear with music all thy own!
 Which, though untouch'd, canst rapturous strains impart,
 O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
 Such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,
 So simply sweet the untaught virgin's song.

It may be allowed to illustrate the subject of the text, by the beautiful description of the Æolian Harp, in the *Castle of Indolence*—that same “airy harp,” to which Collins, in his Ode on Thomson's death, has imparted an additional interest of which it might have been scarcely thought susceptible.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XXXV.

AN ORGAN.

Hic, dociles venti resonant se carcere solvunt,
Et cantum acceptâ pro libertate rependunt.

Here docile winds, from echoing prison free,
Pay us with music for their liberty.

Gray's *pealing anthem* appears borrowed from Milton's:

There let the *pealing organ* blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and *anthems* clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

The organ is not unworthily praised by Dryden:

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred *organ's* praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways,
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her *organ* vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

The inscription on the great Haerlem organ is, *Non nisi motu cano*, alluding to the quantity of labour necessary for putting it in action. It has twelve bellows, and 5000 pipes, the bellows are each nine feet long by five broad, the greatest pipe is thirty-eight feet, its diameter fifteen inches. There was a famous musical contest between two organ-builders, which came off in the Temple church. Blow and Purcell played for one of the artists, and Lully, the Queen's organist, for the other; the decision was given by the infamous Lord Chancellor Jefferies, a person, perhaps, as little competent to decide, as was Justice Midas between Pan and Apollo: for, if the converse of Shakspeare's opinion be true, a Jefferies could never have been "moved by concord of sweet sounds."

XXXVI.

D'ALEMBERT'S TREATISE ON THE WINDS.

Hæc ego de ventis, dum ventorum ocyor alis
 Palantes agit Austriacos Fredericus, et orbi,
 Insignis lauro, ramum prætendit olivæ.

I publish this treatise on the Winds, at a time when, swifter than the wings of the Winds, the Great Frederic drives before him the routed army of Austria; and, sufficiently illustrious in his laurels, now stretches forth his olive-branch to the world.

This was the motto or inscription adopted for D'Alembert's *Essay on the Winds*, to which a prize had been adjudged by the Academy of Berlin.

XXXVII.

DEVICE IN BELLENDEN'S BOOK *DE STATU*.

Fama trium insignit Numen: cor signat amorem,
 Tres quia personæ Numinis, unus amor.
 Numine, vester amor patrumque cor in tribus unum
 Crescit; adunantur Regia corda trium.
 Hinc Deus impertet vobis sua symbola: vestris
 Vultque sit in titulis. In tribus unus amor.

There is one love between Prince Henry, Prince Charles, and the Princess Elizabeth: hence the Deity grants you three, his own symbols, and wills that you should choose for your mottoes, "One love in three."

The verses in the text are placed under a device representing a triangle, in the corners of which are the letters H. C. E. respectively. In the middle of the triangle are three hearts surmounted by a crown, and decorated with laurel. In a small interstice between the three hearts is

placed the letter J, to signify King James, as the other letters denote Henry, Charles, and Elizabeth.

These verses and device are prefixed to the celebrated treatise of Bellenden, in a very learned and eloquent Latin preface to which Dr Parr, amidst reflections *de omnibus rebus*, imputes to Dr Middleton, that in his *Life of Cicero* he had been guilty of unacknowledged plagiarism from Bellenden. The verses and device may be thought very characteristic of the reign of King James, and may be compared with the learned compliments to that king, paid by the public orator at Cambridge, mentioned in a former chapter. Barclay, in a Latin poem on a cock-fight, which was honoured by the presence of King James, writes that the cocks felt too much honoured in dying for his majesty's diversion :

Senserunt Volucres
Se digno nimium interire fato.

XXXVIII.

MEDAL FOR LOUIS XIV. APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

Proximus, et similis regnas, Ludovice, Tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum pietate, geris.
Magnus es, expansis alis, sed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

Next to the Thunderer let Anna stand,
In piety supreme, as in command :
Fam'd for victorious arms, and generous aid,
Young Austria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the eagle you the thunder join.

The point turns on the eagle and the thunder being usual appendages to the figure of Jupiter, and the eagle being the German, as formerly the Roman ensign. In this respect the last line of the Latin inscription is more pointed than the conclusion of the English one, which is by Granville Lord Lansdowne.

XXXIX.

INSCRIPTIONS BY ANCIENT PRINTERS.

(A)

Sixtus hoc impressit : sed bis tamen ante revisit
 Egregius doctor Perrus Oliverius :
 At tu quisquis emis, lector studiose, libellum
 Lætus emas, mendis nam caret istud opus.

Sixtus printed this book, but the eminent Doctor Perrus Oliver previously revised it twice. Studios Reader, whoever thou be that buyest this book, congratulate yourself on your purchase : for it has no *errata*.

(B)

Stet liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos
 Ebibat, et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

May this volume continue in motion,
 And in pages each day be unfurl'd;
 Till an ant shall have drunk up the ocean,
 Or a tortoise have crawl'd round the world.

When the printing of a book was looked upon as an achievement of no mean merit, it was usual to recommend it by a few Latin verses like the foregoing specimens, which were inscribed on works of the dates A.D. 1472, A.D. 1507. The first book that was printed in the English tongue was of the date, A.D. 1471, by Caxton, at Cologne. This Printer, like the authors of the inscriptions in the text, was accustomed to gossip with his readers. On one occasion he thus addresses them : "And, furthermore, I desire ye would pray for the soul of the said worshipful Geoffry Chaucer, the fader, and first foundeur and embellisher of ornate eloquence in our English."

XL.

A BOTTLE BURIED, AND DUG UP ON STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Amphora quæ mœstum linguis, lætumque revises
Arentem Dominum, sit tibi terra levis!

Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, Marmor,
"Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori."

O Bottle of Wine, that leavest thy master sad on account of parting with you, but wilt make him glad when he meets you again, and thirsts for your contents; may the earth lie lightly on thy breast! And thou, Marble, that guardest this deposit, afford the bottle protection, without crushing it. "So precious a Bottle ought not to die."

The Latin inscription is by Dr Delany. One of Swift's Birth-day Odes to Stella is on the subject of the digging up of this long-buried bottle. The following lines occur:

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rd the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire,
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb;
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign med'cine for the brains.

The quotation in the last line is from an epigram of Martial, to be admired for its happy turn of thought, and lively style:

Quid te, Tucca, juvat vetulo miscere Falerno
In Vaticanis condita musta cadis?
Quid tantum fecere boni tibi pessima vina?
Aut quid fecerunt optima vina mali?
De nobis facile est: scelus est jugulare Falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.
Convivæ meruere tui fortasse perire:
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

Why blend old Falernian, good Tucca, we ask,
With odious juice from thy Vatican cask?

What good's in thy bad wines, what harm's in thy good,
 That you bid them to flow in so mingled a flood?
 For us 'tis no matter: but murder such wine!
 And taint the best blood of Campania's best vine!
 Thy guests in their graves might deserve all to lie:
 But a pipe of such good wine deserves not to die.

The last half of the fifth and the sixth line of Martial's epigram are chosen for the motto of the 131st number of the *Tatler*, which is an amusing paper on the adulteration of wine, and the manufacture of foreign wines from English ingredients, prevalent in the year 1710.

XLI.

PRESENTATION CUPS.

Hæc cape, Donne, mei duo pocula pignus amoris,
 Et pone ante tuos qualiacunque lares.
 Tu mihi das vires, tu crudi vulneris iram
 Unus amicitîa fallis, et arte levas;
 Sæpe bibas memor, oro, mei; multosque per annos
 Quam mihi das ægro, sit tibi, amice, Salus.

Accept, dear Donne, two cups as a testimony of my affection, and, such as they are, place them before your Lares. To you I owe the renovation of my strength. The acute wound that I received has been healed by your skill, and mitigated by your friendship. May you often drink out of these cups, and as often think upon me. And may you enjoy for many years, what you have restored to me—Health.

Anstey, the author of the *Bath Guide*, had met with an accident by falling over a box in his study: he was attended by his friend Dr Donne, an eminent physician of Bath, who declined any pecuniary compensation. Anstey thought it only a fair exchange to give the doctor cups for phials, and a dose of poetry for medicine.

XLII.

ANCIENT LAMP.

Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
 Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno ;
 I, fove casto vigil Harleanas
 Igne Camœnas.

This lamp which Prior to his Harley gave,
 Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
 Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
 Before the Muse to burn with purer flame !

XLIII.

BELLS.

(A)

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
 Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

Men's death I tell
 By doleful knell ;
 The sleepy head
 I raise from bed ;
 Lightning and Thunder
 I break asunder ;
 The winds so fierce
 I do disperse ;
 On Sabbath all
 To Church I call.

(B)

Dudum fundabar : *Bowbell* campana vocabar,
 Sexta sonat, his sexta sonat, ter tertia pulsat.

I was founded long ago ; I am called *Bowbell*. I chime at six and twelve o'clock ; I strike at nine.

The date of this inscription is A.D. 1515. It is noticed in Stowe's *Survey*. The first distich is from Spelman's *Glossary*, Art. *Campana*. The English is from Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, in which book will be found numerous Latin distichs, expressing a variety of vulgar errors and superstitions, such as the eleventh wave, ear-tingling, cats sneezing, dogs rolling, or howling.

Latin poetical inscriptions on bells are scarce ; but Latin poetical descriptions are more common ; as a long poem on the great Tom of Oxford in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and two epigrams on bells by Vincent Bourne, one on the Christ-church *Tom*, and the other on the Westminster *Tom* ; which latter was removed from St Peter's at Westminster, to St Paul's, where it got broken ; a circumstance which sharpens the poet's wit, who accused the bell of a popish heart, in preferring Peter to Paul. It may be mentioned, by the way, that Vincent Bourne has a poem on a presentation cup, which, in his day, belonged to Trinity College, Cambridge, and which was called *Pauper Johannes*, from an inscription it bore :

Pauper Johannes, dictus cognomine Clarkson
Hunc cyathum dono, gratuitoque dedit.

The author was a Fellow, and afterwards Auditor of Trinity College, but could never gather any tradition concerning *Pauper Johannes*, or his lost cup. The inscription on a bell at Fulbourn, of the date A.D. 1776, is,

I to the church the living call—
And to the grave I summon all.

On a bell at Chertsey is an inscription, *Ora mente pia pro nobis Virgo Maria!* The present occasion does not admit of examining a vulgar error concerning persons born within the sound of Bow-bells ; or the tradition regarding that most prophetic of all bells, which vaticinated to Whittington, as he sat on the stone which is now the site of his beautiful alms-houses ; or of investigating the nature of Grandsire Peels and Bob-royals : but it may be permitted to quote Southey's description of the music of bells. "It is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which according equally with social exultation, and with solitary pensiveness, though it fall upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."

XLIV.

DIAMOND HEART,

PRESENTED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(A)

Quod te jampridem fruitur, videt, ac amet absens,
Hæc pignus Cordis gemma, et imago mei est.
Non est candidior, non est hæc purior illo :
Quamvis dura magis, non mage firma tamen.

This gem behold, the emblem of my heart,
From which my Cousin's image ne'er shall part.
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
As clear, as spotless, is this heart of mine.
What, though the stone a harder substance be,
It is not firmer than my heart to thee.

(B)

Hoc tibi quæ misit Cor, nil quod posset, habebat,
Carius esse sibi, gratius esse tibi.
Quod si forte tuum Ipsa remiseris, Illa putabit
Carius esse sibi, quam fuit ante tibi.

Queen Mary has presented you with a gift, which, of all her jewels, was the most precious in her eyes, and which she deemed might be the most gratifying to yours : If, perchance, you should send, in return, your own heart to her, it will be a dearer treasure to her than ever it could have been to yourself.

These ingenious conceits were written by Buchanan. He wrote a longer poem on the same subject, of which the following lines may be quoted as an example of the futility of human anticipations :

O si fors mihi faxit, utriusque
Nectam ut corda adamantina catenâ,
Quam nec suspicio, æmulative,
Livorve, aut odium, aut senecta solvat !
Tam beatior omnibus lapillis,
Tam sim clarior omnibus lapillis,

Tam sim carior omnibus lapillis,
Quam sum durior omnibus lapillis.

"O may it be my lot to unite the hearts of both Queens by an adamantine chain, not to be loosened by suspicion, or rivalry, or jealousy, or hatred, or old age! Thus I shall become the happiest of stones, the most famous of stones, the dearest of stones, just as I am already the hardest of stones." This diamond heart, and inscription, may remind the reader of the cornelian heart which was found suspended round the neck of Hampden when he was fatally wounded, bearing the inscription:

Against my king I never fight,
But for my king, and country's right.

XLV.

SATURNALIAN PRESENTS.

(A)

PÆNULA SCORTEA.

Ingrediare viam cœlo licet usque sereno,
Ad subitas nusquam scortea desit aquas.

A LEATHERN ROMAN TRAVELLING-COAT.

Though you set out on your journey with a clear sky,
take your *pænula* with you as a safeguard against sudden showers.

(B)

DENTIFRICIUM.

Quid mecum est tibi? me puella sumat,
Emptos non soleo polire dentes.

A DENTIFRICE.

What have you to do with me? I am made for damsels: it is no part of my business to polish purchased teeth.

(C)

PUGILLARES EBURNEI.

Languida ne tristes obscurent lumina ceræ,
Nigra tibi niveum litera pingat ebur.

IVORY WRITING-TABLETS.

Lest writing on waxen tablets should strain your weak eyes, let the black letters shew conspicuously on white ivory.

(D)

ANNULUS PRONUBUS PURUS.

Pignus habes fidei nullis violabile gemmis,
Hoc illud vetus est, Aurea Simplicitas.

A PLAIN MARRIAGE-RING.

You have here a pledge of constancy unalloyed by any glittering jewels: this is a specimen of what the ancients called Golden Simplicity.

The first three of these inscriptions are from Martial, who wrote upwards of a hundred similar ones in reference to nearly every object in domestic use among the Romans. It would seem that these verses were attached to presents given during the Saturnalia, for visitors to take home with them, like the ornaments attached to modern *German trees*, only sometimes of a larger, or of a more costly description: they were adapted with reference to the station, fortune, sex, and age of the recipients. As observed by Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisition* on ancient *Toothpicks*, Martial, in his verses upon Saturnalian presents, affords the richest mine of Roman antiquities to be found in the Classic Authors. The Saturnalian festivities are in themselves a subject of very interesting inquiry. The last of the inscriptions is taken from a numerous collection of distichs by Grotius, in imitation of Martial's verses on the Saturnalian presents.

It is not proposed, on the present occasion, to illustrate particularly Roman philosophical or other opinions, Roman customs and manners, or Roman antiquities. But it may be cursorily observed concerning the particular articles described in the above verses, that the Author of the *Pursuits of Literature* notices that the Greek word used in reference to Paul's cloak which he left behind him at Troas, is evidently a corruption of the Latin word *pænula*, a kind of cloak, which was specifically a

Roman garment, and worn only by Romans; and, moreover, (as appears by the above verses), a vestment usually worn by them on a journey. Martial has a great number of clever remarks on the eccentricities of his neighbours in regard to their upper garments. He mentions, for example, a rich man who changed his banquetting-garment (synthesis) eleven times during one supper, on account of heat and perspiration, whereas the poet himself found that a single synthesis, which was all he possessed, was an admirable refrigerant. With regard to the Dentifrice, Martial frequently alludes to false teeth, false hair, hair-dye, converting a crow into a swan, but which would not deceive Proserpine, rouge for the cheeks, with its accidents from rain or sunshine. Martial makes a gallant present to a lady of a hair from a northern head, in order that by comparison she might perceive how much more yellow her own was. With regard to writing-tables, those of citron and ivory were presents only for the opulent. There is a very curious poetical advertisement, by Propertius, on the loss of his tablets. Whether from a parsimonious motive or not, he represents that they were of little value except to the owner, being made of wax set in vulgar box-wood. He concludes:

I, puer, et citus hæc aliqua proponere columnâ:
Et Dominum Esquiliis scribe habitare tuum.

Go, boy, and stick this affiche on the nearest column, and write that your master's house is on the Esquiline Hill.

As to modern Inscriptions on rings, they seldom swell to the size even of a single entire verse. The rings of Serjeants at Law afford a familiar example of Latin inscriptions on such works of art. The English inscriptions on the toasting-glasses of the Kit-Cat Club have not, it is believed, any precise prototype in antiquity.

The following old English verses on a wedding-ring are from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

If you would know the love which I you bear,
Compare it to the ring which your fair hand
Shall make more precious, when you shall it wear:
So my Love's nature you shall understand.
Is it of metal pure? so you shall prove
My Love, which ne'er disloyal thought did stain.
Hath it no end? so endless is my Love,
Unless you it destroy with your disdain.
Doth it the purer grow the more 'tis tried?
So doth my love; yet herein they dissent,
That whereas gold the more 'tis purified
By growing less, doth shew some part is spent;
My love doth grow more pure by your more trying,
And yet increaseth in the purifying.

XLVI.

HERALDIC ARMS OF THE ABBOT OF RAMSEY.

Cujus signa gero, dux gregis est, ut ego.

As I am the leader of a flock, so is he whose arms I denote.

This Latin verse was inscribed round the arms of the Abbot of Ramsey, which arms were a *ram* in the *sea*. It is an example given by Camden, in a learned essay "On the Antiquity, Variety, and Reason of *Motts* in England." A more pleasing though less curious example of a *Mott* occurs in Chaucer's description of his Prioress:

Of small coral about her arme she bare,
A paire of beads, gawded all with green;
And theare on hung a branch of gold full shene,
On which there was written a crowned A,
And after that (*Amor vincit omnia.*)

The puns in the mottoes of noble names form a curious collection; as, "Forte scutum salus ducum." "Ne vile velis." "Templa quam dilecta." "Ne vile fano." "Festina lentè." "Ver non semper viret." "At spes non fractæ." "Fare, fac." "Manus justa, nardus;" and the like.

XLVII.

THE LION'S HEAD AT BUTTON'S.

Servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues :
Non nisi delecta pascitur ille ferâ.

Bring here nice morceaus ; be it understood
The Lion vindicates his choicest food.

The Latin is from Martial; the translation is from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The Lion's Head at Button's Coffee-house was a carving, with an orifice at the mouth, through which communications for the *Guardian* were thrown. This Latin distich was inscribed underneath it. Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, and,

by the patronage of Addison, kept his Coffee-house, so famous in the annals of English literature, on the south side of Russell-street, two doors from Covent Garden. The "Lion's Head" was afterwards transferred to the Shakspeare Tavern, where it was sold by auction for £17. 10s. in the year 1804. It was made a subject for witticisms in six papers of the Guardian, in the course of which it is not forgotten that Button's christian name was *Daniel*; and it is observed that it was a frequent caution in families, "I'll tell the Lion of you."

XLVIII.

MEDALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(A)

Ditior in toto non alter circulus orbe.

There is not a richer circle in the whole world.

(B)

Felices Arabes, mundi quibus unica Phœnix

Phœnicem reparat depereundo novam.

O miseros Anglos, mundi quibus unica Phœnix

Ultima fit nostro, tristia fata! solo.

Happy Arabians, to whom the only Phœnix in the world recreates a new Phœnix by its death! O unhappy English, to whom the only Phœnix in the world becomes the last of her race in our Country!

The first motto surrounds the Queen's Head, and seems to have reference to her Majesty's conventional reputation for beauty. The second motto is on the reverse side of a different medal, bearing the image of a Phoenix, over which is the monogram of the Queen, E. R. surmounted by a crown. The most popular motto on any of Queen Elizabeth's medals, is that on a medal struck in Holland to commemorate the destruction of the Armada, erroneously mentioned in the *Speculator* as an English medal. It is *Flavit Deus, et dissipati sunt*; "The breath of the Lord went forth, and they were scattered." On the reverse is a church upon a rock beat by waves, having a motto, *Allidor non lædor*; "I am rubbed, not hurt."

XLIX.

MEDAL ON JAMES II. AND HIS QUEEN.

O divini ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævò;
 Dum tua, Bancho! domus, Capitoli immobile saxum
 Edini, imperiumque Pater Stuartus habebit.

O divine pair! if my songs can ought avail, no day shall withdraw you from the remembrance of ages; whilst endures thy house, Bancho! and the immoveable rock of Edinburgh Castle; and whilst a Stuart is our Father, and our King.

The verses fill up the reverse of the medal, on the obverse of which are the faces of the King and Queen. Under the verses are the letters A. P. for Archibald Pitcairn, the celebrated physician and Jacobite poet, who is mentioned in a preceding chapter in connexion with a ghost. There does not appear to have been any complete Latin verse upon our coins, though there are several long-winded Latin legends, as the remarkable one on our gold Nobles, *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*; that on the *exurgat* money of Charles I.; his *Relig. Prot. Leg. Ang. Liber Parl.*; and on the reverse of Simon's crowns of Cromwell, *Has Nisi Periturus Mihi Adimat Nemo*. One of the most curious legends on a coin is that on Simon's Petition Crown, upon the edge of which is inscribed, in two lines, with two linked C's and two branches of palm, *Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this Tryal-Piece with the Dutch, and, if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered, and more accurately engraven, to relieve him*. The obverse of the Commonwealth coins was a shield bearing the cross of St George, and the legend, "The Commonwealth of England." The reverse was two shields, one bearing the cross of St George, and the other a Lyre, with the legend, "God with us." It was a jest of the Cavaliers that God and the Commonwealth were on opposite sides: the double shield on the reverse was also prolific of jokes. The coin is thus described:

Cæsaris effigies nulla est, sed imaginis expers,
 Crux duplex super est dira, gemensque lyra.

L.

INSCRIPTIONS AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE
JESUITS AT ROME IN THEIR SEMINARY TO THE
ENGLISH AMBASSADOR OF JAMES II.

(A)

Under King James's Picture.

Restituit veterem tibi Religionis honorem
Anglia, Magnanimi Regis aperta fides.

The open zeal of this Magnanimous King has restored
to England the honour of its ancient Religion.

(B)

Under the Device of a Lily from whose leaves there distilled some drops
of water (according to a vulgar error that such drops became the
seeds of new Lilies), was a motto *Lachrimor in Prolem*; "I weep for
children," and the following distich:

Pro natis, Jacobe, gemis, Flos candide Regum?
Hos, natura, tibi si neget, astra dabunt.

Dost thou sigh for children, O James! thou candid
Flower of Kings? If Nature deny, Heaven will grant
them.

These Inscriptions are taken from the Memoirs of Dr Welwood, physician to King William III. They are part of the description of the Earl of Castlemain's reception (King James's Ambassador) by the Jesuits in their Seminary at Rome. Dr Welwood writes that the Jesuits "exhausted all their stores of sculpture, painting, poetry, and rhetoric," on the occasion. These Inscriptions may be thought an important and agreeable illustration of the remarks of Burnet and his annotators, Mackintosh, Plumer Ward, Walter Scott, and Macaulay, concerning the legitimacy of the Pretender. Of a similar tenor with the Inscriptions in the text was the report spread by Catholic writers, that the Queen's pregnancy was occasioned by the Angel of the Lord having moved the Bath Waters, like, as anciently, the Pool of Bethesda. The Queen herself attributed it to the special intervention of St Xavier, according to Dryden's dedicatory letter to Her Majesty, in which the following passage occurs: "I know not, Madam, whether I may presume to tell the world that your Majesty has chosen

this great Saint for one of your celestial patrons, though I am sure you never will be ashamed of owning so glorious an Intercessor; not even in a country where the doctrine of the holy Church is questioned, and those religious addresses ridiculed. Your Majesty, I doubt not, has the inward satisfaction of knowing, that such pious prayers have not been unprofitable to you; and the nation may one day come to understand, how happy it will be for them to have a Son of Prayers ruling over them." In the *Britannia Rediviva*, that singular poem, which combines the highest powers of expression of which the English language is susceptible, with the basest sycophancy which can be offered to a human being, and the most irreverent blasphemy with which the Deity can be outraged, Dryden thus addresses the Pretender in his Cradle:

Hail, *Son of Prayers!* by holy violence
 Drawn down from Heaven, but long be banish'd thence!
 And late to thy *paternal* skies retire!

Dryden's motto to his *Britannia Rediviva* is from Virgil:

Dii patrii indigetes, et, Romule, Vestaque Mater,
 Quæ Tuscum Tyberim, et Romana palatia servas,
 Hunc saltem everso *puerum* succurrere sæclo
 Ne prohibete! satis jampridem sanguine nostro
 Laomedontæ luimus *perjuria* gentis.

Ye guardian Gods of Rome, our pray'r,
 And Romulus, and thou chaste Vesta, hear!
 Ye who preserve with your propitious powers
 Etrurian Tiber, and the Roman towers!
 At least permit this *Youth* to save the world
 (Our only refuge) in confusion hurl'd:
 Let streams of blood already spilt atone
 For *perjuries* of false Laomedon!

The words *puerum* and *perjuria* are placed in Italics by Dryden. Walter Scott, in his preface to this poem, mentions that the practice of drawing attention to particular words by placing them in Italics began in the reign of Charles II., and was first introduced by L'Estrange in his *Observer*, who employed for the purpose not merely Italics, but all kinds of characters. The expression in the third line, Hunc saltem everso *puerum*, was often employed on medals as a legend round the head of the Pretender. The last line, Laomedontæ luimus *perjuria* gentis, is applied by Mr Fox, in his History, as it was, probably, intended by Dryden, to the *perjuries* of Oates on the trials for the Popish Plot. The translation from Virgil's *Georgics* is by Warton: it is remarkable that in Dryden's very spirited, often very harmonious, very lax, and sometimes disgustingly familiar translation of Virgil's Works, both the *Youth* and the *Perjuries* are lost sight of, notwithstanding the stress he lays upon them in the above motto to his *Britannia Rediviva*.

Even the last direct Descendant of the Abdicator, in a medal struck upon his Father's death, impotently reiterates the ravings of his family in their claim of *Divine Right*: it bears the device of a Cardinal's Cap, and a figure of Faith holding a Cross. Its inscription is, *Henricus Nonus Angliæ Rex, Gratiâ Dei, sed non voluntate Hominum*; "Henry the Ninth, King of England by the Grace of God, but not by the Will of Man."

The Medals relative to the birth of the Pretender form a curious chapter in our Medallie History. In one Jacobite medal there is an Infant in a cradle killing a serpent, with a motto, *Monstris dant funera Cunæ*, "His cradle gives death to monsters." On the reverse, is a Crest of three Plumes, with a motto, *Fulta tribus metuenda Corona*, "A Crown supported by three (feathers or kingdoms) is to be dreaded." A medal, designed by a friend of the Revolution, on the other hand, represents a small edifice, in which is placed a baby, with a crown on its head, and holding a chalice of Popery: there is a Jesuit beneath supporting the baby on a cushion: a figure of Truth, treading on a serpent, opens the door of the edifice, and detects the Jesuit. The motto is, *Sic non hæredes decerunt*, "With these arts there will be no want of an heir." Another medal represents a withering rosier, and a young stem growing from its root, with a motto, *Tamen nascatur oportet*, "An Heir must be born, notwithstanding." This device is varied in another medal, by a rose-bush bearing two decayed flowers, and, at a distance from them, a single bud. Another medal represents a Female opening a pannier, out of which springs a child having a dragon's tail: another female is holding up her hands in astonishment: the motto is, *Infantemque vident, apporrectumque Draconem*, "They behold a Child, and an extended Dragon." Another medal represents the Trojan Horse, with Troy (which it has been seen, in a former chapter, was often used to designate London) in flames: there is a motto on the horse's side-cloth, *Equo ne crede, Britanæ!* "Briton, beware the Horse!" Another medal represents an eaglet cast away from an eagle, with mottos, *Non patitur supposititios*, and, *Rejicit indignum*, "It will not brook the supposititious—It rejects the unworthy one."

In an ingenious publication lately set on foot, entitled *Notes and Queries*, is a query, by Mr Nightingale, concerning a *Lobster* introduced in a medal in his possession relative to the Pretender's birth. It represents a ship of war bearing a French flag: on the shore is a figure in the dress of a Jesuit (supposed to represent Father Petre) seated astride of a *Lobster*, and holding in his arms an infant who has a little *windmill* on his head. The Legend is, *Allons, mon Prince, nous sommes en bon chemin*. On the Reverse is a shield, charged with a windmill, and surmounted by a Jesuit's bonnet: two rows of beads or rosaries form a collar, within which is inscribed, *Hony soit qui non y pense*. A *Lobster* is suspended from the collar as a badge. The Legend is, *Les Armes et l'ordre du prétendu Prince de Galles*. Mr Nightingale adds, that the *Lobster* has baffled all commentators and collectors of Medals. He notices that Van Loon, in his *Histoire Metallique des Pays Bas*, gives the *Lobster*, in his plate of the

medal, correctly; but that his legend is, *Hony soit qui bon y pense*. Mr Nightingale writes that the medal in his possession is in excellent preservation, as if fresh from the Mint. The *Windmill* has reference to a current story at the time, that the supposititious Prince of Wales was really the child of a miller. It was remarked as a suspicious circumstance, that the Baby-Prince was fed with a spoon instead of being suckled. The Nuncio wrote to his Court that there was given to the "Principino un alimento chiamato Watter-Gruell."

The following letter addressed to the *Englishman*, will shew how that in the time of Queen Anne, the connexion between Popery and the cause of the Pretender, which, we have seen, began when he was *en ventre sa mère*, continued to be the predominating objection to the House of Stuart in the eyes of the vulgar; and that the populace of London appear to have entertained the same dislike for Papal intervention with English politics by which they are animated in the present day.

"SIR,

"I wish you joy of the account which I am now about to give you of the burning the Effigy of the Pretender to her Majesty's dominions. The good subjects who took upon them to direct and perform this, chose very justly the night of that happy day which is the anniversary of the birth of their Queen. The joy of her majesty's recovery much contributed to the diversion and the solemnity, which was performed after the following manner: There were twelve persons bearing streamers, two larger than the rest, inscribed, 'Long live Queen Anne:' ten others with streamers, inscribed, 'God bless Queen Anne, the Church of England, and the House of Hannover,' preceded a cart wherein were placed three large figures seated together, as tall as men; the person in the middle representing the Pope, on his right hand the Familiar which presides in his councils, and on his left the Pretender.

"This elevated machine was visible to all the people from their dwellings on each side the streets, by the attendance of five hundred torches and links at its first setting out from Charing-Cross; from whence the solemnity began, and moved forward with great order through Pall-Mall, St James's-Street, Piccadilly, Gerrard-Street, Holborn, Newgate-Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill: whence it faced about, and having gathered together a crowd of a much more wealthy and warm dress than those of the other end of the town, the acclamations of joy and triumph began to ring by the joint voice of all the people. The mixed cries were, 'God save Queen Anne,' 'Preserve the Protestant Succession,' 'No Popery,' 'No Pretender.' I can assure you, Sir, my heart leaped within me, and methought my money chinked in my pocket, for joy of the safety of the rest I have in the funds. I could not forbear taking coach, and passing through the cross streets, to observe how the solemnity was received.

"It was very visible at several parts of the town, that there were many hundreds of volunteer links brought into this Protestant illumination by honest fellows, who were not worth the price of much more than what they brought in their hands. It is certain that the common sense of the nation is against the Pretender; and there is no man able to do him considerable service, but by concealing his being for him. But all hearts begin to open in England; and when Perkin was brought, attended by his proper associates, to the place of conflagration, after having been drawn thrice round a magnificent bonfire, he was put into the flames with the general acclamation of the multitude, which was unspeakably large. This raising the sentiments of the people to attend their danger, by mechanic means that strike their sight, very well deserves the thanks of every true Englishman to those who are at the expence of it, and merits a commemoration in your Paper.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"CIVIS LONDINENSIS."

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